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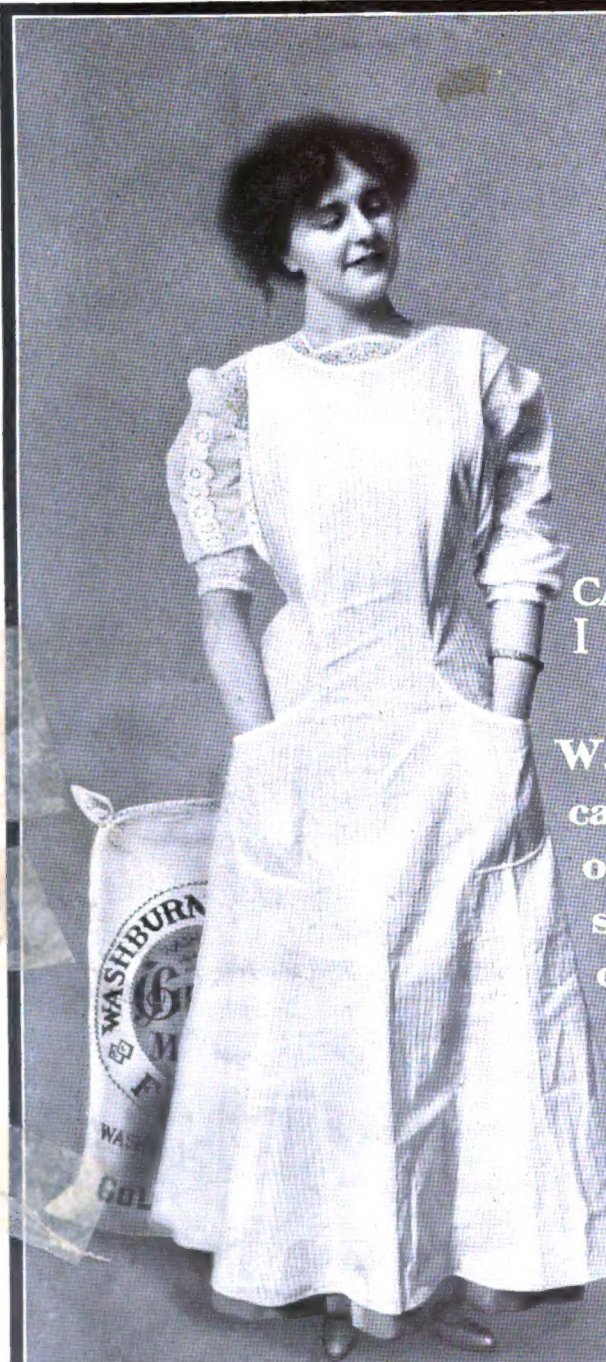
Everybody's Magazine

WARNING
READ PAGE 352-a
BEFORE BUYING
MAGAZINE STOCK

Why
don't you get out
and play?
Read "The
Great American
Outdoors"
in this number

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A black and white photograph of a woman with dark, curly hair, wearing a long white dress with puffed sleeves and a high collar. She is standing next to a large bag of flour. The bag has a circular logo with the words 'WASHBURN' and 'GOLD MEDAL' visible. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

CAN YOU GUESS WHY
I AM A GOOD COOK?

Washburn-Crosby's
care in the selection
of wheat and their
special milling pro-
cess brings the big
white loaf with
the golden tinge
to those who
use -

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

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— Why Not Now?

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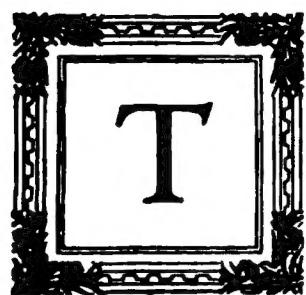
VOL. XXV
SEPTEMBER

*Everybody's
Magazine*

NO. 3
1911

The
GREAT
AMERICAN
OUTDOORS
BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Author of "IN THE FOREST," "CORRIE WHO?" etc.



HERE are here in the United States more than three million square miles of out-of-doors. Do you know it? Do you know that within this vast domain there are many towering peaks; valleys peacefully placid, carpeted with flowers; forests, plains, and many winding streams? Do you know, too, that east and west lie two oceans, with vast stretches of shores and shining beaches, and that inland there is a set of lakes as wide as still another sea? How many really know all this? Do you?

I wonder!

At one time or another, most of us have chuckled pleasantly over the saying that the English take their pleasures sadly. But wait a bit. Has it ever been sung how we Americans take ours? One might almost infer that we fail to take them even sadly.

A few years ago I met an Englishman, an eminent authority on the world's life out-of-doors. After a sporting pilgrimage that took

in the four-square area of America from Labrador to Texas, from Florida to the Northwest, he boiled down his observations into one summary sentence:

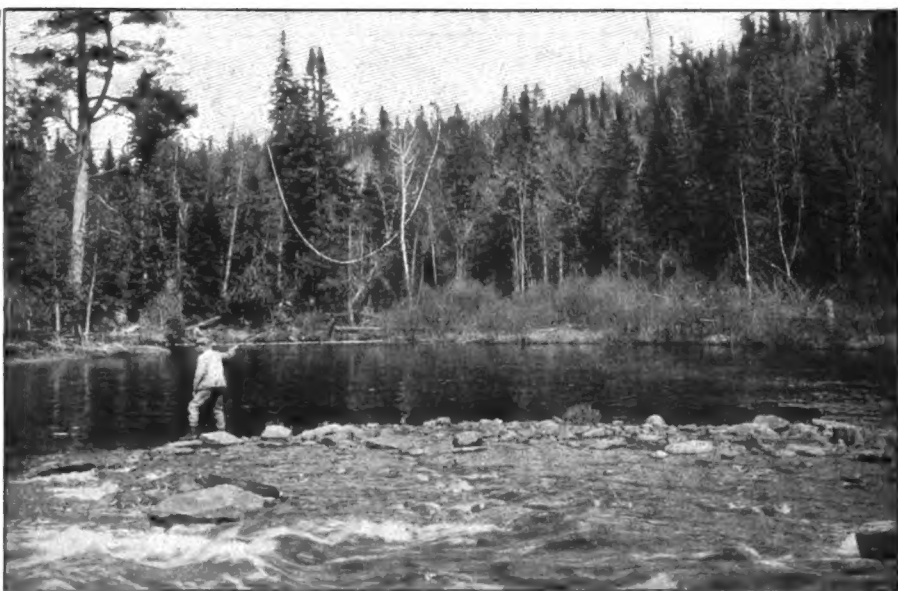
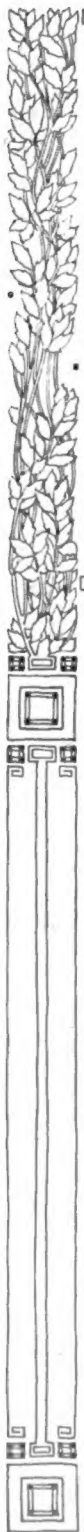
"The trouble with you Americans is that it goes against your conscience to take the time to amuse yourselves."

Right! Time means money here. From the cradle to the grave, the slogan is dinned into our ears: Business first, pleasure afterward. No doubt this is proper; but we carry it to extremes. Our amusements are disorganized and trivial. We put off all recreation to chance, occasional moments of idleness, so that what good we get out of life and living is, as they assert abroad, of a haphazard, casual sort.

Ask the average citizen what is the great American sport. Instantly, without hesitation, the answer pops from his lips:

"Baseball."

I don't mean to disparage baseball. It's a fine recreation, a rattling good sport. That is to say, it is this when carried on to mental and physical advantage. But, by the nature



"FAR FROM—

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

of things American, baseball is not now a sport. It is a spectacle. I mean that as a people we do not play baseball. We merely watch it. Once the average citizen has grown out of his teens, he divorces himself from the diamond. He has become either too dignified or, on the other hand, too inactive, to play. As a logy looker-on, about the only bodily good he gets out of the game is the distention of his lungs when he yells, "Kill the umpire!" Either that or the exercise of rising to hurl a pop-bottle at the robber.

The fact is, when we are amused we do not, as a people, amuse ourselves. Instead, we pay to be amused.

"I say," a foreigner once asked in a Wall Street banking house, "don't you chaps ever exercise?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer. "In the summer we fan ourselves. In the winter we shiver."

This is not a tract on physical culture. Far from it. I wish merely to point out a few trite and obvious facts, particularly the one already mentioned—that in the United States there is this vast domain of out-of-doors, all free to

you. It awaits your coming. There are these hills to climb, these forests to explore, these lakes and streams to navigate. Are you cabined, cribbed, confined? Are you chained to business? Is your wife chained to domestic duties? Or is it not largely a matter of imagination?

Come away! There is a way out.

In Pensacola, Florida, there were four business men. None was wealthy. They were average, ordinary citizens. Conditions were such that they never took a holiday—never a vacation. If there came any unexpected moment of idleness, they sought to improve it along the lines of least resistance: they hied themselves to the baseball park or to a race-track. At night, they sat about in a club. It was a life that was as humdrum, as ordinary, as themselves; at the same time, it was a life whose consequences are inevitable. Each in turn resolved himself into a steady source of income to the resident medical fraternity; then, ultimately, the day of reckoning arrived.

"Look here," said a blunt doctor to one of them, "you're in a bad way, you know."

"All right," replied the enervated one, to whom this was no news. "Tell me what I've got to take."

"Take!" echoed the doctor brusquely. "Why, what you've got to take is about six



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

—THE MADDING CROWD.

months. You'll take it in the open, too. You'll take what you need most, which is recreation. I prescribe fresh air and exercise."

That night, it was a sad quartet that sat together at the club. It was, in fact, so sad, so submerged in woe, that it omitted its usual form of indoor athletics—viz.: the nightly rubber at bridge. After No. One had reported the brusque medico's brutal ultimatum, No. Two interrupted to raise another melancholy note.

"Hmph!" he grunted. "I had the same warning a month ago."

"Same here," drawled No. Three.

"Echo," No. Four murmured pensively.

Whereat, restlessly, No. One stirred himself. "Anyway," he growled, his manner truculent, "you can make up your mind I didn't take his word for it. I went to another doctor."

"Well?" prompted the three others, with marked interest.

"Oh, what's the use?" grunted No. One. "He advised me, if I couldn't afford a health cure, to hire out as a foremast hand on a Gulf fishing smack."

To be brief, it was this counsel that inspired them.

A cruise in a smack was out of the question. It would require too much time; besides, they had no fancy for the labor required.

But one thing led to another. The indefinite suggestion of a deep-sea cruise merged into a discussion of cruises along the coast. Then, idly enough, one suggested a motor-boat.

It was instantly voted down. Its promoter was also subjected to irony, not to say abuse. Motor-boats cost money. They figured that one suitable to their needs would cost anywhere from seven hundred to one thousand dollars. For the same amount or less, the four could reasonably have their pick of America's variety of sanitariums.

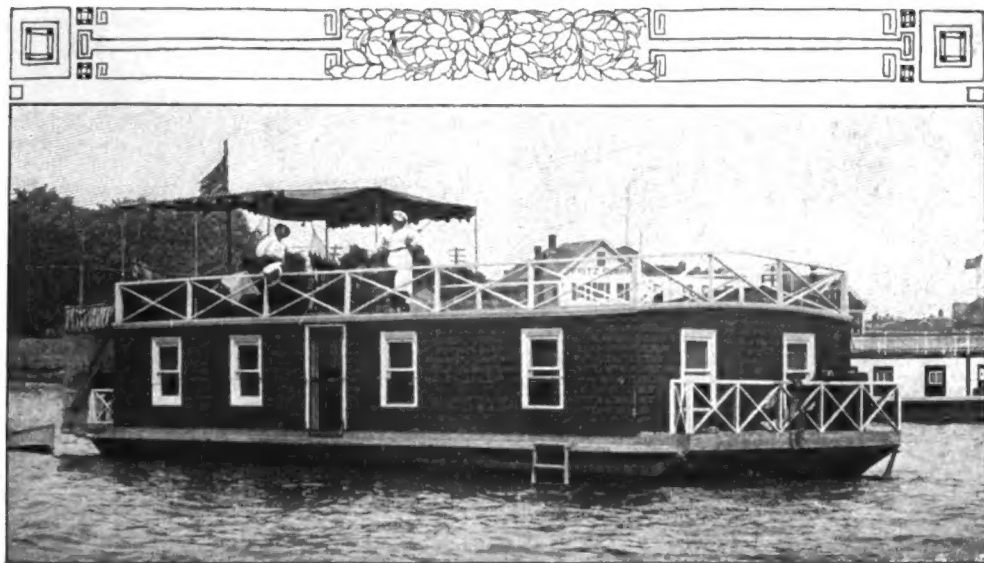
"Oh, yes," retorted motor boat-ing's chance protagonist. "But when you come back from your health resort, all you'll have will be a piece of health and the receipt for what it cost you. Then in about six months or so——"

Briefly, they got their motor-boat. It cost two hundred dollars—not one thousand dollars, nor even seven hundred. The hull they bought at the navy yard. It was an ordinary ship's yawl, which, though Government-condemned, was still tight and stanch. Price, sixty dol-



Photograph by Jessie Turban Boile.

A CAMPING TRIP AND ALL EQUIPMENT NEED COST NO MORE THAN A WEEK'S STAY AT ANY FIRST-CLASS SUMMER HOTEL.



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

A HOUSEBOAT SUMMER HOME ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

lars. For \$140 they got a sturdy little two-cycle gasoline engine, equipped complete. Even with their limited knowledge of mechanics and carpentry, it was an easy matter to install the motor. An extra fifty dollars they invested in camp outfit—a tent, blankets, and cooking utensils. Then they sailed.

I myself have adventured with this group of four in the converted, condemned United States long-boat. It was on the occasion of one of their regular holiday cruises; and if there was in the company an incipient consumptive, an imminent apoplectic, or a victim of asthma, anemia, dyspepsia, or any of the other ills that the life sedentary is heir to, I beg leave to say I did not remark him. By bay, by bayou, creek, and back-water we chugged along, our stodgy, earnest little craft poking her nose into the queer nooks and corners of a wild peopled only by ourselves. Eventually, we dropped anchor at the mouth of a green, mysterious river whose sliding, quiet current was shaded by a forest as virgin as on the day when Ponce de Leon and his *soldados* first came upon it. Here we embarked, each in a small boat, and each armed with a five-foot, four-ounce rod. We fished. There were bass and carvalho. My pirates whooped and shouted wildly every time they struck a fish. The woods were filled with bursts

of sound, startling to the herons and grebes. We fished, too busy to eat. We kept at it until hunger grew too busy to let us fish, then returned to the landing-place. Dinner awaited us—oysters fresh out of the bayou; black bass, crisp and flaky; biscuits such as only mother—

Lord, send us a Robbie Burns to sing the song of steam.



Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

DOING THE WEEK'S WASHING IN CAMP.



Photographed by Brown Brothers

THE CHARLES RIVER AT BOSTON IS ONE OF THE BEST USED STREAMS ON THE CONTINENT. ON HOLIDAYS ITS QUIET CURRENT FLOATS CANOES BY THE HUNDREDS.

Amend the prayer, Mr. Kipling—make it gasoline.

For I doubt if even the originator of the gas-engine knew how well he built. It is a comparatively simple little affair. There are within its composition not more than a half dozen parts. Any one with fair mechanical ability can run it. Besides, its price puts it within easy reach. But, simple as it is, the gas-engine has proved about as great a boon as the United States Constitution in conferring on the American people life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Motor-car, motor-boat, and aeroplane have opened new dominions to men.

Chief among the virtues of the motor-boat is its price. If you can't buy a cruiser, buy a launch. If you can't afford a launch, get a row-boat and stick a kicker in it. Anything to get out into the open! I know of no simpler way.

However, a gas-engine is not absolutely a prerequisite to such enjoyment. Once, while I was knocking around the lower Ohio, I fell in with a highly reputable Scotch-Irish family of Illinois, who

regularly detach themselves from the orbit of their slow, unimpeachably proper existence to go drifting down the Mississippi in a shanty-boat. Without engine or sails, they drift with the current, taking things as they come. Time is no object; the expense is nothing. Each time, on arriving at New Orleans, the journey's end, they have sold their shanty-boat for what it cost to build.

It is of little point, though, how or by what means one enjoys the pleasures that outdoor America offers. The real point is that you get out and take them. Admitting even that you can not afford a motor-boat, or that there is no near-by Mississippi upon whose current you may embark to adventure—what then?

Be not discouraged. Last year I met a friend, a fellow tanned and husky, clear of eye and of a robust heartiness I had not known in him before. He had been a thin, jaundiced person, listless and slow, true to the type of the chained-to-business breed.

"Laugh if you want to," he chuckled; "but I've been having the time of my life!"

There seemed no reason to doubt it.

"I've been playing hobo," he grinned broadly. "My wife and I worked our way to Buffalo and back."

I asked whether he meant it—whether, in truth, he and his wife had been "hopping freights."



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FISHING FOR BLUEFISH, WEAKFISH, AND PORGIES AT LONG BEACH, LONG ISLAND—
ON THE HOTTEST DAY OF THE YEAR.

"Not exactly," he laughed. "We bought passage on a canal-boat."

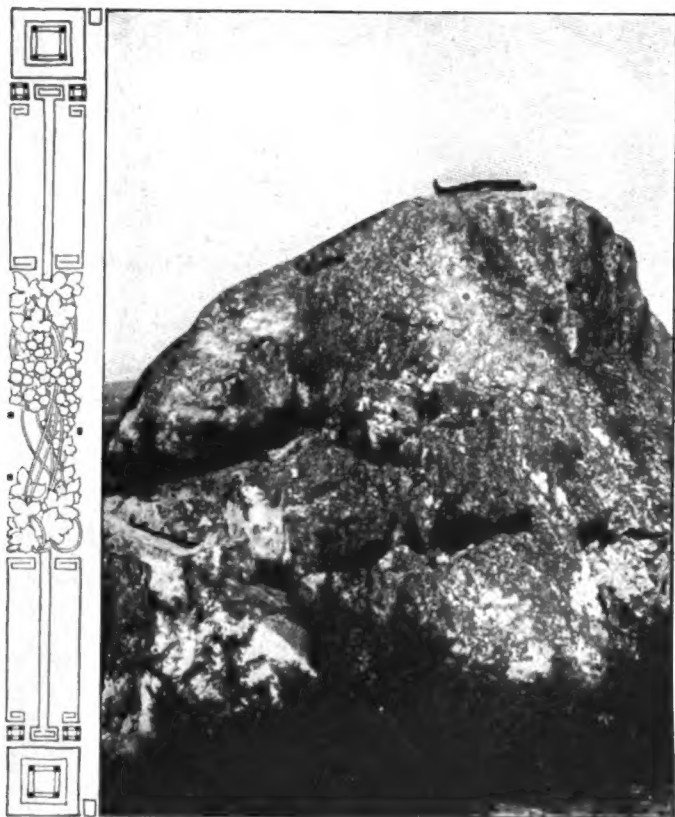
It was a fact. An amiable barge captain and his wife had willingly accommodated the two. At New York they had embarked, equipped with steamer chairs, rugs, and a few extra comforts for the commissary. In tow with a half dozen other barges, their craft had made a slow yet stately progress up the Hudson. A yacht could have offered no more. Seated in their steamer chairs upon the canal-boat's cabin roof, my friends had enjoyed a superlative view of the Palisades, the Catskills, and the rest of the river's justly celebrated scenery. Afterward, on entering the Erie Canal, they had an essentially heart-to-heart communion with all the many natural beauties of the broad Mohawk Valley. They read, also, and they drowsed; they gave themselves a chance to get color into their skins and fresh air into their lungs. If they tired of riding indolently, they got off and walked. When they tired of walking, they reembarked and rode. Sometimes they took train, and, proceeding a half day's journey ahead, picnicked by the tow-path.

Peace hath its victories not less renowned than war—they came home feeling as if they owned the earth.

In New York there is another couple that, in a like way and at a like small expense,

regularly treat themselves to ocean voyages. They embark on some one of the many down-east coasting schooners that ply out of the city harbor. I dare say an ocean liner might supply more luxury, but certainly not more fun, sunshine, sea air, and freedom. You can find such opportunities everywhere if you'll but take the pains to seek them.

Moreover, ever-willing Nature provides these chances close to our cities' doors, though but few American communities are alive to them. Boston is one that has learned; its Charles River is, to-day, one of the best-used streams on the continent. On holidays, its quiet current floats a concourse such as may be seen in few places outside a Henley regatta. Canoes swarm; there is an uncounted legion of rowboats and even small motor craft. They float by, a procession—not one by one, nor in pairs, nor by the dozen; there are literally hundreds. Every tree that shades the river shades also an idle, moored canoe. A canoe rests in every backwater, in every eddy and bay. One finds there what he likes—either a crowd,



Photograph by John Boyd.

DREAMER'S ROCK—MCGREGOR BAY, ONTARIO. A RISKY CLIMB FOR THE NOVICE, BUT WELL WORTH WHILE.

or a more detached, quiet solitude. One may go with the mob or get away from it. Some tie up under a tree and read. Others bustle along, paddling as if determined to get a full measure of benefit from the exercise. Many canoes sport a phonograph amidships; they go by melodiously, filling the echoes with a burst of the latest popular song. Once, in the throng, I saw a gray-haired, elderly woman wearing a black silk gown and a string bonnet. She sat enscenced among the cushions, knitting!

In St. Paul, Minnesota, I know another group of business men who significantly illustrate my idea. They, too, were cabined, cribbed, confined—or they thought they were. But rather than passively submit, they sought some way by which they might improve chance moments of leisure. They found it in the little lakes around St. Paul—such sheets of water as are scattered about almost anywhere in our country.

Like many other such American lakes, after they had been fished until they were fishless—speared, netted, dynamited—small effort had been made to develop their advantages.

But, as it chanced, a couple of St. Paul business men were endowed with imagination. In other waters they had enjoyed a little yachting. It seemed now to them that the sport might, in a small way, be transplanted. So, with the idea that an hour's sailing occasionally might help, they bought a little sailboat. It was a modest beginning—very! It was, indeed, so modest that one must have been inspired to divine that out of it would develop something that has made its originators famous throughout the yachting world.

The men that bought this first boat sailed it so well that others saw the fun of sailing. A second

sailboat was bought and launched; then the two raced. Soon there was a fleet of boats on that lake, all alike, all racing. Enthusiasm got in under the skins of these business men. Every hour they could spare from their offices, they sailed and raced. They went into it even deeper—they began to design, to build, the boats they raced. Each year they made better, faster boats. A wide community interest grew up around the sport. Dozens of men that otherwise would have had little recreation now found abundant chance to divert themselves. The sport widened. They entered their boats in regattas away from home. To their surprise, they found they had been building good boats—exceptionally good boats. In fast company, these home-designed racers took down a heavy toll of trophies—cups, pennants, and the like. Then, as the ultimate stroke, they entered in an international contest a craft

that simply walked away from its opponents as if they had been anchored. I refer to the twin canoe-hulled small rater. Outside of the Malay flying proa, it is undeniably the fastest sailing craft in the world.

Detroit is another city that gets some value out of its local advantages. The Detroit and the St. Clair rivers give recreation to thousands.

Once, on a summer day, at sunset, I voyaged through the Detroit straits on a Lake freighter, and still, in my mind's eye, I have a vision of the flotilla that put off to ride the rollers in our wake. There were canoes and a variety of other small craft by the score, their tanned, clear-eyed navigators shouting gleefully as the swells threw them high in the air and again dropped them deep among the sliding hollows. No doubt many would scoff at so simple, so primitive, a method of amusement; yet it held plenty of vigorous, inspiring fun. It reminded one, somehow, of South Sea atolls, a booming sea, and a village of joyous, care-free Kanakas scaling the breakers on their surf-boards.

There is no American city, though of the largest, that lacks at the end of some one of its car lines a spot suitable for sustained life out-of-doors. A fact! Even New York is so endowed. One summer evening I peeped over the edge of the Fort Lee Palisades, and saw far below on a patch of shingle the white walls of a little tent nestling among the trees. Across the Hudson the smoke of the city arose. There were its roofs, its factory stacks, the walls and parapets of its skyscraping flats and office buildings, all in plain view. Here, though, one who knew how had found a haven of rest, of recreation, that those with every resource might have envied.

Pelham Bay, distant only a short trolley



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

I TAKE OFF MY HAT TO THE MOTOR-BOAT. YOU CAN PACK ABOARD IT THE ENTIRE FAMILY, GRANDMA AND THE BABY INCLUDED.

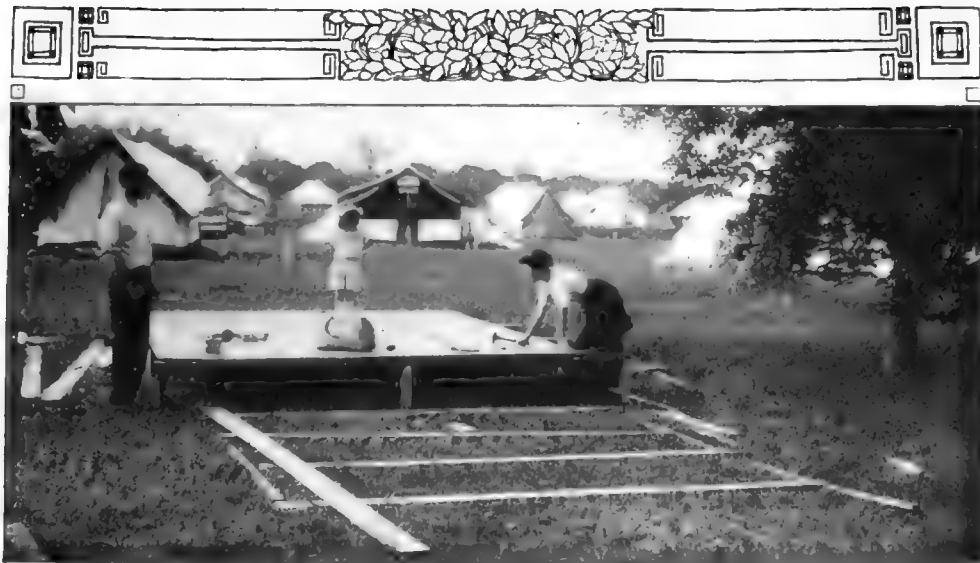
ride from the heart of Manhattan, has a colony of such campers. I repeat, the open is very near. From New York, an hour's journey will take you to the Catskills—to the Ramapo Hills—to the backwoods of Dutchess—to a half dozen other wilds. I know of few cities east or west where one may not spy out from the housetops some corner of quiet nature. The Pacific coast towns are specially blessed. They have camp chances virtually at the end of every street. Ten miles out, one may with gun and rod not only amply supply the commissary, but have rattling good sport as well. In Portland, Oregon, last year, I went out on a trolley and, in a little more than an hour, hooked and landed a forty-five-pound salmon!

But say "camping"—"camp life"—to the ordinary American, and instantly he visualizes a long, expensive trip, and an equally expensive outfit. . . The fact is, such



Photograph by Jeanne T. de la Roche

ONLY A FEW AMERICANS HAVE LEARNED THE CHARM OF EXPLORING HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN A MANNER
REALLY LEISURELY AND INTIMATE.



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

A COLONY OF CAMPERS IN PELHAM BAY PARK,
DISTANT ONLY A SHORT TROLLEY RIDE FROM THE HEART OF MANHATTAN.

a trip and all equipment need cost no more than a week's stay at any first-class summer hotel. Here is a case in point:

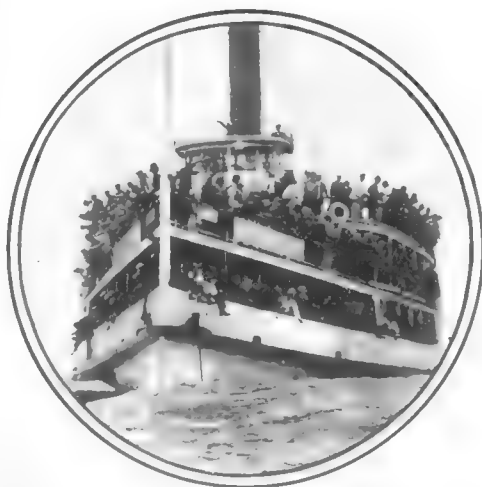
The couple I have in mind is a college professor and his wife. Wealth had showered them about as profusely as it showers others in the job professorial. At any rate, when the college term ended, they had in the bank a balance of exactly \$95.20.

Two can't go far on \$95.20. Or, if they do, they can't get back. The outlook seemed gloomy for this pair. It looked as if they must take their summer as others take it when they know no better way. That is to say, they might move into the back room and sit there with the shades discreetly drawn. But rather than submit so inertly, the two cast about them. Inspiration came at once.

There was the \$95.20 as capital. Twenty of it they spent for a second-hand canvas canoe. For six dollars they bought a tent. Blankets they had. They had also a skillet, a coffee-pot, four tin plates, a tin cup apiece, and each a knife and fork. An axe they bought. They bought also fishing tackle, and one of those relics of our boyhood days, a Zulu gun. This is an ancient, converted army musket, which will often kill a hare or a squirrel almost as far as you can heave a brick. Another ten dollars they invested in salt pork, flour, coffee, sugar, and other

items of food, leaving a net balance of exactly \$20.90. Then they embarked.

This was in New Jersey. One advantage of a canoe is that it will float in water that's deep enough to keep a duck from walking. Launching upon the first stream they found handy, they pushed their canoe along. When they came to a dry spot, they got out and walked. Eventually, the stream



Copyright by Brown Brothers.

EVERY DAY THESE BOATS CARRY HUNDREDS OF
ENTHUSIASTS FROM NEW YORK OUT TO
THE DEEP-SEA FISHING GROUNDS.

they were in turned into a real watercourse. Then they paddled. I believe they call this river the Millstone. It runs around for miles in ox-bows and circles. Ultimately it comes out at some place or another, I don't know where. I do know, however, that my couple explored it from one end to the other. Then they chose another stream. All day they paddled, poled, pushed their way along. Sometimes they fished or potted around after a snipe or two. At night they camped wherever night found them. Following stream after stream, they virtually traversed New Jersey from end to end.

If they had preferred land travel to water, or had lived in a part of the country where canoeing is not possible, they might have journeyed, at no greater expense, by wagon. The thing has been done repeatedly. When speed is no object, when beauty and style are not considered, a horse—just a plain horse—rents cheap. This and a second- or third-hand spring-wagon should not amount to more than fifty dollars. Add a canvas top for the wagon, blankets, and such kitchen equipment as the professorial pair carried, and you are ready to set forth.

Where?—you ask.

Why, anywhere—everywhere. Wherever, for instance, the horse wishes to go! You may stop to hunt or fish or gather berries; you may have your meals in the wagon or beside a roadside camp-fire; and you can sleep wherever the wagon happens to be at bedtime.

Another way of getting into the open is—walking. But suggest a tour afoot to the average American, and he is likely to regard you with disdain. Walking is, with too many of us, wholly objective. We walk only when we lack other means of locomotion, and it is merely to get somewhere. Only a few have learned the charm and invigoration of exploring highways and byways in a manner really leisurely and intimate.

Just now, I have heard of two young women—school-teachers—who adventured in this way, with knapsacks for sole equipment. More for the lark than for the want of other means of recreation, they tramped unescorted across a goodly section of Ohio. For the most part they followed the open road, with side excursions into a countryside that offered them astonishing revelations of charm and picturesqueness. None molested them, or even spoke to them dis-

respectfully, though their coming was heralded in the papers, and both farm and town were often out to meet them. Having friends in various places, they arranged an itinerary, making overnight visits. By day they bought food in farmhouses along the route. Fresh clothes were expressed from home to fixed points of their itinerary. Of course, some may regard this as a rather risky, reckless proceeding; but the fact remains that there are few sections of rural America where even unprotected women may not go in perfect safety.

An ideal method of touring the by-country off the beaten tracks seems to me that developed by a family prominent in western New York. Love of the horse is inbred, inherent, among its members; they have for generations maintained hunting stables and a pack of hounds; and while amply able to afford motors, private cars, and other means of luxurious travel, for real pleasure they much prefer the saddle. Last year, two of the family, with a quartet of friends, rode all the way through New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland to Washington, District of Columbia. A light wagon followed, carrying baggage and the luncheon baskets. At midday they picnicked by the roadside, while at night they rested at some tavern or farmhouse along the way.

But it is the West, after all, from the Mississippi to the Pacific, that has best learned to get good from out-of-doors. Riding enters largely into the life of many of these communities, and several have already turned it to account in ways that other communities might well follow. They play their games on horseback—such games as hide-and-seek and hare-and-hounds.

Picture it now—a game of horseback hide-and-seek—as you might have seen it often in the Pacific out-country.

There were the players, twoscore men, women, and children. All ages, all sorts and conditions were, in fact, entered. There was room for all. Each player was mounted on a stocky little range pony—wise, knowing creatures that seemed spiritedly alive to all the 'moment's fun. To choose opposing sides, one of the riders threw into a sombrero as many beans as there were players, six of these beans being black. Those that drew white beans were to hide themselves, while the six that drew the black sought them. Ten minutes were to be allowed the riders to hide; if they remained in the open

after the time limit, they were counted out.

Lots were drawn and the players lined up. The word to go was given.

In ten minutes not a rider was in sight except the waiting six. All six were dismounted each standing with one hand on a bridle, the other on a saddle-horn.

"Go!"

At the signal, the six were off like a shot. Before each rider had more than raised his foot, his pony was under way. Afterward, the riders got into the saddle somehow. A girl was among the six—one that rode astraddle—and she got her seat with a bound. Across the level she and her pony scuttled, making for a faraway draw. A cloud of dust went with her as she spurred along, until upon a high cut bank she wheeled, and flung up one arm in gleeful triumph.

"I spy!" she shrielled, and came racing back.

A second rider, a man of middle age, popped into view. He, too, came scurrying back toward the home goal. His was the taller mount, and, had it carried equal weight, perhaps the speedier one. At first, gradually, the bigger pony managed to overhaul the other, while the girl, half turning in her saddle to watch, urged and encouraged her mount. Neck and neck they came along; but a hundred yards from the goal the girl suddenly swung forward on her pony's withers, and, riding as a Garrison might have ridden, came whirling up to the post, by a full good length a winner. "Out!" she cried, and, touching the goal as she flashed by, rocketed away into the distance, till again her jubilant pipe "I spy!" signaled that another race was on.

In England and on the Continent mountain climbing affords endless recreation to a

multitude. Here, however, it has been developed along different lines. I have heard Americans go into ecstasy over the pleasure of scaling Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau, or the Matterhorn. To the wonder and beauty of our own great peaks these same Americans are dumb. They seem ignorant of the fact that America holds not one but a hundred hills as majestic as any in Switzerland. They, and indeed people in general, do not realize to what extent mountain climbing has been developed as a sport in certain parts of the country. For thirty years the Mazamas of Portland, Oregon, a club so named for the Rocky Mountain sheep, have climbed the peaks of the Cascades in increasing number. The Pacific Alpine Club and the Seattle Mountaineers are other organizations of the same sort, typical of clubs, large and small, which are to be found all over the mountain West.

The Seattle Mountaineers, for instance, organize single-day tours, week-end tours, and an annual summer outing in July. Sometimes as many as two hundred of the members join this outing, including young men and women of all sorts of occupations. Under a semi-military and social organization that is most efficient, this band disappears into the wilderness for three or four weeks, taking first several days of graded marches to a permanent camp, then other days of experimental climbing in the hills, all ending with the ascent of one of the snow-clad peaks of the range that looks out on Puget Sound.

Wherever there are hill-tops, climbing is worth while, and there is no danger of getting crowded. But how or by what means you take to the open makes little difference. The main thing is to get there. Try it!



Photograph by John Boyd.

The VILLAGERS

by Donal Hamilton Haines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE dust lay inch-deep and white down the long, straight length of the main street. No teams were hitched to the iron tie-rails in front of the line of stores, but from far down the white road came the creak of an ill-greased axle, and a single wagon showed, a mere black mass in the shimmering distance. Beneath the broad awning of Van Dis's furniture store and undertaking rooms stood three large packing-cases and an unopened crate. Through the slats of the crate a plush-covered patent rocker was visible. Van Dis himself stood in the open door of the store, while a circle of figures, seated in chairs of the store's unsold stock, loomed in the semi-darkness of the room. Van Dis, clad in the black coat and white tie which the mortuary possibilities of his twofold vocation demanded, stared loose-lipped at the packing-cases and pulled disconsolately at his drooping mustache.

"Them things," he announced in dull, complaining tones, "is worth eighty-six dollars! And they ain't paid for. They'll stand there, I suppose, till this war's over and I can get somebody to help me unpack 'em!"

The men in the half-circle behind him did not move. Finally a thin, eager voice demanded:

"Can't you do it yourself?"

"No," answered Van Dis querulously, "I can't! I ain't strong, and my hay fever's awful bad! And there ain't an able-bodied man left in town to help me. Anyhow, what's the use of unpackin' 'em? Nobody's got any money, nobody wants to buy anything. In six months more we'll all be

ready to be put in the county poorhouse!"

One of the circle rose and came to the door. It was the owner of the thin voice—a spare, hollow-eyed young man whose clothes hung from the corners of what had been a broad frame. He stood behind the storekeeper and stared across his shoulder into the dusty street, his hands twitching nervously.

"I ain't one to complain on my own account," Van Dis went on, "but it gets all of us the same way. There's Flanders! Just got married when the war come. Now his store's closed, his wife's gone home, and he's drivin' a team for the Service Corps so he can live. There's six half-built houses in this town standin' just the way they was six or seven months ago, and they'll rot 'fore they're finished. And then the spire on the Methodist church is standing just the way that wind left it, and the water's took most of the plaster off the ceilin' already!"

"And crops!" droned another voice out of the dim circle. "There ain't goin' to be no crops. Good weather too, but things is all goin' to pieces 'cause there ain't nobody to tend to 'em!"

The circle crackled slowly into a ceaseless round of complaints, the men leaning back comfortably in their easy chairs and droning out their tales of hardship and ruin. The thin man continued to glare into the street over Van Dis's shoulder. His features worked uneasily at each fresh complaint, and he shifted from one foot to the other. Finally he swung about with a forced smile.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "it's hard, I suppose, but it can't go on always. Three months ought to finish it now, and after it's

over everything will boom. Prices will go up, and there'll be enough for everybody."

The circle groaned in unison.

"Boom nothing!" snorted a coatless man in the corner. "We'll have to scratch to meet the war taxes, and nothing to do it with!"

The thin man faced the road again and his eyes grew dreamy and speculative.

"I don't know," he said, in the impersonal tone of one talking to himself; "it seems to me that war's such a big, overwhelming thing it ought not to produce such little, petty details of smallness. We have the easier part, after all. We can sit here at home while somebody else is doing the fighting. But we're always the ones to complain. Hard? Maybe. But we get enough to eat and a place to sleep, which is a good deal, after all."

"That sounds all right," admitted the coatless man, "but just settin' still and waitin' ain't so easy."

The youth's anger blazed suddenly and he whirled on the group.

"Then what are you sitting still for?" he demanded fiercely. "You're able to be in the field; there's need of you there, too! If you're afraid to fight, you might have the grace not to snivel at home. I wish things would cut a bit closer to us! I'd like to hear the sounds you'd make if war really *touched* you!"

He flung himself out of the door on to the sidewalk. The team which had been visible down the long road had drawn up in front of the store. A short, round man in overalls was climbing down from the seat.

"Last night," he commenced, with one foot still on the hub of the wheel, "some o' them soldiers stole six of my hogs and burned my corn-crib. Now I'd like to know——"

"Go inside!" shouted the thin man violently, "they're waiting for you in there!" and he walked quickly around the corner.

The farmer entered Van Dis's store. "What's wrong with the teacher?" he demanded, jerking his head in the direction the thin man had taken.

The circle did not reply at once, and the newcomer did not seem to expect an immediate response, but dropped on to the corner of a Turkish couch and waited.

"Well," explained Van Dis finally, "he just hit one o' them streaks of his. Didn't

like it because we was kickin' 'bout the war, and sort o' flew off the handle."

"Humph!" said the farmer. "I'm kickin' about the war, and I don't care who likes it or don't. Six hogs and a corn-crib—that's my part o' the war! Who pays me for them?—nobody! Them soldiers is no better'n so many thieves. They didn't need them hogs!"

The others were curious, and the irate farmer went into vigorous and profane details. For him there was no element of military necessity in it, but just simple spoliation. If he realized that his stock had gone to feed a troop of cavalymen who had been twelve hours in the saddle without food, he had forgotten it in his anger. The fact that the burning of his corn-crib had been pure accident had been blotted out in his sense of loss.

Gradually the group of men forgot their immediate concerns and fell to discussing the war in general. The presence of troops—even though of their own army—so close to them was alarming. They questioned the farmer only to provoke a fresh tirade; of actual information he had none.

"Just as like as not," growled Van Dis, "they'll be comin' through the village. Then what little we have got left will go. I know what it's like. My folks was in Nashville in the sixties, and they've told me all about it!"

"Of course," the coatless man put in timidly, "they wouldn't do nothin' to us civilians even if they did come."

"Wouldn't they, though?" answered Van Dis; and from a scrambled mass of historical information he proceeded to draw for them a terrifying picture of captured towns. In the midst of a garbled account of the siege of Paris, he was interrupted by the sound of clattering hoofs from the street outside. As one man, the circle of loungers bolted on to the sidewalk. From other loafing-places along the sleepy street other groups made their startled appearance.

A single cavalryman, half hidden by a swirling cloud of dust, galloped down the street and pulled his horse up with a jerk at the watering-trough in front of the post-office. In an instant he became the center of an excited, questioning group. The soldier, glad of a pause, loosed the rein and threw one leg over the pommel of his saddle.

"Lord, but it's dusty!" he said, wiping his streaming, dust-powdered face on his brown

sleeve, while the crowd gaped at him. "I'm full up with it."

The crowd pelted him with questions while he slid from his saddle. Small boys fought for the privilege of holding his horse. He waved his hands impatiently at the crowding people.

"Wait till I get a drink," he pleaded.

The men trailed behind him through the door of the single saloon. He leaned against

"Will they come this way, do you think?" asked a timid voice.

The trooper nodded across the emptying glass.

"Sure to," he said, wiping his lips, "dead sure to. It's the best road, and they ain't looking for anything but a place to camp. This burg was just made for 'em. Maybe they're just a reconnoit'ring force, and they'll set down here and snoop around a



IN AN INSTANT THE CAVALRYMAN BECAME THE CENTER OF AN EXCITED, QUESTIONING GROUP.

the bar, drank deeply, and then faced his questioners.

"Oh, yes," he said easily, "you stay-at-homes are going to get your little taste. There's two companies of their infantry got loose somehow and drifted over this way. Dunno what they're doing. They got scattered about a good bit after the whaling we gave 'em last week."

The men looked at him anxiously while he blew the foam from another glass of beer.

few days till we get time to round 'em up."

"Stay right here—in the village?" demanded Van Dis incredulously.

"Yes, sir," answered the cavalryman, "and they'll eat you out of house and home." He paused and leaned forward impressively. "They're a wild lot, too," he cautioned; "you'd best keep an eye on the women!"

"Ain't there enough of our soldiers handy to take care of just a few of them?" demand-

ed the bartender. "Can't you fellers protect yer own people, heh?"

The trooper grunted disdainfully.

"I suppose you think," he sneered, "we ain't got anything to do but garrison every country crossroads." Then, as his scorn silenced the white-aproned man, he relented somewhat and explained with much detail—which was as Greek to his hearers—why the country about Parkville happened just then to be barren of its defenders.

"And I can't loaf here till they ketch me, either," he finished.

The small boys relinquished the tired horse grudgingly, and the groups stood silent while the trooper mounted, waved his hand, and cantered away.

Slowly the excited knots dispersed, and the villagers made a feeble pretense of going about the day's business. There was a stir of excitement when Barker, fortified by half an hour in the saloon, decided to make the homeward drive. The village watched him around the elevator turn, and half a dozen youngsters followed him, to come panting back an hour later with the news that they had followed him to Hicks's crossing a mile and a half distant, and that he was still safe. For a time the town breathed easier. The thought that the zone of safety stretched as far as the crossing was comforting. Everybody sauntered home for the noon meal at the usual time, but the dinners were hurried, and groups formed on the street again immediately afterward. The debates went round in hopeless circles; everybody looked to everybody else for advice and was dissatisfied when it was given.

Shortly after one o'clock, Perkins, the grocer, appeared, with his wife and children in the back of his delivery wagon, ringed about by yellow bags and parcels. He drove to the front of his store, closed the curtains of the doors and window, and ostentatiously turned the key in the big lock.

"I'm goin' to the country," he announced firmly. "I ain't goin' to run no chances. No, sir! I advise the rest o' you folks to do the same thing."

He sat firmly on his seat and glared about him for contradictions, yet seemed loath to drive away. No one offered to combat his opinion, and all seemed waiting for him to move. Perkins felt that such a withdrawal would be lacking in the very features which the situation demanded. He turned to the woman and the two children behind him.

"You'd better take a good long look at things," he advised. "Most likely it'll be all blood an' ashes when we get back!"

The ludicrous command had its effect. One or two women in the crowd surrounding the wagon commenced to sob. Another clasped a two-year-old in her arms and started for home on a run, calling her husband's name loudly. The men glanced at each other uneasily, and Perkins felt that he had struck the right key.

"It's certainly hard," he went on, "to think that this town, where we've all been born and raised, is seein' its last day. Why, my folks have lived here fifty years; my father built the first house in Parkville. Every one of us has played over every inch of this place, an' we allus expected our children would. Now the town'll go, and God knows what will become of the children!"

Fear instead of excitement commenced to show in the faces of the crowd. Until then they had thought of the threatened danger only as something vague, to be thrown off, in all probability, like the unreal terrors of a nightmare. But this thing of which Perkins spoke was a different matter. They lived to themselves, the people of Parkville; their homes were everything. Many of them had never been to the city twenty-five miles east of them. The droning voice of Perkins dinned persistently into their ears.

"I never thought such a thing as this would come to me. It don't seem right that a man should have to give up his home an' his business and start all over at my time o' life. I ain't got no friends nor credit anywheres else; I don't know how I'm goin' to live—an' it's goin' to be the same for the rest of you."

"If there was only enough of us," put in Smith, "we might hold the town. Two companies ain't so darned many men!"

All eyes turned suddenly to Smith. He was rather startled, but stuck to his position boldly.

"If we only knew somethin' about fightin'," he said, "we might hold 'em off an' make 'em go somewhere else."

"Such things have been done," Van Dis put in importantly. "History's full of such things—where villages have been held—yes, and whole countries saved just by the bravery of the townspeople. Ain't that so, Mr. Ainsworth?"—and he turned appealingly to the thin teacher, who was leaning against a pole in the background.

Ainsworth had been there for ten minutes, smiling cynically at the white, scared faces of the crowd, and listening curiously to Perkins's half-moaning speech. "Somewhere out on the road," he had said to himself, "are two companies of beaten, foot-sore, demoralized men, dreaming of food and shelter, and these yokels act as though Attila himself were coming. And this type is the backbone of our nation!" But at Van Dis's question he roused himself, though the cynical smile did not pass from his face.

"Oh, yes," he said easily, "there are plenty of such cases."

"Just what I said," Van Dis went on. "I've read about lots of 'em."

"I've got eight rifles and a dozen shotguns in my store," put in a small, grimy-faced man, "and there ain't a man here that don't own a gun of some sort."

Ainsworth leaned back against his post thoughtfully. "I'm curious to see," he murmured, "just how far this sort of frenzy will carry them."

"Ain't it better," demanded Van Dis importantly, straightening his white tie, "to die fighting courageously in defense of your homes than to go skulking off into the timber and let the enemy do what he will?"

A dull chorus of approval greeted his words, but Perkins stirred on the wagon-seat and pulled up his lines.

"That ain't our business," he demurred. "That's what our army's for. We ain't fightin' people. It ain't our nature."

Van Dis straightened his lank figure.

"Well, it's my nature!" he thundered, with a sudden rush of color to his pale cheeks. "I never fired a gun in my life, but I believe I *can* do it in defense of my home. For one, I believe the people of Parkville won't let future generations say that they flinched in the face of danger. It's our homes and our honor we're fightin' for, and I guess we can fight then!"

Perkins clucked to his horse.

"William Perkins!" shouted Van Dis, "do you want to brand yourself as the only coward among us?"

Perkins fumed with anger, while his wife and children burst into tears. He dropped the whip and sat glowering at the men about him. Van Dis climbed quickly into the back of the wagon and faced the crowd.

"We've got to organize," he cried, "and be quick about it. We don't know how much time we've got. We've got to ap-

point leaders and see how the town's to be defended. It's always done that way. We need every man. Somebody ring the fire-bell!"

Instantly the street broke into a clamor. Men hurried across the street to the engine-house and hurled open the door. Van Dis stood in the back of the wagon, shouting incoherently above the hubbub of the people about him. The grimy-faced man darted into his shabby store and came back bearing an armful of wooden boxes of ammunition, which he commenced piling in his doorway. The startling, nerve-twisting clangor of the fire-bell boomed suddenly through the hot air.

"This is wonderful!" breathed Ainsworth to himself. "I didn't think they would even do this."

Five minutes of the frantic bell-ringing sufficed to bring the entire population of Parkville crowding into the wide street in front of Van Dis's store, where the undertaker was still gesticulating violently from the back of Perkins's delivery wagon. His wild, feverish valor furnished the spirit of leadership which had been wanting. He waved one long arm and stilled the clanging of the big bell. In the stifling silence that followed he turned the silencing arm on the people, and they stared up at him expectantly.

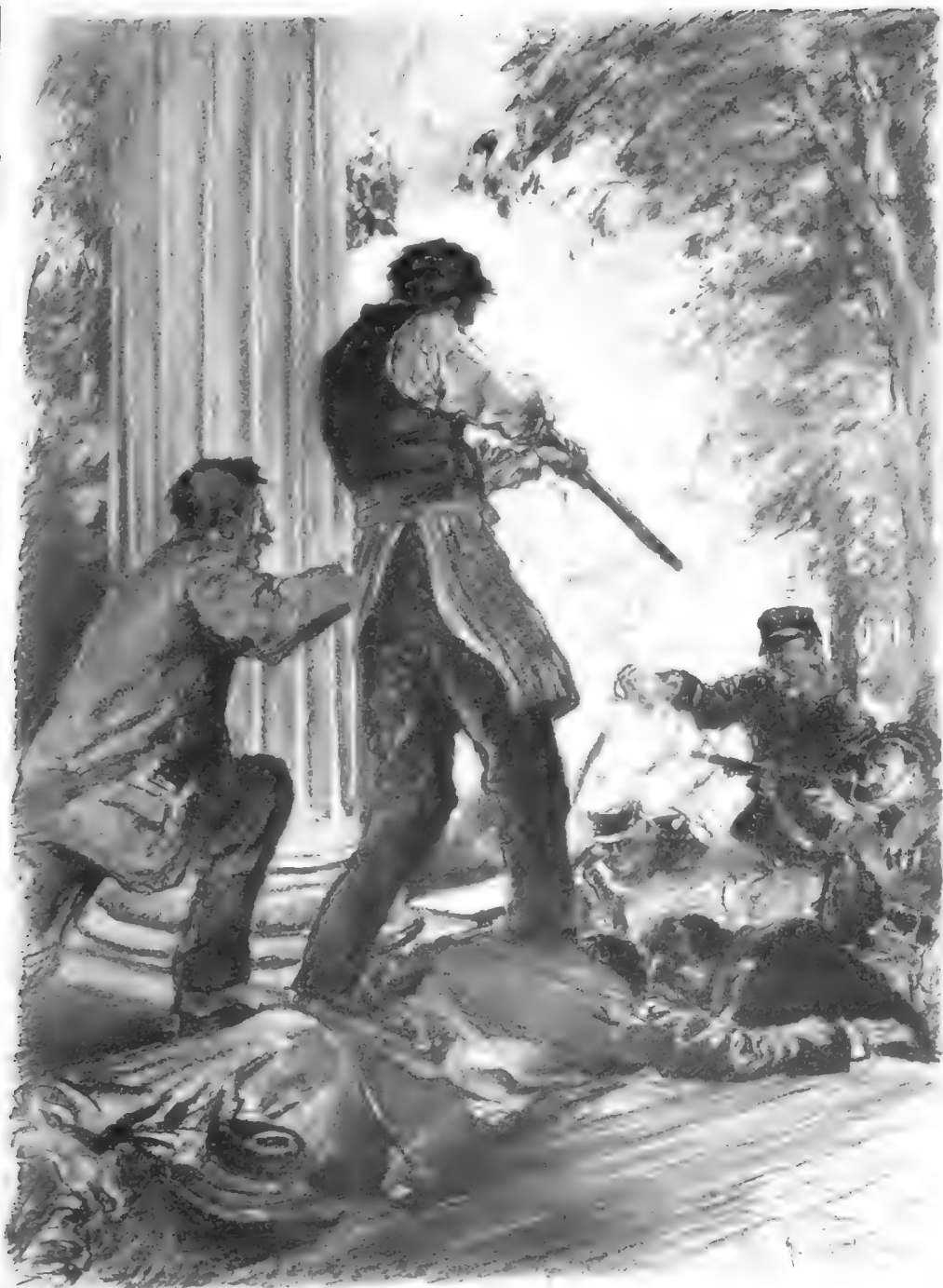
"We must think first of the women and children," he said quickly. "They must go into the cellars and stay there until the fighting is over. There is no safety for them above ground."

He paused while the crowd murmured its approval.

"We must choose a leader," he continued—only to be interrupted, as he had hoped to be, by a perfect chorus of shouts from the crowd, telling him to lead them.

"Very well," he answered, the red billowing again into his white cheeks, "there is no time to choose a better man. I want every unmarried man to take the left-hand side of the street—the others, the right!"

He stood upright, his finger pointing while the murmuring crowd parted and swayed to the two sides of the wide street, the women and children backing still farther toward the houses beyond the last store. Ainsworth, the schoolmaster, moved slowly with the unmarried men until he saw that the street was clear, then whirled quickly on the undertaker and called to the people in his thin, shrill voice.



HE SAW MEN FIGHTING ON THE STEPS OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AND WONDERED VAGUELY
HOW THE HOSTILE INFANTRY COULD COME FROM THAT SIDE.

"Stop a minute!" he cried compellingly, and every face turned toward him quickly. "In half an hour," he hurried on, "you'll be having bloodshed in these streets. Are you crazy? Do you think this is a war of savages? Those soldiers won't hurt you. All they want is food and shelter. They're not bloodthirsty pirates; they're tired, hungry, hunted men. They think no more of harming the women than you do. For the love of Heaven, go about your business and stop this folly before it's too late! One shot fired from this village gives them the right to hang every man of you found with weapons in his hands. Get those guns out of sight and get back to your homes and stores!"

An instant the crowd seemed to waver. Then in the sudden silence there sounded sharply the report of a single gun, distant but clear. Months later, Abner Smith confessed that it was he who had fired the shot, trying to drive the crows from his field near the river. Ainsworth's sharp ear had caught the full, booming report which infallibly distinguishes the discharge of a shotgun from the sharp crack of a rifle, and in the ensuing riot of sound he tried to shout his knowledge into the ears of those about him. But he was pushed aside by the yelling, wildly excited men. Small boys darted about among their elders, screaming at the top of their lungs: "They're comin'! they're comin'!"

The women, completely beside themselves in the sudden wild torrent of excitement, ran among the men, throwing their arms about their husbands' necks and beseeching them not to fight. A straggling stream headed toward the gun-shop where the boxes of ammunition stood piled in the doorway, with rifles and shotguns leaning against the counter inside. In every direction men were running to their houses, to reappear with shotguns or rifles. A huddled crowd massed around the wagon, listening silently to Van Dis's sputtered orders, and blocking Perkins's feeble efforts to move. Mrs. Perkins and the children tumbled from their seats and scuttled to the sidewalk.

Ainsworth saw that the minutes were indeed precious, even as Van Dis had said. He knew that the shot which had caused the uproar had not been from a hostile rifle, but there was no telling when the enemy's tired infantry might appear. He waited

until Van Dis led the crowd about him toward the gun-shop, then hurried to the wagon and leaped to the seat beside the frightened grocer.

"Quick!" he commanded. "Drive like the devil! We've got to stop this!"

In his excitement he spoke loudly, and his words were overheard by some of those on the sidewalks. The fat grocer was too terrified to move or think. So Ainsworth reached over, seized the reins, and cut the astonished horse sharply with the whip. The animal gave a leap, then started down the street at a breakneck run. From behind them came a confused chorus of shouts and cries:

"Stop 'em! They're goin' to warn the soldiers!"

The grimy-faced man, under Van Dis's directions, had already dealt out some guns and ammunition. As Van Dis cried to the fugitives to halt, a hatless man on the curb raised a heavy Winchester and fired at the horse. The first ball smashed through the big window of the Parkville House, sending the plate glass down on to the porch and sidewalk; the second bullet whipped squarely into the animal's lungs and sent it to its knees with a choking gasp. The wagon slewed around wildly, and Perkins and Ainsworth picked themselves out of the dust. The grocer darted wildly through the open door of the hotel; the schoolmaster turned quietly to face the crowd which was hurrying toward him.

"No man can run away!" bawled Van Dis. "You'll take a gun and fight, or we'll lock you up!"

Ainsworth looked at him with a queer expression that was a tangle of many emotions.

"All right!" he said quietly. "Give me a gun. I'll fight."

Something in his tone caused the crowd to drop its menacing attitude. He walked quietly with them back to the gun-shop. Some of the undertaker's hastily appointed lieutenants were fairly driving the women and children into the houses. The crowd in front of the stores was nearly all armed, but seemed uncertain what to do next. They talked to each other in low tones, fingering their weapons nervously. Inside the store could be heard the hatchet of the grimy-faced man, tearing open fresh cases of ammunition.

Van Dis went about his dispositions with a

rapidity that was surprising. He found himself in command of eighty-two men, about half of them armed with rifles, the rest with shotguns and revolvers. Already he had designated four men as his lieutenants.

"Murphy," he said to the butcher, "you take twenty men and go down by the elevator. Hide your men behind the fences an' in the long weeds." Then, as Murphy paused, he added: "Take only men with rifles."

"For the love of God, Van Dis!" gasped Ainsworth, "send them farther out. You'll have them shooting right into the village!"

Van Dis turned with a frown.

"I'll attend to this," he snarled. "We can't fight 'em in the fields, anyway. Our guns won't shoot far enough, and we haven't got many cartridges."

Under the hurried orders, group after group of men filed away in different directions. Then Van Dis set the married men to building barricades across the two main streets. Perkins's dead horse and wrecked wagon formed the nucleus of the first one, and it grew swiftly. From the hardware store, willing hands dragged out three brilliant red and green plows, a big harvester, and a dozen coils of barbed wire. From behind the Newell House came a splintering of wood where another of the barricade gangs was tearing up a section of fence. Half a dozen men, mounted on big, ungainly horses which had been hastily saddled with blankets, clattered down the street and scattered out into the country to watch for the enemy's appearance.

In an hour the preparations for defense were completed. Four barricades stretched across the intersecting streets, and behind each of them knelt eight men, each armed with a double-barreled or repeating shotgun. From the second-story windows of the stores at each end of the barricades protruded the black barrels of other shotguns. Murphy and his twenty men were hidden in the weeds and fence corners near the elevator; twenty other men were farther to the north, hidden behind the railroad embankment. Van Dis himself sat in the bell-tower over the engine-house, scrutinizing the fields to the east through a pair of pearl opera-glasses. Save for the men behind the barricades, the street had become totally deserted. The doors and windows of the houses had been closed and the curtains had been drawn.

Now and then the wail of a child, the sobbing of a woman, or the uneasy howling of a dog made the men behind the barbed wire and bricks move uneasily. Otherwise the stillness of the hot afternoon had settled heavily on to Parkville.

Ainsworth sat behind one of the hind wheels of the delivery wagon, a double-barreled "hammerless" shotgun across his knees. To right and left were the figures of the other seven men. He looked at them curiously: Perkins's son, claspings the new rifle which was to have gone on the first deer-hunt into the north that fall; young Talbot, with the grime of the forge on his face and arms; Walters, the editor, Phillips, of the drug store, and three other men whom he did not know. They sat very silent, their eyes on the dusty street. Talbot and Phillips were smoking, and the clouds from their cob pipes drifted heavily in the air. The druggist's face was white and his lips were moving rapidly. Every other moment he glanced across his shoulder at the trim green-and-white house under the maples which he had built for his wife a year before. Ainsworth leaned closer:

"That house of yours won't stop bullets, Phillips," he whispered.

The other shuddered.

"The women will get excited when the firing starts," Ainsworth went on, "and they won't stay in the cellars."

"Maybe they will," stammered the other, "I told Molly to, an' she's got a lot of sense."

"You and I," Ainsworth whispered again, "could slip into the hotel before anybody could stop us. We could run through the bar, out the back door and through Thomas's corn-field into the side street. We could stop troops outside the town and stop this murder. Think of your wife and baby!"

Phillips started to move, when young Perkins raised his voice slightly as he talked to the man nearest him.

"Yes, sir," he was saying, "Van Dis told me that after they'd opened the gates and carried food to the soldiers, they killed every man, woman, and child in the town—every one of 'em!"

"No," gasped Phillips, "I'm goin' to stay. I guess the women can get out the back way if things gets too hot."

Ainsworth shrugged his shoulders and leaned back against the wagon-wheel.

Van Dis's voice, rising almost to a screech in his excitement, came down to them suddenly from the belfry.

"Here comes Johnny Crose," he yelled, "riding down the road like mad on his gray. He must have seen them!"

None of the men answered, but all rose and stood craning their necks above the tangle of wires and agricultural implements. From the upper windows of the stores, heads popped out alongside the gun-barrels. In the tense, windless silence they could hear the faint pounding of the distant hoofs. Breathlessly they waited while the sound of the galloping grew louder. Distinctly they could hear the uneven patter as Crose pulled in his horse to give his message to the men at the elevator. An instant later the gray horse with its bounding, bouncing rider came into sight at the far turn of the road. Van Dis was already scrambling down the belfry ladder.

Crose fairly tumbled from his horse in front of the barricade.

"I seen 'em!" he gasped. "They ain't two miles away now, marchin' right down the road. An', say, they's an *awful* lot of 'em!"

Van Dis cleared his throat.

"Are they in column," he demanded, "or—er—ah"—he hesitated painfully—"deployed?" he finished with a triumphant rush of memory.

"Huh?" demanded Crose.

Van Dis was about to continue his questions when Ainsworth broke in quickly.

"Go down to the elevator," he told Van Dis, "before those idiots start shooting!"

"Murphy has his orders," Van Dis answered pompously. "My place is here!"

In spite of the stress of the moment the queer smile came again to Ainsworth's thin lips. This strutting, important being was Van Dis, the complaining, pessimistic Van Dis, who had been whining against the war in terms of dollars and cents a few hours before!

"Then I'm going," Ainsworth said suddenly, and commenced climbing across the barricade.

Van Dis's jaw dropped. For an instant the ordinary man came to the surface and he hesitated, then he reached awkwardly for the blunt grip of a Colt automatic which bulged from his hip pocket.

"You come back to your place!" he ordered; but his voice faltered.

Ainsworth paid no attention, but vaulted cautiously to the ground on the other side. He turned to find Van Dis pointing the pistol at him with a wavering hand.

"Come back!" ordered the undertaker, rather weakly.

The other men looked at Van Dis with horror written on their faces.

"Put that thing down!" snapped Ainsworth, although his cheeks whitened and he felt a queer sensation in the back of his neck. "I'll do nothing against your orders. I sha'n't run or anything—but Murphy's hot-headed and you know it."

Van Dis hesitated, then put the weapon in his pocket.

"Very well," he faltered; "I—I—order you to go to the elevator. You may supersede Murphy!"

Ainsworth found the little force around the tall yellow building, hugging the ditches, and watching the road. Murphy, his red face streaming in the heat, stood on the steps of the elevator office that he might see better.

"See anything?" Ainsworth asked anxiously. Murphy shook his head.

Ainsworth was too wise to make any effort to wrest the leadership from the butcher's hands. Instead, he sat down on the steps, leaned his gun against the wall, and commenced talking to the other loud enough that the men around them could hear. He cautioned them against firing too quickly, advised them to wait until they were sure where the enemy were, which way they were coming, and where their own bullets might be sent to do the most damage. Once or twice he sounded them cautiously by little hints as to the folly of fighting, but Murphy's angry glare was a warning.

They settled down to the nerve-racking business of waiting. The afternoon sun scorched them. Grasshoppers clattered and rattled in the dry weeds, and yellow and white butterflies flitted over the heads of the prostrate men.

"There!" exclaimed Murphy, with an abruptness that brought all of the men upright, their heads sticking out of the long grass like so many gophers.

Above the slight rise where the road and railroad crossed showed a figure, another, a third—finally a little clump which halted, bunched into larger dimensions, and remained motionless. Presently a single figure detached itself from the group and



VAN DIS, WITH PROFESSIONALLY LOWERED VOICE, WAS SUPERINTENDING THE REMOVAL
OF MURPHY'S BODY FROM THE FRONT ROOM

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climbed to the bank at the side of the road.

"It's them!" Murphy whispered hoarsely, and Ainsworth nodded, glancing at the shotgun across his knees and thinking of the short military rifles which the distant figures carried.

Presently a second figure climbed the bank and joined the first. For several moments they remained motionless; then one of them was seen to wave an arm, and the group in the middle of the road backed out of sight over the rise. Murphy trembled with the very human fear of not being able to see what he had come out to fight.

"What are they going to do now?" he demanded anxiously. The man at his side did not answer him; instead he spoke mildly to the men in the grass and behind the fences.

"You'd better get out of sight if you want to do anything," he advised.

An instant later the distant group reappeared and slipped over the top of the crest, while scattered figures showed in the fields on either side of the road. Fifty yards behind this advanced party, the bulk of the column unrolled itself slowly before the eyes of the watching villagers.

"My Lord, there's a sight of 'em!" gasped Murphy.

"Of course there are," Ainsworth answered with sudden heat. "You can't stop them here with a few shotguns and a rotting fence!"

Murphy rubbed his stubbly chin reflectively.

"I dunno's we can," he admitted ruefully, "I dunno's we can."

Ainsworth glanced at the other men, to find them looking from him to the approaching column, dumb animal terror on their faces. This was the moment for which he had waited. The men about him were scared, their nerves jumping, their courage ready to ooze away in an instant. A word to them and they would go scampering back into the village. Yet suddenly Ainsworth knew that he would not speak that word. With unexpected abruptness he realized the significance of the dark group in the road. He did not care for the village; it enabled him to live—that was all. It was rather pretty—but it was terribly monotonous—and the people were tiresome, uninteresting, commonplace. Still, those distant figures were foreign invaders, and this was *his* country, a village of *his* people. The rough,

awkward figures in their overalls and ill-fitting "store clothes" were his people. His hand suddenly tightened on the stock of the gun.

"Murphy," he commanded sharply, "get those men out of the grass and back into the village, and do it without letting them be seen. Turn the people out of the first houses on each side of the road, and put four or five men in each one. Pile things in front of the windows and tell the men to stick as long as they can and then get to the next house. Hurry!"

Murphy looked at him an instant open-mouthed and then obeyed. Ainsworth darted across the tracks to a group of men behind the railway embankment.

"Get back into the depot and the freight-house," he called to them. "Don't shoot until they're close, and then shoot hard. Get 'em before they can take cover."

He waited until he saw that he was being obeyed and then ran as fast as he could back down the main street of the village. Faces appeared for an instant at doors and windows as he hurried by, and then disappeared as quickly. He ran up to the barricade and climbed over, shouting as he did so.

"Everybody inside!" he yelled. "These things won't do any good. Get 'em all into the stores, Van Dis. Shoot from the windows. They aren't half a mile away now!"

He whirled around on the astonished Crose, still standing where he had dismounted, holding the bridle of the gray horse.

"In with you!" he yelled with sudden violence, then, noticing that the lad was unarmed, he thrust the shotgun into his hands and emptied his pockets of shells. "Take these," he commanded, "and go up over the bakery!"

He grasped the bridle of the horse, vaulted into the saddle, pelted back to the elevator, and slid from the blanket to the earth. His operations had taken more time than he had thought, for he found himself on the ground almost face to face with a small man in a very dirty uniform which had once consisted of a dark green tunic and grayish trousers with a broad purple stripe down the seams. They regarded each other in silence for an instant, during which Ainsworth took note of scattered figures on each side of him.

"Waat you spik?" demanded the officer suddenly, with a peculiar accent. "French?"

Ainsworth nodded, still rather dazed, and the officer broke into rapid French. His

men were tired, he explained, very tired; they needed food and rest. They had walked a great distance that day. He would require—he launched himself into a list of the proposed requisitions, when Ainsworth interrupted him.

"You can't come into the village," he explained in very poor French.

The officer looked politely astonished.

"The people have arms," continued Ainsworth, haltingly, choosing his words. "They will shoot if you try to bring your soldiers into the village."

The officer frowned angrily, turned on his heel, and blew a single, sharp blast on a tiny whistle.

"You know what it means if there is a shot fired," he warned.

In one swift glance Ainsworth estimated the distance to the two houses where he knew Murphy and his men were posted, and the time in which the slow-moving column would reach the crossing. The next instant he had bent double and was running for the nearest house, while the officer still held the tiny whistle in his lips.

"Now, Murphy, *now!*" he yelled as he ran.

There was a crash of breaking glass from the house on the other side of the street, a long, black barrel appeared, and a shotgun roared twice. The short officer caught both charges of buckshot in the breast and head, and toppled limply where he stood. Two rifles cracked, and Ainsworth ducked lower instinctively as one bullet hummed overhead and another snicked spitefully into the hard wood of a gatepost. He did not wait to see what was happening to the column in the road, but burst into the house.

Four men knelt behind the windows facing the street, their guns resting on the sills, the red, yellow, blue, and brown paper cartridges lying in vari-colored heaps on the floor beside them.

"Go at 'em!" he yelled wildly to the four men. "Where's the back door?"

Without waiting for an answer he plunged through the room, found another exit, and raced through the side yard. A dark figure on the railroad fired at him, but this time Ainsworth did not dodge. A sudden bellowing of firing behind him told him that the hornets' nest in the railroad buildings had been roused, but he did not stop. Somewhere in the back of his brain a persistent voice kept telling him that men were going to be killed and maimed needlessly, and that

he might have stopped it by a word a few moments before.

"What a game!" he muttered to himself as he ran. "Great God, what a game!"

He ran through a garden, vaulted a fence, and worked back to the street where he could see. A line of dark figures stretched along the top of the railroad, and he could see the little spits of vapor as the soldiers fired at the two houses. Above the growing rattle of the enemy's rifles sounded steadily the deeper tones of the shotguns in the hands of the villagers.

Again Ainsworth plunged into the back yards, running until he reached the first of the business blocks. Keeping close to the wall, he sped on until he came to the barricade. Almost at one end of it opened the narrow entrance of a stairway, and up this Ainsworth clattered. At the top he was confronted by a door, bearing the sign "Joseph H. Prentiss, Attorney at Law," in gold letters on a black sign. He burst open the door and stumbled into the room.

Prentiss himself knelt in front of one window, raising the high-sight of a Winchester. Behind him the grimy-faced man stood with a big, blue six-shooter in each hand, trying to peer over his shoulder into the street. Both turned as he came into the room.

"What's happenin'?" demanded Prentiss.

"It's started!" cried Ainsworth, inwardly astonished to find himself speaking with the excited lightheartedness of a boy. "Murphy's shot one of their officers, and there must be some of their men down!"

"These blocks is all wrong," the grimy-faced man put in calmly; "them chaps'll get up the back stairs and take us from behind!"

"Gimme a gun!" demanded Ainsworth, looking about him for a weapon.

The grimy-faced locksmith handed him one of the six-shooters and picked another off the desk. Ainsworth filled his pockets with cartridges from a heap on the floor.

"Here comes Bill Peters!" called Prentiss from the window, "and a lot more behind him!"

An instant later many feet came clattering up the stairs, and the door flew open to admit the four men whom Ainsworth had left squatting on the floor of a room a few minutes before. When last he had seen them they had been white-faced, with colorless lips and working features. They had handled their weapons gingerly, as if in fear that they might go off and harm some one.

Now they rushed into the room, red-faced, perspiring, intent only on the work in hand.

"Them houses," announced the first, "are too thin. We want to get behind brick walls!"

"Go 'cross the hall," commanded the grimy-faced man.

The four men hurried out, and Ainsworth noticed that the last one was looking in dazed fashion at the sleeve of his coat, down which a stream of blood was dripping. Outside, the banging of guns and the shouting of men sounded loudly. Ainsworth became oppressed with a sense of confinement within the four walls of the room. He could not sit and wait for the fight to come to him.

As he came out of the stairway a bullet flatted itself against the bricks above him. He glanced up the street to see a figure run from one tree to another, a rifle trailing from its hand. Almost unconsciously he raised his revolver and fired. The weapon jumped and the bullet flew high, but the sound of the explosion and the smell of the powder went to his head. He commenced to run in the direction of the depot, leaving the main street and cutting through the yards again. Almost immediately a sound made him turn. There came a hoarse shout from the street he had left. He glanced back through a hedge to see a little knot of the hostile infantry running down the dusty street, their rifles held before them, their eyes anxiously turning from one side to the other. Ainsworth plunged back into the hedge, and then events lost themselves in a sudden wild flurry of fighting and breathless running.

He came suddenly on a single infantryman. He was so close that he took note that the man had blue eyes, and that one side of his mustache was shorter than the other—and even while he watched, the man's rifle was jerking to his shoulder. He knew in a way that he raised his revolver, but he could not have told which of the two reports came from his own weapon. He felt a sharp, needle-like sting in his shoulder and saw the infantryman clutching the Simpsons's front fence with weakening fingers. He did not stay to see him fall.

The main street in front of Prentiss's office had turned into pandemonium. Three times the little knot of infantrymen tried to rush into the stairway, and as many times the roaring shotguns from the windows above beat them back. As Ainsworth came

out on the street he saw one of them take a snap-shot at the window, and the next instant Prentiss's head and shoulders were hanging limply over the sill. Ainsworth emptied his revolver into the crowd about the staircase and then started running, wondering why a bullet did not strike him in the back as he tried to stuff the greasy cartridges into the cylinder of his weapon. He saw men fighting on the steps of the Baptist church and wondered vaguely how the hostile infantry could come from that side. There followed a few hazy minutes while he stood panting behind a tree, loading his revolver and waiting for breath enough to start again. As he stood he saw the fight around the barricade—saw Van Dis, his coat off and his white tie fluttering, shooting into the crowd in the street with his automatic, and young Perkins, shot through the leg, trying to drag himself into shelter behind the watering trough.

Again he was racing wildly through the back yards, frantically trying to elude a squad of the dusty figures which had been stealing toward the barricade through a crooked cross-street. Suddenly the hideous yellow-brown buildings of the railroad station showed before him, and he realized that the guns were still barking from its boarded windows. He peered from behind a tree and saw the dusty figures skulking, rather than running, down the railroad embankment. The unholy din of the street-fight around the first barricade had dwindled away. Ainsworth came to a sudden realization of what had happened, and with a hoarse yell he came from behind the sheltering tree and started in wild chase of the fleeing infantry.

An hour later he seemed to come to himself with an inner snap. He was standing in front of a white frame house, and Van Dis, with professionally lowered voice, was superintending the removal of Murphy's body from the front room. The house was pricked here and there with bullet holes, and the door, battered into splinters, hung crazily from its hinges.

"Gee whiz, Bill!" exclaimed a voice near him, "your's gun's cocked. It might go off an' hurt somebody!"

Ainsworth looked around at the men about him. They still carried their weapons, but the madness of fighting had passed from their faces. They looked in awe at the body of Murphy and at the other three figures which were carried tenderly from the

house. He slid the still hot revolver into his coat pocket with a feeling of guilt.

"Any of the women hurt?" he asked of the man next him.

"Dunno," replied the other; "guess not. They didn't get over into that end of town much."

Still in a sort of stupor, Ainsworth walked up the main street. Small boys were looking curiously at the still figures around the barricade. Some one had taken Prentiss's body from the window, and the shades of the office had been lowered. Almost every pane of glass in the windows fronting the street was broken, and the sidewalks were sprinkled with blood stains and empty shells.

In front of the barricade stood Perkins, dolefully looking at the ruins of his delivery wagon and the dead horse.

"Who," demanded Perkins impersonally, as the schoolmaster passed, "is going to settle for this?"

Farther up the street he saw Peters wistfully contemplating the battered front of his bakery. Ainsworth sat down abruptly in

the nearest doorway and passed his hand across his forehead in bewilderment.

"Yes," he muttered, "it's true. I'm a school-teacher, and the rest of them are petty shopkeepers, and mechanics, and such things. They're little, dinky people who live humdrum, uninteresting lives—and so am I! And to-day they have turned giants and beaten more than their number of trained fighting men! Maybe Van Dis was right; maybe the names of the people of Parkville will go down in history."

He looked up to watch the progress of a quiet, scared crowd surrounding two more of the bodies.

"And now," he went on, shaking his head, "the blood has all gone out of them. They're frightened as children. They'd jump if I cried 'Boo!' And a year from to-day they'll be the same dinky, slow-thinking, uninteresting parcel of small people they were twelve hours ago."

He got slowly to his feet and shook his head again hopelessly.

"I give it up!" he admitted wearily. "I don't understand—us men!"

MOON MAGIC

BY · ELEANOR · HOYT · BRAINERD

Author of "THE MISDEMEANORS OF NANCY," "THE PERSONAL CONDUCT OF BELINDA," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

THE Blackburn place had stood untenanted for many a year. Old folk, in Midford, could remember the time when the low, rambling house had been a hospitable home gleaming white among guardian maples, furnished in old mahogany, gay with fluttering muslins and English chintzes; when the garden had been a spot of trim, box-bordered beds and glowing pools of color and orderly shrubs; when the fifty picturesque acres of upland pasture and low, watered meadow had, in pleasant weather,

harbored many clean-limbed, deep-chested mares and foolish, leggy colts; when the big barns had bulged with hay and grain, and the house cellar had yielded, upon demand, a most superior brand of mellow old rye whisky.

For Colonel Blackburn was a Kentucky gentleman and a breeder of fine horses, and his wife was a Southern gentlewoman steeped in Virginia traditions concerning furniture and gardens and hospitality.

Just how and why the two had come to Midford even the oldest inhabitant could

not explain, but the little Southern lady had been homesick in spite of her garden and her husband and the daughter born to her in her exile; and, after a while, she died as gently as she had lived, falling asleep for the last time in her big south bedroom, when the scent of the roses she loved was floating in past the stirring muslin and chintz.

The Colonel was never quite the same after that. He made more vigorous inroads upon the stock of rye and less often invited friends to drink with him; and he devoted more time to racing horses than to breeding them; and when, one morning, he was found dead in his armchair with an empty whisky decanter and a portrait of his wife on the Sheraton table beside him, no one was greatly shocked except his small daughter, who abandoned herself to grief with all the passion of her six years.

A relative from Kentucky appeared upon the scene and carried the one small mourner away to a Southern home. The house was closed; and there, so far as Midford knew, the story ended. The old farm was given over to silence and desolation, and when the new state road went through, a mile to the east, the place seemed more remote and forsaken than ever. Flowers and shrubs overflowed all bounds and stormed the very doorsteps and portico. Vines, clambering riotously to eaves and chimney-tops, dripped in such showers of greenery and blossom over worn clapboards and shingles and pillars that they almost hid the ravages of time and weather.

Taxes were promptly paid by a firm of lawyers in Louisville; but, beyond that, no sign was made by the owners of the deserted property, and the place was called "the abandoned farm", whenever any one chanced to speak of it at all.

And so a passer-by would have been surprised one sunshiny June morning to see signs of life about the old place. Two up-

stairs windows on the south side of the house were open. A faint spiral of smoke curled lazily from one of the chimneys, and about nine o'clock a girl appeared around the corner of the house, fought her way through the tangle of shrubbery that had overgrown the brick walk, opened the front gate, and stepped out into the road.

She was evidently in haste, but as evidently reluctant to leave the house; and she stood for a moment looking back at the open windows on the second floor, with a frown of worry between her eyes, before she set off briskly along the road that ran



IN HIS ARMCHAIR WITH A PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE
ON THE SHERATON TABLE BESIDE HIM.

through Midford.

Without that frown she would have been quite in tune with the morning. There was a lilt in her movements, a sunniness in her brown hair, a bloom in her cheeks that rhymed with June; but the corners of her lips drooped and her eyes gloomed.

"It's all my fault," she muttered. "I would come back in this fool way! Any idiot would have known better—any other idiot. Serve me right if she has bubonic plague! Poor Cah'line!"

Faster and faster she walked. Birds wooed her from swaying branches; lingering breezes questioned her hurry; wild roses reached out and caught at her swishing skirt; but she strode doggedly on until she came to a grassy road leading northward. There she paused. The driver who had brought her over from Clapham Junction the day before had spoken of a short cut to Midford. This must be the road, and she would save time by taking it.

Almost breaking into a run, she hurried on. If only some one would pass in a carriage or a car, so that she could beg a lift! It was maddening to crawl along on foot when mammy was alone and ill—dying, maybe. If she could have her own car for one little half hour—or anybody's car!

And, as though the wish had conjured it

out of space, there stood a car—a slim, rakish, gray roadster of the same make as her own—drawn up at the roadside, with its

up over the rim of a little hill, far across the fields, and stood silhouetted against the summer sky.



"IT'S ALL MY FAULT. ANY IDIOT WOULD
HAVE KNOWN BETTER—ANY OTHER IDIOT!"

nose snuggling into an angle of the rail fence.

The girl looked around for the driver. Not a person was in sight; but, as she puzzled over the phenomenon, four figures came

One of the men stooped, straightened himself, swung his arms wildly through the air, and disappeared once more beyond the brow of the hill. His three companions

went through the same pantomime; and when the last one had faded from the horizon line, the girl once more turned her eyes upon the car. Its owner was evidently golfing. There must be a golf club over beyond the hills, and for some reason or other he had cut across the fields to the links. Now if only he would come back, she could ask him—and just there a gleam of inspiration dawned in her eyes. She glanced at the tiny watch on her wrist. Only nine-twenty! A man who was golfing at nine-twenty would probably keep at it until noon. There wasn't one chance in a million that he would call his game off before ten-twenty, and in an hour—

The gleam of inspiration grew into a glow of determination. She would do it. Any man would be glad to lend her a car under the circumstances, and it would be foolish to fuss over scruples when mammy's life might be hanging in the balance.

She cranked the car, backed it into the road, and, with one apprehensive glance at the distant hills, went whizzing away with reckless disregard of speed limits.

Fifteen minutes later, she was in the office of Dr. Travis, to whom a friendly stranger had directed her.

"But—my dear young lady," the doctor was protesting, "I'm just starting for a very important consultation at Granville, twenty-five miles from here. I'm to be there at twelve. My car had to go to the garage for a new inner tube. I'm only waiting for it. Now you'll find Dr. Kane an excellent——"

"Oh, Doctor Travis, you really must come. I can't hunt around. She's so very ill—and it's all my fault. I'll run you out there in fifteen minutes. Your man can follow and pick you up. You'll have loads of time. Please, doctor—do, please, come!"

A doctor is also a man; and when a girl like this one says "Please" in a honey-sweet Southern voice, with her eyes brimming and

her lips quivering—well, Doctor Travis went. When the car came to a stop before the big gate of the Blackburn driveway, the girl's anxious eyes were fixed upon the open south windows. "If you'll open the gate, Dr. Travis, I'll run the car around to the back door. I hope you don't mind going in that way. All the other doors stuck so fast we couldn't get them open."

In a big room on the second floor which had been cleaned and tidied in hasty fashion, the doctor and the girl found an old negro woman lying on an imposing four-poster bed.

A second bed had been made up on a big couch, and all the bedding was fresh and sweet. A mahogany dressing table was littered with dainty toilet articles in ivory. An automobile hamper was open on a table between the windows, and a big bowl of roses stood beside it. Two dress-suit cases were at the foot of the bed.

But these notes of modernity were intruders all. The room belonged to the past, was a place of shadows, of old-time furniture and shredding wall-paper and faded chintz and dim mirrors, haunted by the gentle ghost of some dainty woman dead and gone for many a year.

The girl hurried over to the bed. "How are you feeling, mammy?" she asked breathlessly.

"Misery ain' so bad, honey."

"Oh, I'm so glad! Here's the doctor. He'll fix you up in no time."

Mammy Caroline turned her eyes toward the doctor, but she clung to the girl's hand.

"Mornin', suh," she said respectfully, but added sternly: "Yoh all 'll hev to get me out o' heah 'n' on my feet pow'ful sudden, suh. It's scan'lus fur me to be sick, jes'

scan'lus, 'n' Miss Betty all alone 'n' needin' me."

Dr. Travis brushed the cobwebs of sentiment from his brain and, going over to



THERE, WITH ITS NOSE SNUGLING INTO AN ANGLE OF THE RAIL FENCE, SHE SAW A CAR.

the bedside, bent over the old mammy.

A half hour later, as he started down the front walk toward his car, he turned to address a last remonstrance to the girl who stood on the portico watching him.

"You'd better let me telephone back for some one to come out and help you."

She shook her head. "No, thank you. If you are sure mammy will be all right by to-morrow, I can do everything myself. I'd much rather—and Mrs. Torrington will be driving over after us early in the morning."

"Just keep up the hot applications and give her the powders. She'll probably suffer a good deal all day; but don't let that frighten you. She will be comfortable by evening, and sleep will do the rest. Good-by, Miss——?"

"Herndon," prompted the girl. "Colonel Blackburn was my grandfather."

When she went back to the sick-room, she found Mammy Caroline crying softly.

"Poor dear," the girl cooed, patting the black hand that lay on the coverlet.

"'Tain' the pain, honey. Hit's jes' the memorizin'. Seems so queeah to be hyah on Miss Evelyn's bed, an' thinkin' 'bout the mornin' yoh ma wuz bohn right hyah, 'n' me comin' up with my mammy tuh see the lil' baby—Miss Evelyn tellin' me I mus' grow up 'n' take cyah o' my li'l' missy. I done took cyah o' Miss Lucy, I suah did. 'N' now I cum back hyah with huh li'l' guyurl, 'n I ain' nuffin' tuh do but skeer her mos' tuh death."

"Hush, mammy," the girl said soothingly. "You mustn't talk or you'll have more fever. It's all my fault, anyway. You told me it was silly, but I did so want a day or two alone here. I knew if I went to Mrs. Torrington first, she'd just bring me over to look at the place and I'd have no chance to go around alone and think and dream and wonder about poor homesick little grandmother and baby mother—and I wasn't afraid of ghosts or burglars or mice or tramps, but I never thought about sickness."

3

I'm so sorry, mammy! It's a shame! Next time I'll be good. I truly will. Now you are going to be quiet, and I'm going to put hot cloths on you every ten minutes, and the first thing you know you'll be ab-so-lute-ly well."

So busy was she with her nursing and sympathizing and encouraging that she never gave a thought to the roadster standing in the grass-grown drive behind the house. She did not think of luncheon, either; and when, late in the afternoon, mammy

dozed peacefully away into sleep, the girl fell asleep too in her big, musty, chintz-covered chair.

When she woke, the room was full of dusky shadows, and twilight was abroad in the dewy, flower-scented world beyond the windows. She sat up suddenly, bewildered by the unfamiliar surroundings; and as consciousness flooded in upon her, with it came a vivid remembrance of the morning's experiences and an appalling realization that a stolen motor car was standing at her back door.

She sprang to her feet, cast a look at Mammy Caroline, who was sleeping soundly, and moved swiftly toward the door. She would take the car to its owner at once and explain and——

There she came to a full stop.

Where was she to find the owner? Presumably he did not spend his nights on the links, and she had no idea of his name. She would go to Doctor Travis—but he was to be away over night.

Probably the owner of the car had notified the police, and if she went to Midford they would see the car and—oh, no! she really couldn't be mixed up with the police, not even though she could explain everything so nicely—and then it would all be in the papers.

Maybe she would just better leave the car standing in the back yard and run away in the morning. But it might not be found there for ages, and if it were, the police



"OH, DOCTOR TRAVIS, YOU REALLY MUST COME. SHE'S SO VERY ILL—AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT."

would come buzzing about the place and following up clues, and Mrs. Torrington and her friends would hear, and—no; she couldn't leave the car in the back yard.

Her mind fumbled desperately with possibilities. She might run the car over to the place where she had found it and leave it there. No one would be likely to see her on that lonely road, and the police surely wouldn't expect an automobile thief to hark back to the scene of his crime like a murderer. Yes, that was what she would do. Some one would find the car in the morning, and the matter would be dropped. She wouldn't be afraid to walk back alone, and mammy would sleep soundly. The doctor had said she would.

Opening a suitcase, she took out a long, loose coat and a cap and put them on. Then she stole quietly down the stairs and out into the twilight. The car ran smoothly down the drive and turned into the road. Even with the sense of guilt weighing on her heart, the girl felt a thrill of pleasure. The cool night wind kissed her cheeks and swept her hair back from her forehead. Elusive sweet odors darted out at her from the wet grass and bushes. The stars were out, and a silvery pervading glow whispered that somewhere beyond the horizon a full moon was climbing up the sky.

Under the girl's hand the car quickened its speed. The motor was a high-powered one. She wished she dared let it out and see how fast the car could go. It would be glorious to race against the moon.

She had turned into the crossroad and was nearing the place where she had found the car, when she saw two bright lights far ahead of her, and an instant later she heard the sound of a motor coming her way.

Fright leaped at her, but she shook it off. Other people had a right to the night and the road as well as she. There was no chance that this car had anything to do with her escapade, but it had upset her plans. Of

course she could not stop now. She would have to run on and come back after the intruders were out of sight and hearing.

She turned far out of the road, for she was running without lights, and whizzed past a big touring car in which were two men. Both of them started as she went by, and the man who was driving looked back at her and angrily called out something about lamps; but, as he shouted, anger gave place to astonishment in his face, and astonishment to excitement.

"McCray, that's my roadster!"

"The devil it is!" said the burly man



"POOR DEAR," THE GIRL COOED, PATTING THE BLACK HAND THAT LAY ON THE COVERLET.

beside him.

"I'd know the purr of it among a thousand."

He stopped the car so suddenly that his companion was almost thrown from his seat; but the road was narrow and turning took a little time, so the roadster was almost out of sight before they started in pursuit.

"You're sure, Mr. Colby?" asked the big man.

"Dead sure. I wonder where he's making for. He'll never have the nerve to run her through town, so he'll have to turn down the state road. We'll give him a run for his money, McCray, but the car can show this one a clean pair of heels if he knows how to get the speed out of her."

"Just so long as he doesn't shake us entirely," muttered McCray. "The first time we go through a town I'll telephone all around the country and somebody will get him. This is what comes of going out without a gun. Never occurred to me the fool

would be loafing around here after nine or ten hours."

"Good Lord, man!" interrupted the driver, "we don't want to shoot the chap!"

"Maybe not; but a punctured tire is powerful discouraging to a racer. Catching up with him, ain't we?"

"He doesn't know we are following him yet."

Just at that moment, the girl, who had been running along in leisurely fashion, merely with a view to killing time, heard the car behind her and looked back across her shoulder to see the lights drawing near. She quickened her speed, and her heart set up a trip-hammer action. Of course the men were not following her, but it was a frightful thing to have a guilty conscience. She would turn down the state road. Probably the other car was headed for Midford and would be out of sight in a few moments.

But when she had turned the corner and was running away from town, she found the lights still in her wake and gaining on her.

The thing was only a coincidence. It would be sensible to slow up and let the other car pass. Even if the improbable was true and the men had recognized the roadster and were following her, she would only have to explain. She could take them back and show mammy to them, and—only it would be all over the country the next day, and the Torringtons were so dreadfully important, and the newspapers—

She let the car out another notch. It leaped forward like a live thing; and as she felt the power of it, she smiled. It was wonderful to control a thing like that.

Across the narrowing distance between her and the car behind came a shout. She could not hear clearly, but she made out the word "Stop!" It seemed to be gar-nished with oaths, and the voice was not a gentleman's voice—she was sure of that, and for the first time she felt sickeningly afraid. If they were not gentlemen, perhaps they

wouldn't understand, and there was really no telling what might happen.

A mad panic seized her, and her first impulse was to run, to escape a scene and explanations, if nothing worse.

Involuntarily she threw the wheel around, and as the car shot ahead the blood of her racing ancestors surged into the girl's brain, beating down common sense, reason, even fear. A broad white road lay before her. Unpleasant consequences were at her heels.

She would see what the car could do.

The moonlight race was a mad piece of folly, but there were people in old Kentucky who could tell of other wild pranks in which Betty Herndon had played a part.

"Blackburn blood," they said down there; but as they shook their heads, they always smiled; for Blackburn blood meant more than madness in Kentucky, and Betty's handsome, reckless kin had always been bold lovers and brave fighters and true friends.

On the two cars flew through the night. The moon looked over a range of hills, stared, and came out to see the fun. Dogs barked madly from an occasional farmhouse. A belated teamster turned his horses aside into the ditch, with fluent curses on automobiles and all who drove them.

Dick Colby was running his car at its highest speed; but gradually the slim, dark shadow ahead drew away from him until, in the distance, it melted confusedly into the other shadows which wavered ghostlike through the moonlit world.

"Too good for us, McCray," the young man admitted ruefully, but with a thrill of pride in his voice.

"Isn't she a bird, and isn't he driving her! A fellow that can handle a car like that deserves a good one—though I'm not quite willing to let him have mine.

Where do you suppose this thing's going to end?"

"Damfino," growled the sheriff.

Colby laughed excitedly.



"GOOD HEAVENS, MCCRAY!" HE CALLED.
"IT'S A GIRL!"

"It's on the knees of the gods, but if they don't waken pretty soon, the little 'un will walk clear away from us."

It may be that the gods did waken. It may be that the thing happened without disturbing their slumbers.

The girl's quick ear heard an ugly, jarring note interrupt the motor's smooth harmony; but before she could slow down in answer to the warning, there was a snarl, a grinding wrench. The roadster bucked like a wrathful bronco, swerved from the road, pitched into a shallow ditch, and came to a sudden, quivering stop, throwing its driver forward with vicious force.

Colby and the sheriff found her there, limp, unconscious, penned in her seat, but fallen forward over the wheel so that her face was hidden.

"Only a boy!" As he spoke, Colby slipped an arm around the slim, inert body and raised it to a sitting posture. But as the head fell back against his shoulder and the moonlight shone full on the white face with its frame of soft brown hair, he stared in blank amazement.

"Good heavens, McCray!" he gasped. "It's a girl!"

The sheriff leaned forward and stared. Then he swore eloquently, excitedly, joyously. Finally, he explained:

"We're on the heels of the red motor gang, Colby—the red motor gang that's been raising hell all along the shore. They have a woman with them, a damned pretty one too; and this is the woman!"

"She's pretty," admitted Colby, looking down wonderingly at the face so near his own.

"That's her stock in trade," McCray said crisply.

"But she doesn't look like a criminal."

"Exactly. That's why the gang has been able to pull off so many good things."

A frown of anxiety appeared between Colby's eyes. "I wonder whether she's badly hurt. We must take her to a doctor."

The sheriff touched the girl's wrist with his thick fingers and leaned his head down to listen to her heart. For some unaccountable reason, Colby resented both proceedings.

"Don't believe there's much harm done," McCray announced. "She had the breath knocked out of her, and I guess excitement and scare did the rest. I'll carry her over to

the big car and we can make tracks for town."

Colby's arm tightened its hold, and again he felt the absurd twinge of resentment. "I'll carry her," he said sharply.

He lifted the girl and carried her toward the big car. The dead weight was heavy, but he was not conscious of that, for his mind was busy with the soft curve of the white chin and throat, the length of the lashes lying on the smooth cheeks, the little curling locks clustering about the low, broad brow. No, she did not look like a criminal.

The warm, soft body in his arms sent little thrills running through his nerves; a sprig of syringa crushed against the lapel of the girl's coat breathed out heavy fragrance; the moonlight touched the world with mystery and made madness seem beautifully sane.

Colby drew a long breath, squared his shoulders, and reminded himself that he was a mechanical engineer, not a poet; but there was magic at work, world-old magic, as potent as when youth and summer and moonlight and maids first began weaving their spells.

"Put her in the back seat where I can look after her while you drive," said the sheriff; but Colby gave no heed. He lifted his helpless burden gently into the front seat, where it slipped down until the head lay back against the leather cushion with face upturned to the moon. The girl's motor cap had been lost, and a thick braid of hair, loosened, fell forward over her shoulder, giving her an oddly childish look.

"What will we do with her, McCray?" Colby asked helplessly.

"Do with her, is it? What d'ye suppose, man? Lock her up, get a doctor for her; and when she comes around properly, find out from her where to pinch the rest of the gang—if we can. She won't want to talk, but we'll try persuasion of one kind and another."

"But I've got my car back. I don't want to arrest her."

"Like hell you don't!"

"She's only a girl, McCray."

"Girl nothing! She's the slickest article in the business right now. I'm not missing any tricks of this kind. If I can land that red motor gang—Why, man, the New York detectives have been fretting themselves thin over those shore robberies. Arrest her?—Well, rather."

Colby, watching the face on a level with his arm, as he stood beside the car, saw a little stir of life run over it. There was a tightening of the relaxed muscles, a flickering of the drooping lids. One white hand moved slightly, where it lay against the leather arm of the seat; and, in moving, it brushed Colby's fingers. A warm tide surged up to the man's face and ebbed again.

She was groping her way back to consciousness. In a moment she would open her eyes and see and remember—and McCray was a good sheriff but a brute of a man.

Of course she ought to be jailed. But she was so young! She couldn't be altogether bad with such a mouth. The evil would have written itself somewhere. Perhaps it was in her eyes.

And, as if in answer to his thought, the flickering eyelids lifted their curtains and revealed, for an instant, a pair of dark eyes—great child eyes full of puzzled question. Then the white lids fell again, and a little fluttering sigh escaped the girl's lips. Consciousness was wakening slowly, but it was wakening.

Colby shook off his principles as an outworn garment. What did he care about the shore robberies and his duty to society? She was only a girl. Let the law run down the men of the gang and deal with them.

"McCray," he said quietly, "there's some whisky in the hamper under the seat of the roadster. Just get it, will you, while I turn around?"

The sheriff went off on the errand, and Colby cranked his machine hastily, jumped into the car, and turned it around. As he did it, he was conscious that the girl beside him had straightened herself in the seat, and, glancing sidewise, he met the startled gaze of two wide-awake, questioning eyes.

"Sit still!" he commanded masterfully. "Don't scream and don't try to jump. I'm going to get you out of this, but we'll have to shake the sheriff."

Roars of surprise and indignation came pouring along the road after them as they went; but Colby paid no attention to them. He was looking straight ahead, his jaw doggedly stubborn, his lips set in a thin line, his eyes half angry, half ashamed.

It would be hard to square things with McCray, hard and exceedingly expensive, but it could be done. As for squaring things with himself, that was quite another matter. He was behaving like a sentimental fool, defying the law, aiding and abetting crime, all because a face looked young and innocent and lovely in the moonlight.

He looked around to verify his impression. The face was still young and lovely—ravishingly lovely—but the look of innocence had given place to one of conscious guilt. Even in a fleeting glance he could see that she was desperately ashamed, and he was glad of it; but she did not seem frightened—wondering, rather.

"Was it your car?" she asked softly.

Colby nodded.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. You must have been dreadfully upset about it. Such a duck of a car, too! I do hope it isn't seriously damaged."

The voice was contrite, sweetly apologetic, but not at all in tune with the situation. For a criminal snatched from the very jaws of the law and altogether uncertain as to her ultimate fate, this young woman was too lightly conversational. Splendid nerve! Colby conceded that; but it hurt him to find her so hardened.

"It was shocking of me to borrow your car without asking, and it is so very good of you to get me out of trouble this way, without even waiting for me to explain."

Colby fancied that a hint of amusement had crept into the soft, drawling, Southern voice. Probably she was amused because he was such an unspeakably silly ass, such an easy mark; she thought that a man who was fool enough to run away with her as he had done was idiot enough for anything. No



"IT'S—TOO—DELICIOUSLY—ABSURD!" SHE GASPED,
LOOKING AT THE WRATHFUL YOUNG MAN
BY HER SIDE.

wonder she wasn't alarmed, wasn't even serious. A woman like this one was used to danger and to men's folly. McCray had been right about her innocent face. She thought she could do as she pleased with him—tell him any old story, fool him to the top of his bent—just because she had big eyes and a wistful mouth and a wooing voice.

His pride took arms against her, and the face he turned to her was very stern.

"It was quite unnecessary to wait for explanations," he said curtly, clipping the words so that they took on a metallic ring. "The thing explained itself. You had stolen my car and couldn't get away with it. McCray recognized you and wanted to arrest you so that he could get at the rest of the gang through you. He was quite right; but I didn't choose to feel that any woman—no matter how much she deserved it—was in jail through my efforts; so I interfered with his plans. But don't make any mistake about my opinion of you or of the whole affair. I will take you wherever you want to go and leave you with your friends; but I warn you that you and they must be out of the neighborhood before ten o'clock tomorrow morning; for then I shall tell McCray where I left you."

The girl's face was a study as she listened; but he watched it in vain for the look he expected to see. Surprise, embarrassment, anger, succeeded one another swiftly. The slender figure stiffened, the eyes that met his unflinchingly were ablaze with resentment—and then, suddenly, she laughed, an irrepressible, bubbling laugh that refused to be bottled up, and trickled out upon the night air in uncontrollable little peals and breathless chuckles, until the hardened criminal's eyes were full of tears.

"It's—too—deliciously—absurd!" she gasped, leaning back, limp and exhausted, and looking up at the amazed and wrathful young man by her side.

"It is absurd enough," he admitted. "I can't say that it strikes me as delicious. Where shall I drive you?"

"To the Blackburn farm, please."

Colby stared at her in surprise, then nodded comprehendingly. "Of course. I might have guessed it. Splendid hiding-place."

"Isn't it?" agreed the girl, with a cheerful enthusiasm which he found disconcerting.

Not another word was spoken as they ran along the silver stretches of open road and through inky alleys of shadow. There was a mutinous, enigmatic little smile on the face

of the girl. He considered explanation unnecessary? Very well, then, he should have no explanation. Let him think he had helped a professional criminal to escape the consequences of crime. She only hoped the belief would make him miserable.

Now and again she glanced at the *particeps criminis*. He looked almost miserable enough to satisfy her already, miserable and grim and very stubborn; but it was a nice face even when it wore that "to-be-hanged-by-the-neck-until-she-is-dead" look. Now if this very large, stiff, incorruptible young man were in love with a nice girl—even if he were in love with a motor thief; and if all those harsh, stubborn lines should melt into tenderness, and those angry, disapproving eyes should set heart lights in their windows, how very, very easy it would be for the nice girl—or the motor thief—to be foolish about him, just plain sentimental, cuddling foolish! A man who could carry one off from a sheriff would be so competent in minor emergencies! It seemed almost a



"YOU SAY I HAVE BEEN KIND. I THINK I HAVE EARNED A REWARD."

pity not to explain the affair to him.

After all, it would be hard for any man to know a nice girl from a thief if he caught her red-handed—and she knew that if she should tell him how ill mammy had been, and how frightened she had been herself, and how tired she was, and how small and bruised and battered and homesick she felt, he'd be angel good to her. Those big, cross men were nicer than any other kind when they were sorry.

But she wouldn't tell him to-night. Maybe, if she should meet him again—Mrs. Torrington did not live so very far away—one could deal with superior young men more firmly when one's hair was up properly and one wasn't tired almost to the point of hysterics. Of course, if she shouldn't meet him again—

She was surprised at the sudden feeling of depression the thought brought. She didn't want to meet the creature again. Not at all, but— She looked up at him and he happened to be looking down at her. For a moment their eyes met. For a moment his face softened as it might have softened for a nice girl—or a motor thief—with whom he was in love. Then he looked away quickly, and his hands clenched tightly on the steering-wheel.

A man was a fool to let his heart play pranks with his reason because a girl's face was wistful, and sweet in the moonlight.

If she had seemed ashamed, unhappy, frightened, one might have been humbly sorry for her. But she had laughed! And yet, after all, pluck was a fine thing. This girl had been through a nerve-racking strain, had faced capture and punishment, had been knocked senseless, and on regaining consciousness had found herself the prisoner of strange men; and she had—laughed.

Yet she had seemed such a child when he had carried her to the car—so little and so helpless. He could feel her head on his shoulder, could see the rounded cheek and drooping lips so

near—so near—the man brought his errant thoughts up with a round turn. The woman was a criminal—and here, thank Heaven, was the Blackburn farm!

The gate of the driveway stood open; but Colby stopped his car outside. There was no sense in foolhardiness, and he was but one man, unarmed.

The girl sprang lightly to the ground before he could move and, coming around to his side of the car, stood looking up at him.

"You have been kind," she said, "and I am very grateful. We will be gone before ten to-morrow, I promise you."

Curiously enough, the softly spoken promise made Colby feel lonesome, forlornly lonesome. She would be gone—forever! Of course he wanted her to go. He had insisted upon it; but she was so little and slim and young, there beside him, and the face turned up to his would haunt him always. A man might go quite mad over such a face.

"Good-by."

She was moving toward the gate, but she looked back at him as she went.

"Good-by," she repeated. She was standing in the gateway now.

And then the moon madness took him.

He jumped from the car and followed her; and, when he overtook her where she stood between the great syringa bushes, he caught her hands and drew her toward him.

"You say I have been kind," he said in a hoarse voice that he hardly knew for his own. "I think I have earned a reward."

He stooped to kiss her.

She made a swift movement toward flight, but he held her, and she did not struggle. For an instant there was alarm in her eyes. It died swiftly and she stood still and white and proud, looking into the reckless face so close to her own.

"Yes," she said, "you have earned a

reward—if you can afford to take what a woman is not willing to give."

Colby winced, and a flood of remorseful tenderness swept the passion from his lips



WENT BACK, PICKED UP THE FLOWER, AND PUT IT
ONCE MORE IN HIS BUTTONHOLE.

and eyes. He raised the hands he held, kissed them, and freed them.

"I have had my reward in serving you," he said gently, and, standing in the shadow, he watched her go from him through the moon-blanchéd maze of leaf and blossom.

When he went back to the car, he did not turn it toward home. McCray would be waiting there, and Colby was in no mood to propitiate the outraged sheriff. It would be much better to postpone the meeting until after ten the next morning, when his bridges would have been burned behind him and he could tell what he knew without breaking faith with the girl. She would be gone by that time, she and—the others.

He looked toward the house. Who were the others? Were they there behind the closed shutters? And was there one who—Colby swore as he thrust the thought away. What was it to him whether husband or lover was waiting for her?

And yet, as he ran through the night toward Granville, his heart was sick with a jealousy against which his reason fought sturdily but in vain.

Granville's one hotel gave him a lodging, and he tossed and tumbled through a restless night of sleeping and waking dreams; but at seven o'clock he was abroad again, hoping to find, in the clear, sunlit world, the sane self he had lost overnight in shadows and moonshine.

He looked distinctly sheepish, did this ordinarily hard-headed young mechanical engineer—sheepish and a bit incredulous. If he had wakened at home, he would have believed that he had dreamed the whole thing—lost car, moonlight race, sheriff, girl, good-by and all—but here he was, at Granville, and, as he ran his car out of the garage, he saw a sprig of syringa lying on the leather seat beside him. He did not touch it until the watching mechanic was left far behind and he was out on the country road. Then



"RICHARD COLBY!" THE VOICE
SOUNDED IRATE. "RICH-
ARD COLBY!"

he picked it up and put it in his buttonhole. It was crushed, withered, but still sweet, and potent, even in broad daylight, to set senses stirring. No, thought Colby, decidedly he had not dreamed. He had been a fool—and wide awake.

Killing time from seven to ten proved wearisome business. All roads seemed to lead in one direction. Motor where he would, Colby found himself perpetually confronted by signboards pointing to the Valley Road; and a little after nine he surrendered. There would be no harm in running past the house. The road was free to all.

And if he should see her—if, by some chance, he should see her again—

The scent of the syringa suddenly made him dizzy. He pulled the sprig from his coat and flung it out into the road. A second later, he stopped the car, went back, picked up the flower, and put it once more in his buttonhole.

Oh, Lord, yes! He was capable of being wide awake and still a fool!

As he crossed the river bridge and turned down the Valley Road, his heart and brain seemed whirring with the motor.

"If you should meet her! If you should meet her!" they sang.

And then, around a bend in the road, the old Blackburn place leaped into view. There was a car waiting in front of the house, and three figures were walking slowly down the path toward it.

For an instant Colby's eyes blurred.

When they cleared, he saw that the three were all women, and that two of them were helping a third, who walked with difficulty. As he looked, the chauffeur in the waiting car sprang out and hurried forward to meet the group in the path. One of the women, tall, portly, commanding, yielded her place to him and walked briskly toward the gate alone. There was something familiar about her, but Colby gave her only a passing glance, for all his attention was on a girl

who, with the chauffeur's assistance, was piloting a fat and apparently feeble old woman through the crowding shrubbery.

He was near her now, quite near, but her head was bent. If only she would look up, so that he could see her face! He must see her face again. His car was crawling, but it seemed to speed along the road. In a few moments his chance would be gone. She must look at him once—she *must*!

"Richard Colby!"

The voice sounded irate.

"Richard Colby, are you asleep or drunk?"

He wakened, as from a trance, and saw Mrs. Henry Torrington brandishing a green parasol at him from beyond a touring-car.

"I called you twice and then I screamed at you," she said indignantly. "Just jump out and lend a hand here, will you?"

Colby stopped his car and went forward, dazed, bewildered, stammering apologies.

"Well, upon my word, Richard," Mrs. Torrington said, as she held out her hand, "you must have made a night of it somewhere. Do take a brace and try to look intelligent, even if you do feel like a boiled owl. I want to introduce you to Betty Herndon, a little Kentucky friend of mine. The silly child thought it would be beautifully sentimental to come and roost in her ancestral ruins for a couple of days before making me a visit; so she landed at this God-forsaken farm two nights ago without any companion but her old negro mammy, who promptly proceeded to be taken mortally ill. The old woman can hardly walk now. I want you to help Louis lift her into the car."

She turned as the girl and Mammy Caroline and the chauffeur came up behind her. "Betty, this is Mr. Colby. He's really not

so stupid as he looks this morning."

Colby's world was turning cart-wheels round him, as he raised imploring, apologetic, rapturous eyes to a face at whose charm the moonlight had only hinted.

There was defiant mirth in the girl's own eyes, but as he held them the laughter was drowned in sweet confusion, the defiance in shy gladness.

Mrs. Torrington looked from the man's face aglow to the maid's face aflame, adjusted her eye-glasses more firmly, and looked again. "Possibly you two have met before?" she hazarded, with a smile faintly quizzical.

Colby was mute, but Miss Herndon answered quickly: "Yes," she said. "Mr. Colby was kind enough to lend me his car when I had to go for Doctor Travis in such a hurry yesterday."

"Oh!"

The monosyllable was full of reservations, but Mrs. Torrington had been a Kentucky beauty herself in her day and was a tolerant chaperon.

"That being the case," she added, "I think we owe him a dinner. Come over tonight, Richard."

He did not commit himself until he had looked at the girl.

"Do," she urged softly; and, not feeling free to shout aloud, he lifted Mammy Caroline into the car without the chauffeur's assistance just by way of relieving his feelings.

"We might drive after dinner," suggested Mrs. Torrington. "There's a moon now, I believe."

"Yes," said Colby, standing with bared head, as the car moved away, "I've noticed a moon."





TWELVE · GOOD MEN · and · TRUE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Editors' Note—The articles that follow discuss ably one element in our form of government that has been considered almost sacrosanct—the Jury System. Mr. Somerville, a distinguished newspaper reporter of wide experience, tells of what he has seen and known in his work, and from an interesting and impressive set of incidents makes his startling deductions. Mr. Train, until recently an assistant district attorney of New York, writes from his legal experience his analysis of conditions in jury trials as the trained legal mind has seen them. Readers will find both sets of facts of high value to check with their own experience in watching the course of justice. .

WHEN TRAGEDY GRINS

by

CHARLES SOMERVILLE

IT IS a shocking mockery of civilization that in its halls of justice, where criminals are tried, and where tragedy should most be clothed in dignity; where there is the pomp of black-robed judge and uniformed officers, stern-faced for order—that there, of all places, tragedy should find its opportunity to grin widest. But there it surely does.

Of the forty or more capital trials that I have attended in many sections of the country (in the capacity of a newspaper reporter) there has always been as much of laughter as of tears, as much buffoonery as dignity, as many grins as groans, and as much jest as justice—when, indeed, the justice did not itself become a jest.

There is the sordid humor of the crowds that surge at the doors of a trial room in all cases that have received wide newspaper notoriety—the lies they tell and the pleas they make to gain entrance; the whining en-



ties made by trembling lips beneath
erly shining eyes—and all that these
ple may get a long, brazenly open look
a shrinking, frightened human creature
ing into the face of death! And then
tin-pan eloquence of the lawyers; the
ks and the buffooneries that they supply
that is ordained as a solemn procedure;
r striving for the crowd's laughter or ap-
se, and the attention of the newspapers;
finally the jury, which is the grimmest
of all.

am aware that the jury system is re-
ed as a sacred institution of precious
ty and that for one to attack its justice
efficacy would probably be regarded
much as would a man's sailing up in a
boat and throwing pebbles at the rock
braltar.

suming, then, a wholly deferential atti-
toward an institution so ancient, so
honored and implicitly trusted, what I
here to say in criticism, analysis, and
ption of juries appertains only to such
as have come under my personal ob-
ion in celebrated murder cases where
interest ran high.

*of high mental caliber are not wanted
se juries*—neither the prosecution nor
fense wants them. Such a one is es-
sential as liable to turn out to be a “jury-
lawyer”—a man who may take a
hand and argue it into a verdict

wholly beyond the calculation of the law-
yers on both sides. The defense looks for
big-eyed, sentimental men; the prosecution
seeks out the smug, self-satisfied, narrow-
minded citizen with an overgrown sense of
his “respectability,” who may be counted
upon to look askance at the criminal in the
dock from the very beginning because of
his awed regard for the officials of the law
who have seen fit to cause the man's arrest.

To be sure, the citizen of high mental
quality as a rule doesn't put the lawyers at
much pains to get rid of him. He knows the
many loopholes: “conscientious scruples
against inflicting the death penalty,” “poor
condition of health that may cause him to
be stricken with illness in the course of a
long trial,” and the many others; and he
uses them, for the paradox is true that the
higher the mental rating of the citizen, the
less willing he seems to be to do his civic
duty by the courts.

So well had the late Charles Brooks, a
New York lawyer, picked his jury in the
Hannigan case for their sentimentality that,
when the jury was out and a telegram was
delivered to Brooks while at dinner with
Daniel O'Reilly, his associate, Brooks, no-
ting its contents, jumped excitedly to his
feet.

“Daniel—Daniel!” he cried, waving the
yellow paper. “Here's our chance. Han-
nigan will go free to-night!”

Hannigan had been tried for killing his sister's betrayer. For two months he had waited the chance; ambushed his victim, and shot him in the back. It had been a very deliberate crime, but Brooks had been moved to the utterance of gouts of sentimental eloquence in defense of a brother who had avenged his sister's wrongs. And throughout the trial Hannigan's defenders had been careful to have always present in a seat beside the accused, his father, a palsied, white-bearded, grief-stricken man. In the last week of the trial, however, the old man was too ill to go on with the "sympathy stunt" laid out by his son's lawyers.

The jury had been out five hours, and Brooks and O'Reilly were worried. Acquittal, these experts knew, usually comes quickly if it is to come at all. Hence the joyful excitement of the noted pleader at the receipt of the yellow telegram, which announced the death of the heart-broken father of the prisoner.

"Daniel," went on Brooks, "go out just as fast as you can and get half a dozen newsboys. Bring them over on the court-house corner. Don't ask me why now—quick!"

O'Reilly didn't hesitate about obeying orders. Brooks followed more leisurely and looked at the court-house windows—the windows that he knew to be those of the room in which the jury was deliberating. He smiled. It was as he had expected. It was a warm evening in April, and the windows were all open.

Up came O'Reilly with the newsboys.

"Now, my lads," said Brooks, "keep your papers under your arm and run up and down this street for the next half-

hour and I'll give you each a dollar—just up and down this block. You've got to keep hollering: 'Extra! Extra! Hannigan's father dead — Hannigan's father dead!' And you've got to holler it plainly. We'll wait for you right across the street in that restaurant. For half an hour, mind, you're to keep it up."

They did. And before the half hour was up a messenger came from the court-house to tell Brooks and O'Reilly that the jury had come in with the verdict. The verdict was acquittal. It was afterward reported that up to the time of the newsboy chorus the jury had been considering a manslaughter verdict against Hannigan.

A certain New Jersey judge who once expressed his indignation through the thwack of a gavel so resoundingly hard that it cracked the little judicial scepter, could, if he would, utter an opinion on the intelligence of jurors that would surely sparkle if it did not flame.



THIS RANTING SORT OF SPEECHIFYING IS DUE TO THE FACT THAT THE CRIMINAL PRACTICE IS LARGELY LEFT TO THE RIFFRAFF OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

The evidence had unfolded, very gradually, it is true, but in the end with startling clearness, a case of the aggravated, jealous cruelty of a woman to her baby stepchild. The child had been found bruised and maimed — with bones broken, contusions of the scalp, an ear half torn off, the upper lip split through to the teeth. Of these injuries the child died. The explanation from the defendant was that the little one had received all these injuries merely by falling off a chair.

The judge took the case in hand, both as to law and facts. His review contained very succinctly an opinion that the woman's hatred of the child had led her from

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l you vote to let that woman go?"
anded.

)," he said loftily. "I—er—we—we
go in' to vote to convict no woman—
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ed defiantly, "that's the kind of a
um."

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which Ambrose Purdy played a dar-
: to save his client—a burglar and
ct—from a ten-year prison term. A



"DRESSING THE PART" ON SUMMING-UP DAY
IS A TRADITIONAL DUTY WITH THE LAW-
YER AT THE CRIMINAL BAR.

law had been passed
making it a felony
instead of a misde-
meanor to have in
one's possession
chloral, or "knock-
out drops," as the
drug had come
popularly to be
known. The maxi-
mum penalty under
the law was ten
years' imprison-
ment, and the pris-
oner, picked up on
suspicion of having
committed a burg-
lary, was found to
have a vial of the
"drops" in an inner
pocket of his waist-
coat. The police
readily took up this
opportunity to get a
desperate criminal
back of the bars for
a long period. The
man was placed on
trial under the new
law, and he engaged
Purdy to defend
him. The crook's
evil character was
proven. Medical

experts, among them the health officer
of the city, appeared before the jury and
swore that the little bottle found on the
person of the prisoner, and exhibited in the
court-room, contained chloral sufficient to
cause the death of at least two men.

"Prosecution rests," said the assistant
district attorney confidently.

"If that is the prosecution's case," de-
clared Purdy scornfully, "the defense
rests right here, too."

With a flourishing wave of his hand, the
counsel began his speech in defense of his
notorious client. He pictured the man as
one striving to reform, striving to be honest
and to live down his old reputation and as-
sociations, but absolutely defeated in his
worthy ambition by the police, who would
not let him alone, who trumped up circum-
stances to make suspicion point at him
whenever a crime had been committed and
their own stupidity threatened public ex-
posure. It was an easy matter, he told the

jury, for the great, wealthy state of New York to hire experts to swear to whatsoever the authorities desired.

"Will you kindly hand me that bottle?" he said, halting in his address and gesturing to the prosecutor. The little vial was placed in his hand.

"Gentlemen of the jury," announced Purdy, "I tell you that this bottle contains merely a mild sedative that my client purchased to cure him of his insomnia—sleeplessness, gentlemen, caused by the merciless persecution of these hounds of the law. I tell you, gentlemen, the testimony of these experts that there is deadly stuff in this bottle—poison sufficient to kill two men—is all poppycock. And I will prove it to you. I will prove it to you right here. And do you know how I'll prove it?"

He stopped and deftly extracted the cork.

"I'll prove it," he cried, "by drinking every drop of the stuff in this bottle!"

And he did, smacking his lips and laughing and winking at the jury. Then, with a motion of his hand toward his assistant, and a slap of encouragement on the prisoner's back, he said within hearing of the jury:

"And now I'll go out and get a real drink."

With the eyes of the jurymen, the experts, and even those of his client upon him in horror and amazement, he stolidly and even leisurely walked to the door of the courtroom and passed out.

The instant the door closed, two physicians grabbed him by the arms and hurried him to a waiting cab. The horse was sent dashing to a building, only a block away, where Purdy had his offices. He was borne to them swiftly in the elevator and then half stumbled and was half carried into his private room. In there was a portable bathtub already filled with hot water. His clothes were hastily taken off. He was put into the bath and at the same time was dosed with emetics.

He had a bad five minutes; but, under the influence of a generous dose of brandy, was soon smiling. He hurriedly got into his clothing again, and an astounded prosecutor, stuttering through a closing address to the jury, gave up in dismay at the sight of Purdy, returning with ruddy cheeks and a swinging stride to his client's side. Needless to add that a vicious man once more walked free.

The ranting sort of speechifying so common in criminal court rooms, is to the scintillant, deft, and polished addresses heard from lawyers of high quality in the civil courts, when big properties are involved, as the dramas of Theodore Kremer are to those of Shaw; as "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl" is to "Candida." This is partly due to the ugly fact that, with the usual exception here and there, the criminal practise is left to the riff-raff of the legal profession. When Lewis Stuyvesant Chandler at one time devoted himself to defending without fee persons accused of crime whom he deemed innocent, his professional brothers gave him no glory—they openly regarded him as a freak in the fold.

For the most part, it is only when a millionaire's life is at stake that one finds a Delmas pitted against a Jerome.

Undoubtedly it was a shrewdly conceived contempt for the intellectual average of the jury in the first Thaw trial that directed Mr. Delmas's closing speech. He is really a fine speaker. He has genuine eloquence and is quite abreast in thought of the best known in his generation. There can be no doubt that when this cultured gentleman likened the crazy, murderous, profligate Thaw to St. George and when, with trembling hand, he indicated the presence of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw and called her "this pallid angel child" he was consciously absurd, consciously highfalutin. He was far from being heated to hysteria by his emotions. The worthy gentleman had, instead, a calculating eye on those jurymen of whose mentality he was most hopeful.

Also Mr. Delmas knew that the charge to be made to the jury at the end of the trial would declare that the law could allow only two excuses for Thaw's act—insanity or self-defense. Yet Mr. Delmas made an argument of his client's insanity only barely sufficient to cover that plea technically. He ended his appeal to the jury with a sudden, flat demand for his client's acquittal on the melodramatic ground of the "unwritten law."

Of course it isn't always the defendant's lawyer that does the clowning. It happens quite as frequently in the neighborhood of the prosecutor's table. Never did human vanity disport so ludicrously as in the Nan Patterson trial—the vanity of her young and handsome prosecutor.

Throughout the sessions that had con-

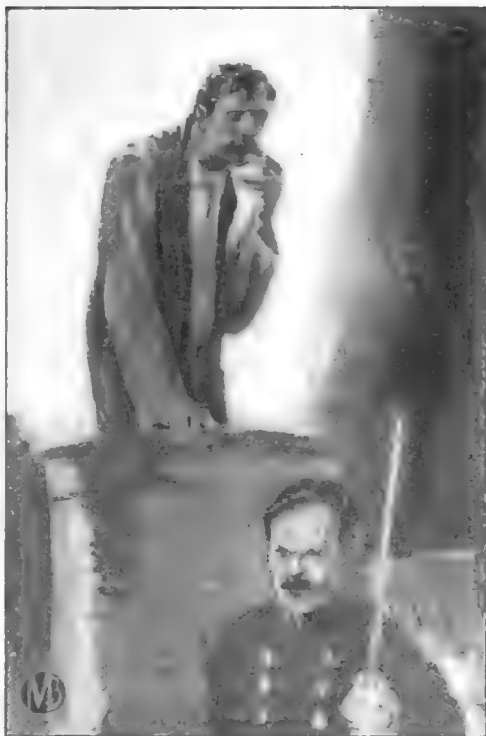
for many he had ap- daily in the garb — his ing - clothes," may say. He on a crumpled nice-coat, and s' bagged at ees and even at the bot-

His reddish is in disorder, d and tossed ent moments itement. In ure, his fa- attitude was on the end of osecutor's ith a leg free g in the air. ng looked at picture of w kindly be- n when came of his closing ss! The d office jack- eplaced by a ly tailored oat, and he trousers with nicest

1. The reddish locks had been ordered by much brushing. He dull black scarf in which was set pearl. He had on glistening patent hoes and spats—yellow ones! Had the leading man in a society comedy not have attired himself more care- elegantly than he had for his "big 1 the sordid tragedy of a stupid, fat- orus girl charged with the murder essional gambler.

it ever deemed a repulsive thing by in these cases to raise a laugh; in- elephantine plays of persiflage or p-stick tricks of buffoonery by way of making a murder trial amusing. ics may be diverting to the crowd, are extremely hard on the defend-

se of young Tucker, tried and con- the murder of Mabel Page at Cam- Massachusetts, furnishes the most dent of the kind of which I know.



FACING THE ORDEAL OF A LIFE OR
DEATH TRIAL

In the boy's be- half was put forward a certain handwrit- ing expert of a pre- possessing geniality and a keen quality of wit. The cross- examination of the expert by the clever prosecutor resolved itself into sparkling fusillades of répar- tee. The tilts really became brilliant. The crowd were as if listening to a Shaw farce. There was constant tittering, and every little while full guffaws of mer- riment. And the tilt went on for hours.

The little defend- ant was quite forgot- ten. He sat with childishly puckered brow, staring out of his cage, trying to determine whether the different rounds of laughter signified a blow struck for or against him. For a little while he had

shot hot looks of anger at the grinning spectators who were acting as if they were in a theatre. Finally, however, he sat in his cage dull, mute, and scared. All his courage was gone. His straight- backed attitude collapsed. His face got as white as it did a few months after- ward when he was dead. He sat with his hands gripped or twisting, blubbering softly to himself. This was a matter of life and death with him, and—and everybody was laughing!

I can not determine what classification in comedy to place upon the crowds that swarm to the trials of men and women for murder—that swarm like flies seeking frantically and buzzing in the neighborhood of a thing that is sick. But they are funny— queerly funny in their mad curiosity to look upon sinister and morbid misery. They claw and fight among themselves at the doorways of the court-rooms. They enter with their faces lightened by a keen sense of

triumph at having succeeded. They will nod and smile at one another, although perfect strangers, and offer congratulations on their achievement in having "butted in."

Contentedly this strange crowd sits through the hours watching dumb misery. Agog and agape are they at every revelation of bald and intimate facts in shady lives; and if the revelations take on the flavor of salacity they are doubly excited and likewise doubly content.

It is amazing to note the full strength of this sickly fascination that is on these crowds. They will stand for hours in cold corridors in the hope of getting in, and when they fail to do that they will still stand there and stare at the door behind which there is doing that which their queer minds crave fiercely to observe and hear. In New York I have seen a mob stand for three hours in a blizzard under the "bridge of sighs," and all for a half-second's glance at the dull face of Nan Patterson as she passed the little windows in the iron-walled span between the Criminal Courts Building and the Tombs prison.

Ignorance and brutality may be the broad excuse urged for these, with the exception of here and there a soul kindred with the soul of a murderer, and gaping in admiration at the one who has really dared to do the thing. But what is to be said of the "royal box"? This institution had its origin, I believe, in the first Patterson trial. It is a spare jury box, opposite the one in use. Relatives and friends of the lawyers or the judge or the court officials find haven there. Many come in carriages or motor cars, to stare gloatingly at the proceedings through gold-handled lorgnettes and to preen under the crowd's gaze in their rich and fashionable costumes. Well, what is to be said of them save that they are the same as the seedy creatures on the benches without?

— In a final word regarding the justice, adequacy, and dignity of these trials that I have witnessed, I have the weight of every eminent criminologist and alienist of the times to support the assertion that when the law orders twelve men, picked out of life without special qualifications of any kind, to sit in judgment on the degree of guilt in a criminal—a creature mentally and morally sick and only fit for scientific study as to reprehensibility or responsibility—the spectacle presented is that of the courts lagging in

the march of civilization. Out of these trials I have been reluctantly forced to the conclusion that, presuming the jury system to be in theory absolutely without flaw, the latitude allowed lawyers in the elimination and selection of talesmen works unfailingly to put into the jury box twelve men of a mental caliber that makes them fair game for the sensationalism, theatricalism, sentimentalism, trickery, and buffoonery of these same second-rate lawyers.

Consider the futility of the findings of these juries. Save in the cases of acquittal, in nearly every one of the most notorious murder trials that you can think of, the courts of appeals have overturned the jury's verdicts.

Expedition, economy, dignity, and justice intelligently guided might be obtained by the creation of commissions to try criminals—each commission to include lawyers, experts in insanity, handwriting, chemistry (as the particular cases required), and perhaps a layman of proper mental qualifications.

The result would be lawyers forced to make serious, sane, and honest pleas for their clients; criminals judged understandingly either as to the particular reprehensibility of their villainies or as to the need of justice generously tempered with mercy; examinations of experts that would not take days but hours. Millions of dollars would be saved that are now expended in every state in the drawing of talesmen, the feeding and housing of juries, and in countless other matters of expenditure to which the jury system gives rise.

X Finally, all the ludicrous aspects of present murder trials would be wiped out by the exclusion of morbid mobs from the courtroom.

With a press imperishably established and eager, anxious, even irrepressible in telling of every detail, large and small, in such trials, the public is in no danger of an invasion of its rights. In the most progressive and highly civilized sections of the country the press only is admitted at the executions of murderers. And if it has been adjudged indecent to admit the public to hangings and electrocutions, it is just as indecent to permit them to ogle and gloat over the misery of a fellow-being facing the ordeal of a life or death trial.

If there be those who think that the active newspapers are themselves partly responsi-

for the peculiarities of court procedure the hysteria of juries and lawyers, there is one reply to make. The first function of newspapers is reportorial. They print news that the courts furnish them. If things were not as they are, the newspapers would have no such things to print about juries and juries, counsel and crowds. And it may be added parenthetically that with few exceptions the lawyers in these cases have one eye open to the advertising that will accrue to themselves by the things the newspapers print. If the time comes when the newspapers cease to report trials in amplitude, with full attention to everything the lawyers say and do, they will find a resentful lot of brilliant legal minds wondering why they are forgotten.

SENSATIONALISM AND JURY TRIALS.

by

ARTHUR TRAIN.

In the past twenty-five years we have heard the cry upon all sides that the jury system is a failure. Indeed, such to-day is generally believed to be the case; and to general indictment is frequently added specification that the trials in our higher courts of criminal justice are the scenes of grotesque buffoonery and heartless merry-making where cynical juries recklessly disregard their oaths and where morbid crowds seek to satisfy the cravings of their imaginations for details of blood and sexuality.

It is unnecessary to question the honesty of those who thus picture the administration of criminal justice in America. In fact, thus it probably appears to them. Before such an arraignment of present conditions in a highly civilized and progressive country is accepted as final, it is well to enter into its inherent probabilities and to say what we know of the actual facts. In the first place, it should be remembered that the jury was instituted and designed to protect the English freeman from tyranny on the part of the crown. Judges were, and sometimes still are, the creatures of a ruler unduly subject to his influence. That ruler neither was, nor is, always head of the nation; but just as in the time of the Normans he might have been a powerful earl whose influence could make

or unmake a judge, so to-day he may be none the less a ruler if he exists in the person of a political boss who has created the judge before whom his political enemy is to be tried. The writer has seen more than one judge openly striving to influence a jury to convict or to acquit a prisoner at the dictation of such a boss, who, not content to issue his commands from behind the arras, came to the court-room and ascended the bench to see that they were obeyed. Usually the jury indignantly resented such interference and administered a well-merited rebuke, by acting directly contrary to the clearly indicated wishes of the judge.

But while admitting its theoretic value as a bulwark of liberty, the modern assailant of the jury brushes the consideration aside by asserting that the system has "broken down" and "degenerated into a farce."

Let us now see how much of a farce it is. If, four times out of five, a judge rendered decisions that met with general approval, he would probably be accounted a highly satisfactory judge. Now, out of every one hundred indicted prisoners brought to the bar for trial, probably fifteen ought to be acquitted if prosecuted impartially and in accordance with the strict rules of evidence. In the year 1910, the juries of New York County convicted in sixty-six per cent. of the cases before them. If we are to test fairly the efficiency of the system, we must deduct from the thirty-four acquittals remaining, the fifteen acquittals which were justifiable. By so doing we shall find that, in the year 1910, the New York County juries did the correct thing in about eighty-one cases out of every hundred. This is a high percentage of efficiency. *Is it likely that any judge would have done much better?

*The following table gives the yearly percentages of convictions and acquittals by verdict in New York County since 1901.

Year.	Number Convictions by Verdict.	Number Acquittals by Verdict.	Convictions Per Cent.	Acquittals Per Cent.
1901	551	344	62	38
1902	419	349	55	45
1903	485	307	61	39
1904	495	357	58	42
1905	489	299	62	38
1906	464	246	65	35
1907	582	264	69	31
1908	649	301	68	32
1909	463	235	66	34
1910	649	325	66	34

After a rather long experience as a prosecutor, in which he has conducted many hundreds of criminal cases, the writer believes that the ordinary New York City jury finds a correct general verdict four times out of five. As to talesmen in other localities he has no knowledge or reliable information. It seems hardly possible, however, that juries in other parts of the United States could be more heterogeneous or less intelligent than those before which he formed his conclusions. Of course, jury judgments are sometimes flagrantly wrong. But there are many verdicts popularly regarded as examples of lawlessness which, if examined calmly, and solely from the point of view of the evidence, would be found to be the reasonable acts of honest and intelligent juries.

✓ For example, the acquittal of Thaw *upon the ground of insanity* is usually spoken of as an illustration of sentimentality on the part of jurymen, and of their willingness to be swayed by their emotions where a woman is involved. But no clearer case of insanity was ever established in a court of justice. The district attorney's *own experts* had pronounced the defendant a hopeless paranoiac; the prosecutor had, at a previous trial, openly declared the same to be his own opinion; and the evidence was convincing. At the time it was rendered, the verdict was accepted as a foregone conclusion. To-day the case is commonly cited as proof of the gullibility of juries and of the impossibility of convicting a rich man of a crime.

There will always be some persons who think that every defendant should be convicted and feel aggrieved if he is turned out by the jury. Yet they entirely forget, in their displeasure at the acquittal of a man whom they instinctively "*know*" to be guilty, that the jury probably had exactly the same impression, but were obliged under their oaths to acquit because of an insufficiency of evidence.

An excellent illustration of such a case is that of Nan Patterson. She is commonly supposed to have attended, upon the night of her acquittal, a banquet at which one of her lawyers toasted her as "the guilty girl who beat the case." Whether she was guilty or not, there is a general and well-founded impression that she murdered Cæsar Young. Yet the writer, who was connected with the prosecution and was present throughout the trial, felt at the

conclusion of the case that there was a fairly reasonable doubt of her guilt. Even so, the jury disagreed, although the case is usually referred to as an acquittal, and a monument to the sentimentality of juries.

The acquittal of Roland B. Molineux is also recalled as a case where a man, previously proved guilty, managed to escape. The writer, who was then an assistant district attorney, made a careful study of the evidence at the time, and feels confident that the great majority of the legal profession would agree with him in the opinion that the Court of Appeals had no choice but to reverse the defendant's first conviction on account of the most prejudicial error committed at the trial, and that the jury who acquitted him upon the second occasion had equally no choice when the case was presented with a proper regard to the rules of evidence and procedure. Indeed, on the second trial the evidence pointed almost as convincingly toward another person as to the defendant.

I have mentioned the Patterson, Thaw, and Molineux trials because they are cases commonly referred to in support of the general contention that the jury system is a failure. But I am inclined to believe that any single judge, bench of judges, or board of commissioners would have reached the same result as the juries did in these instances.

It is quite true that juries, for rather obvious reasons, are more apt to acquit in murder cases than in others. In the first place, save where the defendant obviously belongs to the vicious criminal class, a jury finds it somewhat difficult to believe, unless overwhelming motive be shown, that he could have deliberately taken another's life. Thus, with sound reason, they give great weight to the plea of self-defense, which the accused urges upon them. He is generally the only witness. His story has to be disproved by circumstantial evidence, if, indeed, there be any. Frequently it stands alone as the only account of the homicide. Thus murder cases are almost always weaker than others, since the chief witness has been removed by death; while at the same time the nature of the punishment leads the jury unconsciously to require a higher degree of proof than in cases where the consequences are less abhorrent. All this is quite natural and inevitable. Moreover, homicide cases as a rule are better defended than others, a

which undoubtedly affects the result. The same considerations apply to all trials for murder, whether notorious or otherwise, the results of which in New York County for the past years are set forth in the following

Convictions.	Acquittals.	Convictions Per Cent.	Acquittals Per Cent.
25	17	60	40
31	11	74	26
42	8	84	16
37	14	72	28
32	13	71	29
53	22	70	30
39	10	78	22
35	17	67	33
43	11	80	20
45	15	75	25
382	138	Av. 73	Av. 27

popular impression exists at the present time that a man convicted of murder is allowed to appeal his case on some technical ground in order to secure a reversal, and thus escape the consequences of his crime.

How wide of the mark such a belief may be, at least so far as one locality is concerned, is shown by the fact that in New York state from 1887 to 1907 there were 169 convictions by the Court of Appeals on appeals from convictions of murder in the first degree, out of which there were only nine reversals. Seven of these defendants were again immediately tried and convicted, and a second time appealed, and on which occasion only two were successful. Five had their convictions prompt-commuted. Thus, so far as the ultimate result of justice is concerned, out of 169 convictions in that period the appellants finally were pardoned in twenty-two only.

In 1902, there have been twenty-seven convictions rendered in first-degree murder by the Court of Appeals, with only one reversal. The more important convictions throughout the state are affirmed with great regularity.

As to the conduct of such cases, the writer's own experience is that a murder trial is the most solemn proceeding known to the law. He has prosecuted at least ten men for murder, and convicted more than a dozen. He cares to remember. Such trials are invariably dignified and deliberate so far as the conduct of the legal side of the case is concerned. No judge, however un-

qualified for the bench; no prosecutor, however light-minded; no lawyer, however callous, fails to feel the serious nature of the transaction or to be affected strongly by the fact that he is dealing with life and death. A prosecutor who openly laughed or sneered at a prisoner charged with murder would severely injure his cause. The jury, naturally, are overwhelmed with the gravity of the occasion and the responsibility resting upon them.

In the Paterson, Thaw, and Molineux cases the evidence, unfortunately, dealt with unpleasant subjects and at times was revolting, but there was a quiet propriety in the way in which the witnesses were examined that rendered it as inoffensive as could possibly be. Outside the court-room the vulgar crowd may have spat and sworn; and inside no doubt there were degenerate men and women who eagerly strained their ears to catch every item of depravity. But the throngs that filled the court-room were quiet and well ordered, and the merely curious outnumbered the morbid.

The writer deprecates the impulse which leads judges, from a feeling that justice should be publicly administered, to throw wide the doors of every court-room, irrespective of the subject matter of the trial. We need have no fear of Star Chamber proceedings in America, and no harm would be done by excluding from the court-room all persons who have no business at a trial.

It is, of course, not unnatural that in the course of a trial occupying weeks or months, the tension should occasionally be relieved by a gleam of humor. After you have been busy trying a case for a couple of weeks, you go to court and set to work in much the same frame of mind in which you would attack any other business. But the fact that a small boy sometimes sees something funny at a funeral, or a bevy of giggling shop-girls may be sitting in the gallery at a fashionable wedding, argues little in respect to the solemnity or beauty of the service itself.

What are the celebrated cases—the trials that attract the attention and interest of the public? In the first place, they are the very cases which contain those elements most likely to arouse the sympathy and prejudices of a jury—where a girl has taken the life of her supposed seducer, or a husband has avenged his wife's alleged dishonor. Such cases arouse the public imag-

ination for the very reason that every man realizes that there *are* two sides to every genuine tragedy of this character—the legal and the natural. Thus, aside from any other consideration, they are the obvious instances where justice is most likely to go astray.

In the next place, the defense is usually in the hands of counsel of adroitness and ability; for even if the prisoner has no money to pay his lawyer, the latter is willing to take the case for the advertising he will get out of it.

Third, a trial which lasts for a long time naturally results in creating in the jury's mind an exaggerated idea of the prisoner's rights, namely, the presumption of innocence and the benefit of the reasonable doubt. For every time that the jury will hear these phrases once in a petty larceny or forgery case, they will hear them in a big murder trial a thousand times. They see the defendant day after day, and the relation becomes more personal. Their responsibility seems greater toward him than toward the defendant in petty cases.

Lastly, as previously suggested, murder cases are apt to be inherently weaker than others, and more often depend upon circumstantial evidence.

The results of such cases are therefore but a poor test of the efficiency of a jury system. They are, in fact, the precise cases where, if at all, the jury might be expected to go wrong.

But juries would go astray far less frequently even in such trials were it not for that most vicious factor in the administration of criminal justice—the yellow journal. For the impression that public trials are the scenes of coarse buffoonery and brutality is due to the manner in which these trials are exploited by the sensational papers.

The instant that a sensational homicide occurs, the aim of the editors of these papers is—not to see that a swift and sure retribution is visited upon the guilty, or that a prompt and unqualified vindication is accorded to the innocent, but, on the contrary, so to handle the matter that as many highly colored "stories" as possible can be run about it.

Thus, where the case is perfectly clear against the prisoner, the yellow press seeks to bolster up the defense and really to justify the killing by a thinly disguised appeal to the readers' passions. Not infrequently,

while the editorial page is mourning the prevalence of homicide, the front columns are bristling with sensational accounts of the homecoming of the injured husband, the heart-breaking confession of the weak and erring wife, and the sneering nonchalance of the seducer, until a public sentiment is created which, if it outwardly deprecates the invocation of the unwritten law, secretly avows that it would have done the same thing in the prisoner's place.

This antecedent public sentiment is fostered from day to day until it has unconsciously permeated every corner of the community. The jurymen will swear that he is unaffected by what he has read, but unknown to himself there are already tiny furrows in his brain along which the appeal of the defense will run.

In view of this deliberate perversion of truth and morals, the euphemisms of a hard-put defendant's counsel when he pictures a chorus girl as an angel and a coarse bouncer as a St. George seem innocent indeed.

It is not within the rail of the court-room but within the pages of these sensational journals that justice is made a farce. The phrase "contempt of court" has ceased practically to have any significance whatever. The front pages teem with caricatures of the judge upon the bench, of the individual jurors with exaggerated heads upon impossible bodies, of the lawyers ranting and bellowing, juxtaposed with sketches of the defendant praying beside his prison cot or firing the fatal shot in obedience to a message borne by an angel from on high.

How long would the "unwritten law" play any part in the administration of criminal justice if every paper in the land united in demanding, not only in its editorials but upon its front pages, that private vengeance must cease? Let the "yellow" newspapers confine themselves simply to an accurate report of the evidence at the trial, with a reiterated insistence that the law must take its course. Let them stop pandering to those morbid tastes which they have themselves created. Let the "Sympathy Sisters," the photographer, and the special artist be excluded from the court-room. When these things are done, we shall have the same high standard of efficiency upon the part of the jury in great murder trials that we have in other cases.



"AIN'T MEN THE FUNNIEST LOT O' FOLKS?"

EXTRA PAPER

by

ZONA GALE

Author of "FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE," "FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE LOVE STORIES," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HORACE TAYLOR

LOOK at me comin' over to your house," said Calliope Marsh, "an' me with the lamps not filled, nor the chamber work done, the floor brushed up around. But you ow't what I've come for hasn't got ly dead in, because my dishes are l up. My dishes are left standin' for but the dead, an' them took off sud-else me expected over to help make leral nice. No, nobody's dead, I'm to state—at least, nobody new. w editor made that a local in the *Even-ily* the other night, gettin' just des-

perate because nothin' happened to anybody in the town—an' it was what come out of that while you was away that I come over to tell you about.

"The editor didn't have a thing for his locals that day, so he just thought over his friends, an' he run right down the news item column tellin' what there *wasn't*. Like this:

SUPPER TABLE JOTTINGS

Postmaster Silas Sykes is well.
Timothy Toplady has not had a cold yet 'this winter. Prudent Timothy!

Threat Hubbelthwait's glass eye that he lost eight years ago is still lying unfound.

Jimmy Sturgis has not broken his leg yet this winter, as he did last. Keep it up, Jimmy.

Eppleby Holcomb has not been out of town for quite a while.

None of the Friendship ladies has given a party all winter.

The First Church is not burnt down nor damaged nor repaired. Insurance, \$750.

Nothing local is in much of any trouble.

Nobody is dead here to-day except the usual ones.

Nobody that's got a telephone in has any company at the present writing. Where is the old-time hospitality?

Subscriptions payable in advance.

Subscriptions payable in advance.

Subscriptions payable in advance.

"It made quite some fun for us, two or three of us happenin' in the post-office store when the paper come out—Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Toplady an' me. But we took it some to heart, too, because to live in a town where they ain't nothin' active happenin' is a kind of runnin' account of everybody that's in it. An' us ladies wa'n't that kind.

"All them locals done to Silas Sykes, though, that keeps the post-office store, was to set him fussin' over nothin' ever happenin' to him. Silas is real particular about his life, an' I guess he gets to thinkin' how life ain't so over-particular about him. You know how life is to some.

"My dum!" he says that night, 'that's just the way with life in this town. I always calculated my life was goin' to be quite some pleasure to me. But I don't see as it is. If I thought I was goin' to get sold in my death like I've been in my life, I swan I'd lose my interest in dyin'.'

"Mis' Timothy Toplady was over in behind the counter pickin' out her butter, an' she whirled around from samplin' the jars, an' she says to Mis' Sykes an' me:

"Ladies,' she says, 'le's us propose it to the editor, that seems to have such a hard job, that us members of the Cemetery Improvement Sodality take hold of his paper for a day an' get it out for him an' put some news in it an' sell it to everybody, subscribers an' all, that one night, for ten cents.'

"Mis' Silas Sykes looks up an' stopped, winkin' an' breathin', in a way she has when she sights some distant money for Sodality.

"Land, land!" she says, 'I bet it'd take like a warm meal.'

"Silas he snorts, scorchin':

"Will you ladies tell me,' he says, 'where you going to *get* your news to put in your

paper? Unless you commit murder an' arson an' runaways, there won't be any more in your paper than they is in its editor's.'

"That hit a tender town-point, an' I couldn't stand it no longer. I spoke right up.

"Oh, I dunno, I dunno, Silas,' I says. 'They's those in this town that's doin' the murderin' for us, neat an' nice, right along,' I told him.

"Mean to say—' snapped Silas.

"Mean to say,' says I, 'most every grocery store in this town, an' most every milkman, an' the meat market as well, is doin' their best to drag the health out o' people's systems for 'em. Us ladies is more or less well read an' knowledgeable of what is goin' on in the world outside,' I says to Silas—that ain't. 'An' we know a thing or two about what ought to be clean.'

"It was true we had talked a good deal about these things, an' what was an' what shouldn't be; an' especially we had talked it in our Cemetery Improvement Sodality, on account of our town stores an' social ways an' such bein' so invitin' to disease an' death. But we hadn't been able to make the men even listen to us.

"Pack o' women!' says Silas now, an' went off to find black molasses for somebody.

"Mis' Toplady sampled her butter, dreamy.

"Rob Henney's butter, here,' she says, 'is made out of cow-sheds that I can't bear to think about. I should think the *Daily* could write about that.'

"I remember how us three women looked at each other then, like our brain was experimentin' with our ideas. An' when Mis' Toplady got her butter we slipped out an' spoke together for a few minutes up past the Town Pump. An' it was there the plan come to a head, an' we see that we had a way of pickin' purses right off of every day, so be the editor would leave us go ahead; an' of doin' other things.

"The very next morning we three went to see the editor an' get his consent.

"What's your circulation, same as city papers print to the top of the page?' Mis' Toplady asks him, practical.

"Paid circulation or got-out circulation?' says the editor.

"Paid,' says Mis' Toplady, in silver-dollar tones.

‘Ah well, *paid-for* or *subscribed-for*?’ the editor.

‘*Paid for*,’ says Mis’ Toplady, still more *al*.

‘*Six hundred and eighty paid for*,’ the editor says, ‘*an’ fifty-two that—mean to*

‘*My!*’ says Mis’ Toplady, shudderin’, ‘*business is!* Well, us ladies of the town want to run your paper for one day. I’ll charge all your subscribers ten cents for that day’s paper. Will you?’

The editor, he laughed quite a little, an’ he looked thoughtful. He was new an’ he was from the city an’ young an’ real nervous—used to pop on to his feet whenever a lady came in so much as come in the room.

‘Who would collect the ten cents?’ says

the editor, ‘the Sodality,’ says Mis’ Toplady, firm; ‘*if, cash, an’ in advance.*’

The editor nodded, still smilin’.

‘*Love!*’ he said, ‘this fits in remarkably with the trout stream I’ve been thinking out. I confess I need a day. I suppose you wouldn’t want to do it this week?’

‘*s’* Toplady looked at me with her eyes. But I nodded. I always rather hurry than not.

‘*be we had a lot o’ hours to spare for news to happen!*’ says she, ‘*had ought to*

the editor looked at her. ‘*News!*’

‘*Oh, I say you mustn’t do too much. I don’t want to warn you that running a paper in this town is like trying to raise cream with a butter churn.*’

‘*s’* Toplady looked at him mothing. ‘*You ain’t ever seen me pouring the cream into the churn—guess,*’ she

‘*we settled it by a bargain; exact, after we’d runned it all through him, an’*

just as we was goin’ out the door, Mis’ Toplady thought to say to him:

“‘You know the Sodality don’t know anything about it yet, so you better not mention it out around till this afternoon, when we vote to do it. We’ll be up here at eight o’clock Thursday morning, rain or shine.’”

“There wasn’t ever any doubt about the Sodality when it see sixty dollars ahead—which we would get if everybody bought a paper, an’ we was determined that everybody should buy. The Sodality members scraps among themselves personal, but when it comes to raisin’ money they unite yoke to yoke, an’ all differences forgot. It’s funny sometimes at the meetings, funny and disgraceful, to hear how we object to each other, especially when we’re tired, and then all unite together on somethin’ for the good of the town. I tell you, it makes me feel sometimes that the way ain’t so much to try to love each other—which other folks’s peculiarities is awful in the way of—but for us all to pitch in an’ love somethin’ all together—your town, or your young folks, or your cemetery, or keepin’ somethin’ clean, or makin’ somethin’ look nice—an’ before you know it you’re lovin’ the folks you work with, no matter how peculiar.

“It’s been so nice since we’ve been workin’ for the cemetery. Folks that make each other mad every time they try to talk can pitch in an’ sell side by side at the same bazaar an’ count the money mutual. I dunno if it’s so with other folks in the world, but it always kind o’ seems to me as if it kind o’ means somethin’. There’s quite a few other disagreements in Sodality, so we have to be real careful who sets next to who to church suppers. But when we pitch in to work for somethin’, we sew rags an’ ‘scallop oysters in the same pan with our ene-



“MIS’ TOPLADY SAMPLED HER BUTTER, DREAMY.”

mies. Don't it seem as if that must mean somethin'? Somethin' big?

"Sodality voted to publish the paper, all right, and elected the officers for the day: Editor, Mis' Postmaster Sykes—'count of her always expectin' to take the lead in everything. Assistant editor, me, 'count of bein' well an' able to work like a dog. Business manager an' circulation man, Mis' Holcomb—that-was-Mame Bliss, 'count of no dime ever gettin' away from her unexpected. An' the reporters was to be most of the rest of the Sodality: Mis' Timothy Toplady, the three Liberty girls, Mis' Mayor Uppers, Mis' Fire Chief Merriman, Mis' Threat Hubbelthwait, an' Abigail Arnold—that keeps the home bakery. It was hard for Abigail to get away from her cook-stove an' her counter, so we fixed it that she was to be let off any other literary work along of her furnishing us our sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs that day noon. It was quite a little for Abigail to do, but she's always real willin', an' we didn't ask coffee of her. Mis' Sturgis, her that is the village invalid, we arranged should have charge of the Woman's Column, an' bring down her rockin'-chair and make her beef broth right there on the office wood-stove.

"I guess we was all glad we was to go down early in the mornin' that day, 'count o' not meetin' the men. One an' all an' with one voice the Friendship men had railed at us hearty.

"Pack o' women!' says Silas Sykes over an' over.

"You act like bein' a woman an' a wife was some kind o' nonsense,' says Mis' Sykes back at him, majestic. 'Well, I guess bein' yours is.'

"Land, Amandy!' says Timothy Toplady, 'you women earn money so nervous. Why don't you do it regular an' manly?'

"Only Eppleby Holcomb had kep' his silence. Eppleby is one of them men that ain't never wore blinkers. Now an' then it may make him some skittish, but oh, I tell you, Eppleby sees things that the run o' men don't see, or, if they did see 'em, they would be bound to stick 'em in their ledgers where they would never, never belong. Yes, Eppleby was our friend.

"So, though we went ahead, the men had made us real anxious. An' when the day come, most of us slipped down to the office by half-past seven so's not to meet too many. The editor had had a column in the paper

about what we was goin' to do—'Loyal to our Local Dead,' he headed it, an' of course full half the town was kickin' at the extra ten cents, like full half of any town can an' will kick when it's asked to pay out for its own good, dead or alive. But we was leavin' all that to Mis' Holcomb, that knows a thing or two about the human in us, an' similar.

"Extra paper mornin', when we all come in, Mis' Sykes she was sittin' at the editor's desk with her big apron on, an' a green shade to cover up her crimpin'-kids, an' her list that her an' Mis' Toplady an' I had made out, in front of her.

"Now then, let's get right to work,' she says, brisk. 'We ain't any too much time, I can tell you. It ain't like bakin' bread or gettin' the vegetables ready. We've all got to use muscles this day we ain't used to usin',' she says, 'an' we'd best be spry.'

"So then she begun givin' out who was to do what—'assignments,' the editor named it when he told us what to do. An' I skipped back an' hung over the files, well knowin' what was to come.

"Mis' Sykes stood up in her most society way, an'—

"Anybody want to back out?' says she.

"Land!' says 'most every one in a no-I-don't tone.

"Very well,' says Mis' Sykes. 'Mis' Toplady, you go out to Rob Henney's place, an' you go through his cow-sheds from one end to the other an' take down notes so's he sees you doin' it. You go into his spring-house an' into his kitchen, an' don't you let a can get by you. Open his churn. Rub your finger round the inside of his pans. Explain to him you're goin' to give him a nice, full, printed description in to-night's *Daily*, just the way things are. If he wants it changed any, he can clean all up, an' we'll write up the clean-up like a compliment.'

"Just for one second them assembled women was dumb. But it hardly took 'em that instant to sense what was what. An' all of a sudden, Mame Holcomb, I guess it was, bursted out in a little understandin' giggle, an' after a minute everybody joined in too. For we'd got the whole business world of Friendship Village where we wanted it, an' every one of them women see we had, so be we wasn't scared.

"Mis' Uppers,' Mis' Sykes was going on, 'you go down to Betts's meat-market. You poke right through into the back room. An' you tell Joe Betts that you're goin' to do a



"WHAT'S YOUR CIRCULATION?" MIS' TOPLADY ASKS. "PAID CIRCULATION OR GOT-OUT CIRCULATION?" SAYS THE EDITOR.

-up of that room an' the alley back of the paper to-night, showin' just what's . If so be he wants to turn in an' red this mornin', tell him you'll wait till an' describe it then, *providin'* he s to keep it that way. An' you might let know you're goin' to run over to his hterhouse an' look around while you're n', an' put that in your write-up, too.' Mis' Hubbelthwait, Mis' Sykes went you go over to the calaboose. They t anybody be in the office—Dick's sa- is that. Skip right through into the back an' turn down the blankets on both an' give a thorough look. If it's true s no sheets an' pillow-cases on the cala- : beds, an' that the blankets is only ed three times a year so's to save laun- ', we can make a real interestin' column : that.'

Mis' Merriman, says Mis' Sykes to Fire Chief, 'I've give you a real hard because you do things so delicate. you take a walk along the residence of town an' go into every house an' ask o let you see their back door an' their ge pile? Tell 'em you're goin' to a couple of columns on how folks man- is. Ask 'em for their idees on the best

Give 'em to understand, if there's a ood way they're thinkin' of tryin', that

you'll put that in, providin' they begin try- in' right off. An' tell 'em they can get their garbage carted off for ten cents a week if enough go in on it. An' be your most deli- cate, Mis' Fire Chief, for we don't want to offend a soul.'

"Libby an' Viney Liberty Mis' Sykes sent round to take a straw vote in every business house in town to see how much they'd give towards startin' a shelf library in the corner of the post-office store, a full list to be printed in order with the amount or else 'Not a cent' after each name. An' the rest o' Sodality she give urrants similar, or even more so.

"'An' all o' you,' says Mis' Sykes, 'pick up what you can on the way. An' if any- body starts in to object, you tell 'em you have instructions to make an interview out of any of the interestin' things they say. And you might tell 'em you don't want they should be buried in a nice cemetery if they don't want to.'

"Well sir, they started off—some scairt—but some real brave too. An' the way they went, we see every one of 'em meant busi- ness.

"'But oh,' says Mis' Sturgis, fixin' her medicine bottles outside on the window-sill, '*supposin'* they can't do it? *Supposin'* folks ain't nice to 'em? What'll we do? What'll

.. we put in to fill up the paper then?

"Mis' Sykes drew herself up like she does sometimes in society.

"Well,' she says, 'supposin'! Are we runnin' this paper or ain't we? There's nothin' to prevent our writin' editorials about these things, as I see. Our husbands can't very well sue us for libel, because they'd hev to pay it themselves. Nor they can't put us in prison for debt, because who'd get their three meals? I can't see but we're sure of an interestin' paper, anyway.'

"Then she looked over at me sort of sad. 'Go on, Calliope,' says she. 'You know what you've got to do. Do it,' she says, 'to the bitter end.'

"I knew, an' I started out, an' I made straight for Silas Sykes an' the post-office store. Silas wa'n't in the store, it was so early; but he had the floor all sprinkled nice, an' the vegetables set out, all uncovered, close to the sidewalk; an' everything real tasty an' accordin' to grocery-store etiquette. An' Silas himself was in the back room, sortin' over prunes.

"Hello, Calliope!' s'he. 'How's liter'-choor?'

"Honest as ever,' I says. 'Same with food?'

"Who says I ain't honest?' says Silas, straightenin' up, an' holdin' all his fingers stiff 'count o' bein' sticky.

"Why, I dunno who,' says I. 'Had anybody ought to? How's business, Silas?'

"Well,' says he, 'for us that keeps ourselves up with the modern business methods, it's pretty good, I guess.'

"Do you mean pretty good, Silas, or do you mean pretty payin'?' I ask' him.

"Silas put on his best official manner. 'Look at here,' s'e, 'what can I do for you? Did you want to buy somethin' or did you want your mail?'

"Oh, neither,' I says. 'I want some help from you, Silas, about the paper to-day.'

"My! that give Silas a nice minute! He fairly weltered in satisfaction.

"Huh!' he says, elegant, 'didn't I tell you you was bitin' off more'n you could chew? Want some assistance from me, do you, in editin' this paper o' yours? Well, I suppose I can help you out a little. What is it you want me to do for you?'

"We thought we'd like to write you up,' I told him.

"Silas just swelled. For a man in public

office, Silas Sykes feels about as presidential as anybody I ever see. If they was to come out from the city an' put him on the front page o' the mornin' paper, he's the kind that would wonder why they hadn't done it before.

"Sketch of my life?' s'e, genial. 'Little outline of my boyhood? Main points in my career?'

"Well,' I says, 'no. We thought the present'd be about all we'd hev room for. We want to write up your business, Silas,' I says, in an advertisin' way.

"Oh!' says Silas, snappy. 'You want me to pay to be wrote up, is that it?'

"Well,' I says, 'no, not if you don't want to. Of course, everybody'll be buried in the cemetery, whether they give anything towards the fund for keepin' it kep' up or not.'

"Lord heavens!' says Silas, 'I've had that Cemetery Fund rammed down my throat till I'm sick o' the thought o' dyin'!'

"That almost made me mad, seein' we was hevin' the disadvantages o' doin' the work an' Silas was goin' to get all the advantages o' burial.

"Feel the same way about some o' the Ten Commandments, don't you, Silas?' I says, before I knew it.

"Silas just roared. 'The Ten Commandments!' says he. 'The Ten Commandments! Who can show me one I ain't a-keepin' like an old sheep? Didn't I honor my father an' mother as long as I had 'em? Did they ever buy anything of me at more than cost? Didn't I give 'em new clothes an' send 'em boxes of oranges an' keep up their life insurance? Do I ever come down to the store on the Sabbath day? Do I ever distribute the mail then, even if I'm expectin' a letter myself? The Sabbath I locked the cat in, didn't I send the boy down to let it out for fear I'd be misjudged if I done it? Who do I ever bear false witness against unless I know they've done what I say they've done? I can't kill a fly—an' I'm that fool tender-hearted that I make the boy take the mice out o' the trap because I can't bring myself to it. So you might go through the whole list an' just find me workin' at 'em an' a-keepin' 'em. What do you mean about the Ten Commandments?' he ends up, ready to burst.

"Don't ask me,' I says. 'I ain't that familiar with 'em. I didn't know anybody was. Go on about 'em. Take stealin'—you hadn't got to that one.'

“‘*Stealin’!*’ says Silas, pompous. ‘I don’t know what it is.’

“And with that I was up on my feet. ‘I thought you didn’t,’ says I. ‘Us ladies of the Sodality have all said it over an’ over again—that you don’t know stealin’ when you see it. No, nor not even when you’ve done it. Come here, Silas Sykes!’ I says.

“I whipped by him into the store, and he followed me, sheer through bein’ dazed, an’ keepin’ still through bein’ knocked dumb.

“‘Look here,’ I says, ‘here’s your counter of bakery stuff—put in to take from Abigail, but no matter about that now. Where do you get it? What’s the bakery like where you buy it? It’s under a sidewalk and filthy dirty, and I happen to know you know it. And look at the bread—not a thing over it, flies keepin’ house on the crust, an’ you countin’ out change on an apple pie the other day—I see you do it. Look at your dates, all uncovered, and dirt from the street stickin’ to ’em like the pattern. Look at your fly-paper, hugged up against your dried fruit box that’s standin’ wide open. Look at you, keepin’ fish an’ preserved fruit an’ canned stuff

that you know is against the law—Goin’ to start keepin’ the law quick as you get these sold out, ain’t you, Silas? Look at your stuff out there in front, full o’ street dirt an’ flies an’ ready to feed folks. An’ you keepin’ the Ten Commandments like an old sheep—an’ bein’ a church elder, an’ you might better climb porches an’ bust open safes. I s’pose you wonder what I’m sayin’ all this to you for?’

“‘No, ma’am,’ says Silas, like the edge o’ somethin’, ‘I don’t wonder at your saying *anything* to anybody.’

“‘I’ve got more to say,’ I says, dry. ‘I’ve only give you a sample. An’ the place I’m

goin’ to say it is The Friendship Village *Evening Daily Extra*, to-night, in a descriptive write-up of you and your store. I thought it might interest you to know.’

“‘It’s libel—it’s libel!’ says Silas, arms wavin’.

“‘Is there a word of it ain’t true?’ I says to him, liberatin’ a fly accident’ly caught on a date. ‘Who you goin’ to sue? Your wife, that’s the editor? An’ everybody else’s wife, that’s doing the same thing to every behind-the-times dealer in town?’

“Silas hung on to that straw. ‘Be they doin’ it to the others, too?’ he asks.

“Then I told him. ‘Yes,’ I says, ‘Silas, only—they ain’t goin’ to start writin’ up the descriptions till noon. An’ if you—and they all—want to clean up the temples where you do business an’ make ’em fit for the Lord to look down on an’ a human bein’ to come into, you’ve got your chance. An’ seein’ your boy is gone to-day, if you’ll do it—I’ll stay an’ help you with it. An’ mebbe make room for some of the main points in your career as well,’ says I, sly.

“Silas looked out the door, his arms folded an’ his beard almost pointin’ up,

he’d made his chin so firm. And just in that minute, when I was feelin’ that all the law an’ the prophets, an’ the health of Friendship Village, an’ the life of people not born was hangin’ around that man’s neck—or the principle of ’em, anyway—Silas’s eye an’ mine fell on a strange sight. Across the street from Joe Betts’s meat-market—come out Joe Betts, and behind him his boy. And Joe begun pointin’, an’ the boy begun takin’ down quarters o’ beef hung over the sidewalk. Joe pointed consid’able. An’ then he clim’ up on his meat-wagon that stood by the door, an’ out of the shop I see Mis’ Mayor Uppers come, lookin’ ready to



“‘SKETCH OF MY LIFE? LITTLE OUTLINE OF MY BOYHOOD?’”

drop. An' she clim' up to the seat beside him—he reachin' down real gentlemanly to help her up. An' he headed his horse around on what I knew was a bee-line for the slaughter-house.

"Well, sir, at that, Silas Sykes put his hands on his knees an' bent over an' begun laughin'. An' he laughed like I ain't seen him since he's got old and begun to believe that life ain't cut after his own plan that he made. An' I laughed a little, too, out o' sheer bein' glad that a laugh can settle so many things right in the world. And when he sobered down a little, I says, gentle:

"Silas, I'll throw out the dates an' the dusty lettuce. An' you take down the unlawful canned goods. An' we'll hev done in no time. I'll be glad to get an early start on the write-up. I don't compose very ready,' I told him.

"He was awful funny while we done the work. He was awful still, too. Once when I lit on a piece of salt pork that I knew, first look, was rusty, 'Them folks down on the flats buys it,' he says. 'They like it just as good as new-killed.'

"All right,' s'I, careless; 'I'll make a note o' that to shine in my article. It needs humor some,' s'I.

"Then Silas swore, soft an' under his breath, as an elder should, but quite vital. An' he took the pork out in the alley, an' I stomped it down in the dirt so's he wouldn't slip out an' save it.

"It was 'leven o'clock when we got done—me havin' swept out behind the counters myself. An' Silas he mopped his face an' stood haulin' at his collar.

"I'll get my white kids on now,' s'e, dry. 'I can't go pourin' kerosene an' slicin' cheese in this place barehanded any more. Gosh!' he says, 'I bet when they see it they'll want to have church in here this comin' Sunday!'

"No need to be sacrilegious, as I know of, Silas,' s'I, sharp.

"No need to be livin' at all, as I see,' says Silas, morbid. 'Just lay low an' other folks'll step in an' do it for you, real capable.'

"I give him the last word. I thought it was his man's due.

"When I got back to the office, Libby Liberty an' Mis' Toplady was there before me. They was both settin' on high stools up to the file shelf, with their feet tucked up—an' the reason was that Viney Liberty was moppin' the floor. She had a big pail

o' suds an' her skirt pinned up, an' she was just latherin' them boards. Mis' Sykes at the main desk was still laborin' over her editorial, breathin' hard, the boards steamin' soap all around her.

"I couldn't stand it,' Viney says. 'How a man can mold public opinion in a place where the floor is pot-black gets me. My land! my ash house is a dinin'-room table 'side o' this room, an' the window was a regular gray frost with filth. Ain't men the funniest lot of folks?' she says.

"Funny,' says I. 'But awful amiable if you kind o' sing their key-note to 'em.'

"Mis' Sykes pulled my skirt.

"How was he?' she asks, in a pale voice.

"He was crusty,' says I, triumphant, 'but he's beat.'

"She never smiled. 'Calliope Marsh,' says she, cold, 'if you've sassed my husband I'll never forgive you again.'

"I tell you, men may be some funny, and often are. But women is odd as Dick's hat-band, an' I don't know but odder.

"How'd you get on?' I says to Mis' Toplady an' the Libertys. The Libertys they handed out a list on two sheets, both sides, with sums rangin' from ten to fifty cents towards a shelf library for public use; but Mis' Toplady, the tears was near streamin' down her cheeks.

"Rob Henney,' she says, mournful, 'gimme to understand he'd see me in—some place he hadn't ought to 'a' spoke of to me, nor to no one—before I could get in his milk-sheds.'

"What did you say to him?' I ask, sympathetic.

"I t-told him,' says Mis' Toplady, 'that lookin' for me wouldn't be the only reason he'd hev for goin' there. An' then he said some more. He said he'd be in here this afternoon to stop his subscription.'

"So you didn't get a thing?' I says, grievin' for her; but Mis' Toplady, she bridled through her tears.

"I got a column!' she flashed out. 'I put in about the sheds, that the whole town knows anyway, an' I put in what he said to me. An' I'm goin' to read it to him when he comes in. An' after that he can take his choice about hevin' it published, or else cleanin' up an' allowin' Sodality to inspect him reg'lar.'

"By just before twelve o'clock we was all back in the office, Mis' Fire Chief, from bein' delicate, Mis' Uppers, fresh from the

slaughter-house, an' so on, all but Mame Holcomb that was out seein' to the circulation. An' I tell you we set to work in earnest, some of us to the desks, an' some of us workin' on their laps, an' everybody hurryin' hectic. The office was awful hot—Mis' Sturgis had built up a little light fire to heat up her beef broth, an' she was stirrin' it, her shawl folded about her, in between writin' recipes. But it made it real confusin', all of us doin' our best so hard, an' wantin' to tell each other what had happened, an' seein' about spellin', an' all.

"Land, land!" says Mis' Fire-chief Meriman, 'you ought to see the Herons's back door. They wa'n't nobody to home there, so I just took a look anyway, bein' it was for the Sodality, so. They ain't no real garbage pail——'

"Who said, 'Give me liberty or give me death?'" ask' Mis' Sykes, lookin' up kind o' glassy. 'Was it Daniel Webster or Daniel Boone?'

"Ladies," says Mis' Hubbelthwait, when we'd settled down on Daniel Boone, 'if I ever do a crime, I won't stop short at stealin' somebody's cow an' goin' to calaboose. I'll do a whole beef corner, or some real United States sin, an' get put in a place that's clean. Why, over to that calaboose——'

"Ugh!" says Mis' Uppers, 'don't say "beef" when I'm where I can hear. I dunno what I'll do without my steak, but do it I will. Ladies, the cleanest of us is soundin' brass an' tinklin' cannibals. Why do they call 'em *tinklin'* cannibals?' she wondered to us all.

"O—h," wailed Mis' Sturgis in the rocking-chair, 'some of you ladies give me your salad-dressing recipe. Mine is real good, on salad, but on paper it don't sound fit to eat. I don't seem to have no book-style about me to-day.'

"How do you spell 'embarrass'?" asked Libby Liberty. 'Is it an *r* an' two *s*'s or two *r*'s an' an *s*?'

"It's two *s*'s at the end, so it must be one *r*," volunteered Mis' Sykes. 'That used to mix me up some, too.'

"Just then up come Abigail Arnold bringin' the noon lunch—an' she hed the sandwiches an' the eggs not only, but a pot o' hot coffee thrown in, an' a basket o' doughnuts, sugared. She set 'em out on Mis' Sykes's desk, an' we all laid down our pencils an' drew up on our high stools an' swing

chairs, Mis' Sturgis an' all, an' nothin' in the line o' food had ever looked so welcomin'.

"But well do I remember—we wasn't started to eat, an' Abigail still doin' the pourin', when the composin'-room door opened—I dunno' *why* they called it that; we done the composin' in the office, an' they only got out the paper in there—and in come the foreman, with an apron of bed-tickin'. He was Riddy Styles, that we all knew.

"Excuse me," he says, hesitatin', 'but us fellows thought we'd ought to mention that we can't get no paper out by quittin' time if we don't get a-hold of some copy pretty quick.'

"Copy o' what?" says Mis' Sykes, our editor.

"Why, copy," says Riddy—'stuff for the paper.'

"Mis' Sykes looked at him majestic. '*Stuff!*' she says. 'You will please to speak,' she says, 'more respectful than that to us ladies, Mr. Styles.'

"It was meant right," says Riddy, stubborn. 'It's the word we always use.'

"It ain't the word you use, not with us," says Mis' Sykes, womanly.

"Well," says Riddy, 'we'd ought to get to settin' up *somethin'* by half-past twelve, if we start in on the dictionary.'

"Then he went off to his dinner, and the other men with him, an' Mis' Sykes leaned back limp.

"I been writin' steady," she says, 'since half-past eight o'clock this mornin', an' I've only got one page an' one half composed.'

"We ask' each other around, an' none of us was no more than started, let be it was Mis' Toplady that had got in first.

"Le's us leave our lunch," says Mis' Sykes then. 'Le's us leave it un-et. Abigail, you put it back in the basket an' pour the coffee into the pot. An' le's us *write*. Wouldn't we all rather hev one of our sick headaches,' she says, firm, 'than mebhe make ourselves the Laughing Stock? Ladies, I ask you.'

"An' we woulded, one an' all. Sick headaches don't last long, but laughed-at has regular right-down eternal life.

"Ain't it strange how slow the writin' muscles an' such is, that you don't use often? Pittin' cherries, splittin' squash, peelin' potatoes, slicin' apples, makin' change at church suppers—us ladies is lightnin' at 'em all. But settin' down idees on paper—

I declare if it ain't more like waitin' around for your bread to raise on a cold mornin'! Still, when you're worried you can press forward more than normal, an' among us we had quite some material ready for Riddy an' the men when they come back. But not Mis' Sykes. She wa'n't gettin' on at all.

"If I could only *talk* it," she says, grievin'—'or I dunno if I could even do that. What I want to say is in me, rarin' around my head like life, an' yet I can't get it out no more'n money out of a tin bank. I shall disgrace Sodality,' she says, wild.

"Cheer up," says Libby Liberty, soothin'. 'Nobody ever reads the editorials, anyway. I ain't read one in years.'

"You tend to your article!" snaps Mis' Sykes.

"I had got my write-up of Silas all turned in to Riddy an' I was lookin', longin', at Abigail's basket, when, bangin' the door, in come somebody breathin' like ragin', an' it was Rob Henney, that I guess we'd all forgot about excep' it was Mis' Toplady that was waitin' for him.

"Rob Henney always talks like he was long distance. "'I come in,' he says, blusterin'—'I come in to quit off my subscription to this fool paper, that a lot o' fool women——'

"Mis' Sykes looks up at him out from under her hand that her head was restin' on. 'Go on out o' here, Mr. Henney,' she says sharp to him, 'an' quit your subscription quiet. Can't you see you're disturbin' us?' she says.

"With that Mis' Toplady wheeled around on her high stool an' looked at him, calm as the clock.

"Rob Henney," says she, 'you come over here. I'll read you what I've wrote about you,' she told him.

The piece begun like this:

Rob Henney, our esteemed fellow townsman and milkman, was talked with this morning on his cow-sheds. The reporter said to same that what was wanted would be visiting the stables, churn, cans, pans, and like that, being death is milked out of most cows if they are not kept clean and inspected regular for signs of consumption. Mr. Henney replied as follows:

First, That his cows had never been inspected because nothing of that kind has ever been necessary.

Second: That he was in the milk business for a living and did the town expect him to keep it in milk for its health?

Third: That folks had been drinking milk since milk begun, and if the Lord saw fit to call them

home, why not through milk, or even through consumption, as well as through pneumonia and others?

Fourth: That he would see the reporter—a lady—in the lake-that-burneth-with-fire before his sheds and churn and pans and cans should be put in the paper.

Below is how the sheds, churn, 'pans, and cans look to-day

"And I tell you, Mis' Toplady she didn't spare no words. When she meant *what*, she said *what*, elaborate.

"Either that goes in the paper to-night," she says, finally, 'or you'll clean up your milk surroundin's—pick your choice. An' the Sodality's through with you if you don't, besides.'

"Put it in print! Put it in print if you dast!" yells Rob, windmillin' his arms some.

"No need to make an earthquake o' yourself," Mis' Toplady points out to him, serene.

"An' at that Rob adds a word intendin' to express a cussin' idee, an' he outs an' down the stairs. An' Mis' Toplady starts to take her article right in to Riddy. But in the door she met Riddy, hurryin' into the office again. I never see anybody before that looked both red an' haggard, but Riddy did. He come right to the point:

"Some of you ladies has got to quit handin' in—news," he says, scrabblin' for a word to please Mis' Sykes. 'We're up to our eyes in here now. An' there ain't enough room in the paper, either, not without you get out eight pages or else run a supplement or else throw away the whole patent inside. An' that way, we ain't got enough type even if we had time to burn.'

"Mis' Sykes pushed back her green shade, lookin' just *chased*.

"What does he mean?" she says. 'Can't he tend to his type and things with us doing all the work?'

"Riddy took this real nettlesh. 'I mean,' s'he, clear but brutal, 'you got to cut your stuff somewheres to the tune of a couple o' columns.'

"Well, it's hard to pick out which color you'll take when you hev a new dress only once in every so seldom; or which of your hens you'll kill when you know your chickens like you know your own mind; but these ain't nothin' to the time we had decidin' on what to omit out o' the paper that night. An' the decision hurt us even more than the decidin', for what we left out was Mis' Sturgis's two women's columns.

"We *can't* leave out meat nor milk nor

cleanliness nor the library,' says Mis' Toplady, reasonable, 'because them are the things we live by. An' so with the other write-ups we got planned. But recipes and pattern an' mothballs is only kind o' decorations,' seems though. Besides, we all know about 'em, an' it's time we stopped talkin' about 'em, anyway.'

"Mis' Sturgis she cried a little on the corner of her shawl. 'The recipes an' patterns an' mothballs is so w-womanly,' she says.

"Mis' Toplady whirled round at her. 'If you know anything more womanly than conquerin' dirt an' disease an' the-dead-that-needn't-die,' s'she, 'I'll roll up my sleeves an' be into it. But it won't be eyelet embroidery nor yet boiled frostin'.

"After that they wrote in hasty peace, though four o'clock come racin' across the day like a runaway horse, an' us not out of its way. An' a few minutes past, when Riddy was waitin' in the door for Mis' Sykes's last page, somebody 'most knocked him over, an' there come Mis' Holcomb, our circulation editor, purple an' white, like a ghost.'

"'Lock the door—lock it!' she says. 'I've bolted the one to the foot of the stairs. Lock both outside ones an' lay yourselves low!'

"Riddy an' I done the lockin', me well knowin' Mis' Holcomb couldn't give a

false alarm no more than a map could.

"'What is it?' we says, pressin' Mis' Holcomb to speak, that couldn't even breathe.

"'Oh, ladies,' says Mis' Holcomb, 'they've rejoined us, or whatever it is they do. I mean they're goin' to rejoin us from gettin' out to-night's paper. The sheriff's comin' with injunctions—is that like handcuffs, do you know? An' it's Rob Henney's doin'. Eppleby told me. An' I run down the alley an' beat 'em. They're most here. Let's us slap into print what's wrote an' be ready with the papers the livin' minute we can.'

"Mis' Sykes had shoved her green shade on to the back of her head, an' her crimpin'-pins was all showin' forth.

"'What good'll it do us to get the paper out?' says she, in a numb voice. 'We can't distribute 'em around with the sheriff to the front door with them things to put on us.'

"Then Mis' Holcomb smiled, with her eyes shut, where she sat, breathin' so hard it showed through.

"'I come in the coal door, at the alley,' s'she. 'They'll never think o' that. Besides, the crowd'll be in front an' the carrier boys too, an' they'll want to show off out there. An' Eppleby knows—he told me to—an' he'll keep 'em interested out in front.



"ROB HENNEY GIMME TO UNDERSTAND HE'D SEE ME IN—SOME PLACE HE HADN'T OUGHT TO 'A' SPOKE OF TO ME—BEFORE I COULD GET IN HIS MILK-SHEDS."

Le's us each take the papers, an' out the coal door an' distribute 'em around, ourselves, without the boys, an' collect the money.

"An' that was how we done. For when they come to the door an' found it locked, they pounded a little to show who was who an' who wa'n't, an' then they waited out there calm enough, thinkin' to stop us when the papers come down would be plenty time. They waited out there, calm an' sure, while upstairs Bedlam went on, but noiseless. An' after us ladies was done with our part, we sat huddled up in the office.

"'In one sentence,' Mis' Holcomb says, 'Eppleby says Rob Henney was going to *put* injunctions on us.' An' in the next he says he was goin' to *serve* 'em. What did he mean by that, do you s'pose?"

"'I dunno' what he meant,' says Mis' Toplady, 'but I wouldn't have anything to do with *anything* Rob Henney served.'

"That made us think of Abigail's lunch, layin' un-et in the basket. They wa'n't none of us felt like eating, but Mis' Sturgis says she bet if we didn't eat it, Abigail would feel she hadn't had no part in writin' the paper, like us; an' so we broke off a little somethin' once around; but food didn't have no fun for us—not then. An' nothin' did up to the minute we was all ready to sly out the alley door, bent double.

"With the Sodality an' Riddy Styles an' the composin'-room men, we had above twenty carriers. Riddy an' the men helped us, one an' all, because of course the paper was a little theirs, too, an' they was interested, an' liked the lark. Land, land! I ain't felt so young nor so wicked since school as I done gettin' out that alley door. Did you ever think that there's just as much fun keepin' secret about somethin' that *may* be good as sneakin' for regular bad? The Sodality can tell you they is, an' that slippin' up a back alley, luggin' what you hope may be a help to the kingdom of God on your back, is every bit as joyous feelin' as tearin' down high things an' holy.

"When we finally got outside, it was supper-time, an' summer-seemin', an' the whole village was buried in its evenin' fried mush an' potatoes or else sprinklin' their front yards. Us that went west got clear the whole length of Daphne Street in the alley without nobody sensin' what we was doin', or else believin' that we was doin' it orderly an' legitimate. An' away out by the Pump Pasture, we started distributin', an' we

come workin' down-town, handin' out papers to the residence part like mad an' takin' in dimes like wild. They was so many of us, an' the *Evenin' Daily* office was so located, that by the time Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Toplady an' I come round the corner where the men an' Rob Henney an' the rejoiners an' the carriers was loafin', waitin', smokin' an' secure, we didn't have many papers left. An' we three was the first ones back.

"'Evenin' paper?' says Mis' Toplady, casual. 'Friendship Village *Evenin' Daily* Extra? All the news for a dime!'

"Never hev I see a man so truly flabbergasted as Rob Henney, an' he did look like death.

"'You're rejoined!' he yelled—or whatever it is they say—'you're rejoined by law from printin' your papers or from deestributin' the same.'

"'Why, Rob Henney,' says Mis' Toplady, 'no call to show fight like that. Half the town is readin' its paper by now. They've been out for three-quarters of an hour,' she says.

"Then soft an' faint an' acrost the street, we heard somebody laugh, an' then kind o' spat hands; an' we all looked up. An' there in the open upstairs window of the buildin' opposite, we see Eppleby Holcomb an' Timothy Toplady an' Silas Sykes leanin' out. An' when we crossed eyes, they all made a little cheer like a theatre; an' then they come clumpin' down-stairs an' acrost to us.

"'Won out, didn't you, by heck!' says Silas, that can only see that far.

"'Blisterin' Benson!' says Timothy, gleeful. 'I say we ain't no cause to regret our wife's brains.'

"But Eppleby, he never said a word. He just smiled slow an' a-lookin' past us. An' we knew he didn't have no blinkers on an' that he see our whole plan, face to face.

"Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Toplady an' me, seein' how Rob Henney stood mutterin' an' beat, an' seein' how the day had gone, an' seein' what was what in the world an' in all outside of it, we looked at each other, dead tired an' real happy, an' then we just dragged along home to our kitchens an' went to cookin' supper. But oh, it wa'n't our same old kitchens, nor it wa'n't our same old Friendship Village. We was in places newer an' better an' up higher, where we see how things are, an' how life would get more particular about us if we would get a little particular about some more of life."

A Danger-Signal

When a man starts out to make money quick and easy, and loses instead, how much is he entitled to sympathy?

How far ought one to go in a disinterested effort to protect the public from losses occasioned by greed?

Greed of the buyer for unearned profits.

Greed of the seller preying on the buyer's greed.

But how about the thrifty, hard-working citizen who is looking for an honest investment?

Has one a right to stand by and see him fleeced through the specious wiles of the promoter?

In the old days when you saw the suckers buying medicine on the public square, under the torchlight and the faker's lure, did you step up and interfere, or did you just smile?

"Everybody's Magazine" has run up danger-signals over many alluring enterprises, conducted on the "heads I win, tails you lose" principle.

We have been volunteers in police service, and, as you will recall, have helped to smash a good many crooked outfits.

We send out now another warning for you and all your friends.

Scan the offers to sell you magazine stock with the utmost care.

Consult people who know the magazine business before you invest.

Any of the big advertisers is in a position to know or learn all about magazine stock.

Any of the big advertising agents knows, because it is his business to know, all about magazine stock.

Consult somebody who knows before you invest in magazine stock.

Find out especially the life-history of the man behind any offer made you.

In reading his letters and circulars, be careful to discriminate between performance and prophecy.

It is not illegal to prophesy.

Ask him before you invest for a statement of the condition of the business right now.

If he claims to be paying dividends, ask him if he is earning them, or if he is paying them out of receipts from the sale of stock.

A very significant distinction.

Bear this in mind:

The magazine business has passed the day of big, quick profits.

The field is crowded. The competition is fierce. The expenses are tremendous. The risk is enormous.

The man who tells you it is a quick, sure run to easy money, deceives you, whether wittingly or otherwise.

There are few businesses requiring so much capital, so much ability, so much patience, and so much risk.

We tell you this to save you money and heartache.

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY

The WATCH on the RIO GRANDE

By · G · W · OGDEN

*Come, all you Texas Rangers, wherever you may be,
A story I will tell you that happened unto me.
My name is nothing extra, so that I will not tell—
I am a roving ranger, although I wish you well.
—Old range song.*

ANYWHERE along the Rio Grande from El Paso to Eagle Pass it looks about the same. A tense, raw country that wears into the nerves; a country set with barbs and spines and bayoneted shrubs, which tear and fret the hands of any who come to subdue it to the gentle arts of peace. Thorned torneo, thorned mesquite, thorned pear, stud in clumps the white soil, which gives back the sun in a glare that accounts for wide hats and the gathered wrinkles nesting at the corners of men's eyes when they have been squinting at it for unrelieved years.

And, though the water down there has no thorns, it has other devilish qualities which place it quite safely in the class with its neighbors. A dash of salt, a dip of sulphur, a color of lye, a taste like fever and bad dreams.

Into this waste rode a young man one day, his cream-colored sombrero pulled over his eyes. It was a new hat, so stiff of texture that it made a red mark upon his forehead, like the uneasy crown of a king. His saddle was new; his rifle stock glittered in un-

scratched varnish. The man himself was new. If you had laid hold of him, your hands would have come away dyed with the paint of the brain factory from which he had but lately emerged.

A few weeks before, he had passed the examination set by his Government for mounted inspector of customs upon the Rio Grande. He had qualified bravely in quintals, centimeters, cubes, squares, academic English, and international law, and his Government had given him the job of preventing smuggling along a hundred miles or so of the poetic River of the North. So he was there, matching his booklore against the cunning of men who were on that same ground, smuggling comfortably according to all the ancient standards, years before he was born.

He could write a commercial college hand, he could compute imposts like a fuse afire, but he couldn't talk Mexican and he wouldn't have been able to follow the trail of an elephant across a sand-bar.

On the other side of the river lurked Antonio Carrasco, for forty years a smuggler

and cattle-thief on the Mexican border, laughing in the midst of his gang of seventeen murderous thieves. In all his forty years of raids it never had been so easy before. There was not even the necessity of considering an ambush of the young inspector of customs. He was too harmless to shoot. So Carrasco, and many of his calling, ran herds of Mexican cattle right over the detestable tariff wall of the detestable *yanquis*; ran droves of horses, bands of sheep, leaving trails which they no longer took the trouble to hide. The United States Government had changed its standard for mounted inspectors of customs. It had to have scholars on the job.

Back in the country where the Texans grazed their lean herds, a feeling of resentment swelled against a government that set book knowledge above the craft of the plains. Finally they appealed to the adjutant-general of Texas:

"Send some rangers down here to stop this smuggling and stealing. We've got too many brains on the job. We've got to have some common sense."

That was how it came about that two Texas rangers faced Antonio Carrasco and his seventeen thieves some time in December of 1910. One of them picked up a three-weeks'-old trail of smuggled cattle, followed it more than a month, and captured the contraband stock away up in the interior of the state. The other made himself comfortable with salt-sulphur water and the shelter of his sombrero, keeping his eye on the grizzly old fox across the river, who has the blood of more than one American officer of the law upon his hands.

The raids of smugglers and thieves across the river ceased. Carrasco, wise in his forty years' experience with the Texas rangers, disappeared among the mountains of his native land.

All of which has been set down merely to clinch what they maintain on the borderland of Texas—that one ranger, anywhere he is put, is equal to a company of militia.

For there are still rangers in Texas; they are still mounting guard on the shores of the Rio Grande. Through many a long year they have kept the still watches there, while civilization and safety have come to the other frontiers of the nation, while corn and alfalfa have sprung above the ruins of the western outposts of yesterday, which crumbled to decay in the security they had

won. But along the Rio Grande there is no security.

*Pre-c-haps you have a mother, likewise a sister too.
Pre-c-haps you have a sweet wife to weep and
mourn for you.*

*If this be your situation, although you love to roam,
I advise you by experience, you'd better stay at
home.*

Because the raw edge of Texas along the big bend of the Rio Grande is no place for you. They do their shooting and slashing along there with much the same old color of other days. For the lawless sift down there from the rest of the country as naturally as the rivers of Texas run toward the sea.

The Texas ranger. Romance wreathes the name, poetry rises in dreamy mist around it. Davy Crockett and the men who died with him in the cloisters of the Alamo were Texas rangers; and those who fought that vengeful day at San Jacinto, where they shouted, "Remember the Alamo!"—they were rangers, too. And when we think of the Texas rangers, knowing this, we think of them as brave shadows drawing away into the dimness of times long past, as part of the romance of life which we came too late to share.

And, indeed, there are only two companies of rangers now in service, each company numbering seven men. Fourteen altogether, where a few years ago there were four companies comprising two hundred and sixty men, and where in the old days Texas had a thousand in the field. Away back in 1832 the Texas rangers had their beginning, and they bore the burden of the conflict when that vast block of country separated itself from Mexico, becoming an independent republic. In 1839 the congress of the republic of Texas, moved by Indian atrocities, provided rangers for frontier defense, and since that time Texas, through all its vicissitudes, has maintained this force out of the public funds.

Rangers are, in a word, state police, under command of the adjutant-general, who do in Texas what the militia does in other states in times of disorder, in addition to their daily work of running down cattle-thieves, highway robbers, murderers, and other desperadoes. There are counties on the border of Texas in which the district judges fear to hold court without the protection of rangers, and cattle men along the



TEXAS RANGERS EQUIPPED FOR SCOUTING. THEY ARE MOSTLY YOUNG MEN WHO HAVE GROWN UP IN THE SADDLE, BRED TO THE CRAFT OF THE PLAINS.



CHARLES R. MOORE, COMPANY A. THERE IS STILL A DASH AND A COLOR OF ROMANCE ALONG THE RIO GRANDE; BUT THE DAY OF THE TEXAS RANGER IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

line would be driven to ruin by thieves were it not for the fear of these far-riding men, which is there the most effective law.

Without the rangers Texas never would have become a cattle country, with a fame reaching around the globe. Cattle-thieves in the early days of the industry were a pest of tremendous menace. Captain L. H. McNelly's famous company of forty rangers alone made two thousand arrests of cattle-thieves—not counting those killed in fight—between 1875 and 1878. Though conditions could not now become as bad as they were then, even if the rangers were disbanded, cattle-thieves would soon drive the border herdsmen out of business if the fear of this efficient force was not always before their eyes.

For changes have come slowly along the Rio Grande del Norte, and they must come slowly for many a long future year. It is a land of almost unbroken drought. The river does not carry enough water—it is practically dry along more than half its course for months together—to irrigate its magnificent valley. Near El Paso, where its thick, red waters are diverted by canals, some spots of green are to be seen. Then follow miles upon miles of toilsome white plains, where lean-flanked cattle snip the sparse grass and thorny shrubs. At Laredo again,

where the sanguinary stream has been replenished by some tributaries of consequence, unfolds a marvelous scene of productiveness, then blankness once more, save in spots, until the rich Brownsville district is reached.

All taken together, the watered and tilled area of the Rio Grande valley is but a little patch of green upon the great map of Texas. And the waste places are the breaches in the frontier through which the thieves and murderers and smugglers of both nations pass, preying in their world-old ways upon those who defy both nature and man by living in these wastes which lie snarling at the sterile skies. It is nine hundred miles in a line from El Paso to Brownsville; following the river, twice that. This big frontier always has been troublesome to Texas. It is there that the principal work of the rangers lay in the past—there that the need of them will remain for years to come.

And there the last of the rangers ride, a long, thin line, facing the same danger of shot from hidden foe as the men who rode before them, going almost always to the same sudden, unshriven end.

If you visit the ranger camp near Ysleta, Captain John R. Hughes will greet you at the door of the low adobe house, a little red

necktie tucked back under the collar of his blue flannel shirt, in a fashion that passed away thirty years ago. And as he looms largely before you in the doorway, you will face one of the most notable figures in ranger history—a Chevalier Bayard of the Southwest. A great, brown man, tanned and toughened by desert sun and wind, a slender black mustache, drooping at the corners of his mouth, he seems a figure from some seasoned old Flemish canvas.

For twenty-five years Captain Hughes has been riding the Texas range, longer by many years than any man now in the service. He is ranking captain, commanding Company A, with permanent headquarters near Ysleta, a village marking the oldest settlement in Texas, clustered around an



Photograph by Burge, El Paso, Texas.

JOSEPH SETTER, A FAMOUS EX RANGER, NOW MOUNTED
INSPECTOR OF CUSTOMS IN THE EAGLE PASS DISTRICT.

adobe church built by the Spanish priests more than three hundred years ago. Just across from the village, in Mexico, the country breaks into mountains back from the river, making a safe retreat for smugglers and brigands. Ysleta has been a favored crossing-place for a long time, and rangers in the past watched it as the rangers are watching there to-day.

Hughes settled near Austin many years ago, with the intention of becoming a rancher, and perhaps he would have carried out his intention if the operations of a gang of horse-thieves had not set moving a circle of circumstances that finally led him to enlist as a ranger. He had spent his boyhood and early youth with traders among the tribes of Indian Territory, coming out of his adventures there with a stiffness in his right arm which is still responsible for his using a revolver with his left hand.

It was in 1884 that the Craven gang, also known as the Johnson brothers, visited his community, picking up a good horse here and there from the homesteads of struggling ranchers. Considering Hughes a harmless, helpless tenderfoot, they carried away his entire drove, save the horse he was riding on the range that day.

Made almost bankrupt at the beginning of his Texas career by this clean sweep, Hughes tried to organize a company of men among his neighbors to pursue and exterminate the robbers. But his neighbors' losses had not been heavy enough to call them out on the notorious Johnson brothers' trail. So Hughes turned his few head of cattle over to another rancher to watch, and took up the trail of the thieves alone.

They had a long start, and they were hard riders. For weeks he followed them, across the interior of Texas, into the Panhandle, across the drear Llano Estacado, where habitations were long leagues apart and provisions hard to get. For days together he did not see a human being. Through weeks of short rations he stuck to the trail, on toward the western line of Texas. The chase had lengthened into months, and had led him



RANGER Q. B. CARNES, WHO WAS KILLED IN THE AMBUSH OF SAN BONITO.

into the interior of New Mexico, when he overtook them.

There had been three men in the gang all the way—Hughes could read that on the ground as he rode. When he overtook them there were but two, one having branched off on a scout of some kind. What happened there in that silent land, without a human abode within one hundred and fifty miles, nobody but Captain Hughes knows, and he never has told it all. When it was over, one of the Johnson brothers lay dead upon the plain, the other was riding for his life, and the whole herd of horses was in the hands of the young rancher who would not sit quietly by and be robbed like a gentleman.

Hughes, unassisted as he had come, headed the horses back for Texas and began the long drive home. He made it, with what hardships, sleepless watches, hungry and thirsty days; what tortures of weariness, what dragging weeks of anxiety—never knowing when the rallied band of thieves might strike—no man who has not ridden in hardship and peril can conceive. But he made it, delivering the horses to their owners, who had been too busy to go out and help him fetch them home.

When Hughes rode up to the door of his weed-hemmed cabin and made some compu-



CAPTAIN HUGHES, OF WHOM IT IS SAID THAT HE NEVER TAKES THE TRAIL OF A MAN OR A BAND OF MEN THAT HE DOES NOT LAND THEM LIVING OR DEAD.



Photograph by Burge, El Paso, Texas.

RANGERS IN EL PASO TO PREVENT THE FITZSIMMONS-MAHER PRIZE-FIGHT, 1896. MANY OF THESE MEN HAVE SINCE BEEN KILLED.



A PARTY OF RANGERS IN CAMP. IT IS MAINTAINED ON THE BORDERLAND OF TEXAS THAT ONE RANGER, ANYWHERE HE IS PUT, IS EQUAL TO A COMPANY OF MILITIA.



J. W. SAUNDERS, A FAMOUS RANGER, NOW MOUNTED INSPECTOR OF CUSTOMS ON THE BORDER, HAULING WATER TO CAMP IN SOUTHWESTERN TEXAS.

tations, he found that he had been absent one year, and had traveled a conservative total of three thousand miles.

If you should ask Captain Hughes to tell you about the chase and battle, as the writer did one dun winter day in the adobe cabin at Ranger Camp, he would produce a scrap-book filled with curious things, turn to a certain page, place it before you, and point to a little clipping from a San Antonio paper of some day in 1885.

"CHASED THIEVES THREE THOUSAND MILES"

it is headed. And it covers the story in about twenty lines. "That's too much," says Captain Hughes. In three lines of long-hand across a foolscap sheet, he has reported to the adjutant-general many a fight in which four or five men were killed.

That was the post-graduate course which Texas put Hughes through, following his training among the Indians, to fit him for a place in the ranks of the rangers.

Nobody knows how many outlawed men Hughes has accounted for in his long career as a ranger, for he will not admit that he ever killed a man in his life, save the horse-thief in the wilderness of New Mexico. Men who have known him many years say he doubtless has closed the books for at least a dozen desperadoes in the quick, close-range fights following his pursuit of duty. In all his twenty-five years as a ranger he never has been wounded, but his record is that he never missed his mark in a fight, and that he never takes the trail of a man or a band of men that he does not land them living or dead.

Captain Hughes says, smiling his infrequent smile, that this reputation has given him a great deal of trouble. "For I have to make good on it, you see," says he. The most "comical" example of this, as the captain terms it, was an adventure with a band of train robbers about ten years ago, which got Hughes into what he declares was the

riskiest scrape in his life on the frontier.

Word came to him at Ysleta one day that several men were making headquarters in the Glass Mountains, doing a good deal of boasting about trains they had robbed and were going to rob. Rumors of this kind being frequently unfounded, Hughes went to Alpine, Texas, to look the matter up, not expecting it to develop. It chanced in that case to be true. The local weekly paper printed a story reassuring the citizens. Captain Hughes, the man who never failed, was there on the bandits' track.

"After the paper said that, of course I had to go out and get them," said he.

The bandits had come in from New Mexico. Hughes and two rangers tracked them eighty miles over rocks and hard soil, where even a shod horse didn't leave a trail that an inexperienced person could see, overtaking them in the Davis Mountains. The bandits, three in number, had come to a stand on top of a hill eight hundred feet high, presenting a steep front on one side, and running back in a chain of knuckles on the other.

Hughes had picked up several cowboys on the way. Some of these he sent, with his two rangers, to cut off the robbers' retreat, meaning to storm the hill in front with those remaining. There wasn't a rock or a shrub on the steep hillside behind which a man could find shelter, while the top, where the outlaws lay, was covered with tall grass which shrouded them completely. Hughes gave the word and started on a run up the hill. But his charge was unsupported, his cowboy allies not relishing such a plain tempting of Fate, with every chance of being shot, and no chance at all of shooting anybody in return. They rode away and left him to the job; but Hughes didn't know it until he reached the top.

He plunged on over hummocks and ant-hills and knots of grass, tacking, ducking, swerving, while bullets were tearing down the mountainside as thick as bumblebees. One fellow at the top stood up to get a bet-



THE RANGER BROTHER OF THE DEAD CARNES
RIDES UP AND DOWN THE RIO GRANDE.
JACINTO TREVINO MUST PAY.

ter aim on the big ranger, who seemed to wade right through their river of bullets. It was a foolish move, for somebody shot him. Hughes doesn't say who did it, but there wasn't anybody but himself on the hillside with a gun.

When Hughes got to the top, the other two bandits had retreated to a shrubby fringe a hundred yards or so beyond, down the other side, where their horses were tied. Hughes looked back for his supporters and saw them disappearing in front of a cloud of dust. Winded, but untouched, he lay down to gather his breath before moving to drive the outlaws from their shelter.

"If I had a gun, mister, I'd help you," he heard a thin voice say behind him.

Turning, he saw a pale, frail boy, panting from the exertion of his run up the hill. Hughes looked at him in amazement, having never seen him before. The bandits were firing at them from the brush down the slope. "Lie down, boy," cried Hughes, "or they'll get you!"

"That dead man's got a gun," said the boy, "and if you'll let me I'll go and get it."

Hughes nodded permission. Presently the boy was back with the rifle and cartridge belt. "Now, if you'll show me where to shoot," said he, "I'll shoot."

"There's a man behind that bush down there," directed Hughes; "shoot at that."

The boy fired. A man sprang from behind the bush and started to run for another cover, but somebody shot him. There was nobody else there with a gun but Hughes, so maybe it was Hughes. The remaining bandit, dodging from cover to cover, ran for his horse. By that time the men sent by Hughes to cut off the retreat had reached the hilltop, and everybody cut loose at the man who was trying to get away. But he seemed to have borrowed Hughes's luck. He made it to his horse and started off.

A led pack-mule was tethered to the bandit's saddlehorn, and the animal dragged like an anchor. It was poor ground for getting away over by horseback at the best, and with the handicap of the tugging mule the case seemed hopeless; but the bandit was unable to unfasten the rope and he had lost his knife. So there he hung, on the mountainside, a fair target, anchored by a mule, the rope by which the beast was tied stretching like a fiddle-string behind him.

In the storm of bullets which beat around him, one found the rope and bit it like the

slash of a knife, setting the stubborn mule free. The outlaw—he was Bert Humphries, a notorious train robber—spurred his horse down a rocky cañon and escaped.

Hughes questioned the lad who had followed him, unharmed, up the mountain in the face of the bandits' fire. The boy said he was sixteen years old, a visitor at a nearby ranch. His home was in the East, and he had come to Texas because of his lungs. He saw the rangers pass the ranch and followed them to see the fun of the fight.

"But I nearly got hurt," said he, looking down at his trouser legs, which had been pierced by bullets in seven places. None of them had touched him. In the hurried departure on Bert Humphries's trail Hughes lost sight of the boy, whose name he has never learned.

Hughes trailed Humphries for ten days, and caught him. He is in prison in New Mexico now. The two men who were killed in the mountain fight were Jude and Arthur Friar, train-robbers, murderers of the worst type the Southwest has produced.

Captain Hughes once put down an insurrection in Mexico single-handed. This is the story:

Victor Ochoa was a Mexican revolutionist. He had slain men in pistol duels, he was a roystering, roaring, bad-minded ruffian, who had the greatest contempt for Americans and all things American, repeating rifles and ammunition alone excepted. In the fall of 1894 Ochoa was engaged in fomenting a rebellion in Mexico. He had organized a strong following, carrying on his work in Texas, and was only awaiting the arrival of arms to hurl the *revoltosos* against Diaz.

Mexico had complained of Ochoa's activity on United States territory, and the United States wanted him. Ochoa boasted that no living man could take him. He fought sheriffs and constables, leaving a trail of terror wherever he passed. One day he walked into a Texas town, shot a Mexican editor in a street fight, and walked out again.

Captain Hughes undertook the job of rounding up Ochoa. The Mexican was hopping back and forth across the river like a flea, but one day Hughes met him on the street at Fort Stockton. People who knew both of them began to get behind things. Ochoa approached Hughes, looking his most terrible, his hand upon his weapon. Hughes walked on to meet him, making no move

toward defense. When they came face to face Ochoa stopped, stepping back suddenly as if to shoot. Hughes placed his hand upon the big Mexican's shoulder. "I want you, Victor," said he.

"All right, señor," answered the Mexican, his face the color of an unbaked tortilla, forgetting all about his big talk and the big gun at his side. Hughes had not even placed his hand upon his weapon. But Ochoa knew that if the ranger went that far, there wouldn't be any future event. Ochoa was convicted of breaking the neutrality laws, and his rebellion faded like a sun cloud which lifts in face of the Texas desert.

It used to be the belief in Texas, as it has been elsewhere before and since, that it takes the roughest kind of men to do rough work, such as fighting battles and maintaining the peace. For that reason the ranks of the old-time rangers were open to any brigand, thief, cattle-rustler, or smuggler who desired to obtain the absolution of society by fighting on its side. The line was drawn at murderers, but anybody else was welcome.

In this particular, standards have changed since the days of Torrey and McNelly. The ranger service now requires men of high class, morally and intellectually. There are no swearing swaggerers, no hard drinkers, no indiscriminate shooters among them now. They are mostly young men who have grown up in the saddle, bred to the craft of the plains. And not only that. They must be as well able to follow a man's trail in the devious windings of city ways as on the open plain, for their duties lead them everywhere.

A bloodhound is not more unfailing to the scent than a ranger to the trail of a man whom he sets out to take. The comparison is even unjust to the ranger, for a bloodhound's cunning fails when the trail grows cold, while the ranger will pick up the track after years. Unless a man has sufficient lead to carry him over the border, he will be taken, alive or dead. If taken alive, he will be sound and whole; if shot, he will be carried away in a box, for rangers do not merely wound. In every report of the adjutant-general on the work of the ranger force will be seen notations like this:

Killed in resisting arrest—so many.

Attempts to arrest—none.

Wounded in resisting arrest—none.

There is one case on record where rangers wounded a man. It happened in Starr County several years ago, and this was the way of it:

Certain influential citizens who had reason to fear District Judge Welch's action in a case in which they were involved, hired two Mexicans to assassinate him. They received twenty-five dollars each for the deed, which almost caused a riot among their relatives and friends, because the price was below the established scale. No one ever had killed a man in that community before for less than thirty-five dollars. The deed itself was not condemned, but the price-cutting was decried bitterly.

The local sheriff, unable to restore order, called for the rangers. Four of them set out from the nearest railroad point in what is called in southern Texas a hack—a heavy spring wagon with canvas top and open sides—for the town where the judge had been slain. A hack-load of Mexicans, in the employ of the eminent citizens who had paid for the taking off of the judge, went out to meet the rangers with the intention of ambushing them by night and killing them at one stroke. Owing to a slip in their calculations, they met the rangers unexpectedly at a turn of the road, while it was yet broad daylight.

"*Los Americanos! Tiralos! tiralos!*"* shouted the Mexicans, jumping from their hack and opening fire as they ran for the brush. Before they could either find cover or do any damage, five of them were dead and, by an unaccountable blunder on some ranger's part, the remaining one was wounded.

It was a terrible blow to the pride and traditions of the rangers. They took charge of the crippled Mexican, attending him until he recovered. Then, feeling that something was due him, they not only succeeded in having him exempted from prosecution, but secured a commission as deputy sheriff for him, a position which he filled with honor for many years.

They captured the two Mexicans who had killed Judge Welch. The culprits made a full confession, but the judge before whom they were taken held that, as there was nobody by whom it could be proved that they were telling the truth, there was no case against the progressive citizens behind the plot.

The rangers have sufficient reason for

*"The Americans! Shoot them! shoot them!"

making a clean job of it when they start out to take a man. The incident must be closed for good and all, for it does not pay to carry open accounts with the *ladrones* of the border. The evil that one escaped bandit may do is illustrated in the ambushade of San Bonito on the night of August 31, 1910—one of the most dramatic incidents in recent ranger history.

Jacinto Trevino, son of a general in the Mexican army, had killed a constable in San Bonito and escaped across the river. Disorder among several hundred Mexican laborers employed on an irrigation project on the American side had grown out of the killing. Rangers Q. B. Carnes and Pat Craighead had been sent there to restore order. They were in camp at San Bonito when Pablo Trevino, a cousin of the fugitive, employed by the irrigation company, reported to his employers that Jacinto and his friends had planned to waylay and rob the company's pay automobile, which was to go that night to a camp several miles below with money to pay off the men next day.

Pablo said that he had been counted in by his cousin to bear a part in the ambushade, murder of the guards, and robbery; but he proposed, out of friendliness for the Americans, to betray Jacinto, provided he was allowed a share of the reward offered for the murderer's capture. The officers at San Bonito agreed to this, and Pablo Trevino gave them what he claimed to be the particulars of the plot.

Preparation was made by a posse of ten to set out for the place of ambushade in two automobiles at midnight. When it came to leaving, a speculator could have bought a job lot of shrunken courage for a little or nothing from that posse of ten. That shrinkage accounted for a hurried invitation to the two rangers, who were camped by the river, attending to their own affairs. The officers of the county, as well as the citizens of the town, had looked upon the presence of the rangers as a slap at their valor and honor; but two rangers were mighty comforting and warming to the spirits on an occasion like this.

Craighead, Carnes, and Earl West, a young man visiting them in camp, went with the posse, although the rangers had no faith in the word of Pablo Trevino, believing the whole scheme a plot to draw the town's defenders away so the Mexicans could rob the bank. They went along just to show their

willingness to cooperate with the local authorities.

When they arrived at the designated point, a crossroads near the river three miles below the village, the leader of the posse split the party into bunches, placing Ranger Carnes and Deputy Sheriff Henry Lawrence in the road up which the outlaws were to come (according to the program of Pablo Trevino) and sending Craighead and West to a point on the other road several hundred yards away. It was a thick, clammy night, clouded, close. There wasn't a breath in the bosk at the roadside, not even the rasp of a leaf.

Craighead and West had been at their post but a few minutes when shooting began at the crossroads. The shots came so rapidly they could not be counted, continuing the few seconds it took Craighead and West to run to the point where they had left Carnes and Lawrence. When they arrived there, everything was as still as before. Carnes and Lawrence were not in sight, but some one was groaning in the deep shadows a few rods down the road. Craighead crept to the wounded man, recognizing him as Carnes by his cartridge belt. Near him in the road lay Lawrence, dead.

Believing that Carnes's life might be saved if help reached him soon, Craighead ran to a telephone shanty on the bank of the irrigation canal half a mile away. He found four members of the posse huddled in the corner of the shack, crowding together like rabbits in a box. Craighead arranged for two doctors and several armed men to come to their assistance in an automobile from San Bonito. To make sure that the relief party would not run past the crossroads and miss them, Craighead told them that he would fire four shots from his automatic rifle, rapidly, when he heard them drawing near. This signal was agreed upon, and Craighead and West went back to watch beside their wounded comrade, knowing full well that Jacinto Trevino, with the aid of his crafty cousin, had led them into that brush-hemmed lane for slaughter.

Carnes was still alive when they reached his side the second time, raving in fragmentary speech. Craighead, incautious in his desire to glean from the dying man's lips any message he might be trying to leave, spoke to him aloud. At the sound of his voice a rifle clicked in the brush at the roadside a few rods ahead. The ranger and his com-

panion threw themselves flat in the road as the hidden man fired. His bullet cleared them. Both fired at the flash of his gun, their fire locating them for others lying in the brush behind them. In the assault from that quarter West was put out of the fight by a shot through the right shoulder and arm.

Craighead raised himself slightly as he turned to the hidden enemy in the rear. A charge of buckshot splintered the woodwork of his gun, tearing off the end of one finger, but did not cripple the mechanism of the rifle. The ranger emptied his magazine into the brush, and the fire ceased. West, bleeding rivulets, said he must have water, and that he would try to crawl to the irrigation ditch not far distant. He started, falling back at the roadside with a groan. Craighead, believing that he was dead, pulled him into the brush and returned to his position in the road, beside Carnes, to wait for the help he had summoned.

He did not know when a bullet from the brush might stretch him there; he did not dare to strike a match to see how or where Carnes was shot, and he could do nothing to relieve his pain. But there was a greater service to be rendered his comrade by remaining at his side. Jacinto Trevino had caught bigger game than he had expected. A Texas ranger lay gasping his life away, and the duty of collecting the toll from Jacinto Trevino and his men had come down to Pat Craighead, to be passed on to his comrades if he should fall. So Craighead waited, his rifle across his thigh, for a flash from the bosk.

The posse which had organized with so much talk was scattered. Every man of them, save Lawrence, who lay dead in the road, had gone scooting through the brush at the first fire.

It was about one o'clock when Craighead telephoned for help; but the relief party did not reach the place of the ambush until dawn. When the ranger heard them approaching cautiously in the automobile, stopping every little while, he fired the four shots, as agreed. A few seconds later, the automobile, plunging on at full speed, flashed past him on the crossroads. Several hundred yards beyond, it stopped. Craighead, believing that they had understood his signal, walked toward them, shouting: "This is Craighead, the ranger."

Several armed men got out of the automo-

bile, waiting in the road as Craighead approached. When he came within shotgun range they fired on him, without challenge or hail. He fell, his thighs cut to pieces by charges of buckshot from seven guns.

The femoral artery in Craighead's left leg was cut by a shot, his hips were riddled, his right thigh was torn almost to shreds. The doctors, believing that he would die, gave him crude emergency treatment, loaded him into the automobile, and carried him to the nearest house. It seemed a waste of time to dress his wounds, he was so thoroughly shot to pieces.

He did not die. But the men who shot him counted so confidently on the doctors' prediction that none of them took the trouble to tell how he came to be shot. It was reported in the local paper that the Mexican outlaws did it in the ambush. Not until many weeks later, when Craighead, in a San Antonio hospital, was able to talk, was the true account of the tragedy known. And then the ranger, eager to shield the men whose blunder had caused him so much suffering and made a cripple of him for life, confided the facts to only a few relatives and friends.

It was not until long after sunrise that anybody could kindle courage enough to go to the crossroads in the thicket to learn what had become of the three missing men. Carnes was still breathing when they found him stretched by the body of Lawrence. They said he started as if to spring to his feet when some brave man in the party stood near and fired a rifle over his body, thus expressing defiance to Jacinto Trevino and his men, then miles away and out of hearing. West was found in the brush where Craighead had hidden him, unconscious and all but dead. He has recovered since.

In the brush by the roadside, crouching upon his knees, in the spot where the click of the rifle had warned Craighead and West of an enemy, the body of traitor Pablo Trevino was found. The lever of his repeating rifle was half-thrown, a cartridge just entering the barrel. In his breast were nine bullets from Pat Craighead's rifle, one of them through his heart.

"One," counted the rangers, bent now on collecting toll.

That morning a horse recognized as belonging to Pancho Ballie, a notorious Mexican horse-thief, was seen tied up at a ranch several miles below the scene of the ambus-

cade. It had been ridden hard. Ballie lived far down the river from that point. His presence in that vicinity was a suspicious circumstance, which set the friends of the dead and wounded rangers upon his track.

A day or two later Bill Whitley, a peace officer in a border county, entered a saloon in a village near the home of Pancho Ballie. Ballie was drinking at the bar. He turned to his comrades: "That *cabrón* [an insulting term] is the cousin of Henry Lawrence, who was killed in the San Bonito fight." As he spoke he reached for his revolver. Bill Whitley was a second quicker. Pancho Ballie paid his reckoning there.

"Two," counted the rangers, who had come to San Bonito to take up the trail.

There was a bad Mexican named Valentine Nyola at San Bonito. When the rangers first went there to keep the peace, he sent word that the place wasn't big enough for him and them. "Then I reckon you'll have to leave," was the message returned by Pat Craighead. Nyola hung around the saloons, drinking heavily, for several days after the shooting. One afternoon Ranger Charles Craighead, brother of the wounded Pat, went into a laundry kept by an old Mexican woman. Back of the door he saw a man lying on a cot, his hat over his face, apparently asleep. The ranger turned to speak to the old woman, who was ironing at the other side of the room.

"Look out, Charlie!" she screamed, dropping her iron and running for the back door. Craighead turned, to face Nyola, who had crept from the couch, with a long knife, beaten from a farrier's rasp, in his hand. Nyola made a long, sweeping slash at the ranger, who sprang back, avoiding it. The Mexican had put so much confidence and power into the blow that he could not check it when it missed its mark. The knife-point buried itself in his own breast, above the heart, leaving a deep wound. At that moment the ranger fired, the heavy revolver ball sending the Mexican reeling back a pace. But he came on again, agile as an acrobat. His second blow, which was his last, rent the ranger's shirt from shoulder to waist, but did not reach the flesh. Nyola fell, four bullets in his body.

The rangers checked off "three."

But there remain Jacinto Trevino and at least three others from whom the toll of life must be collected. And they will pay, as all others have paid, sooner or later, accord-

ing to the rangers' inexorable creed.

It was necessary to cut off Pat Craighead's left leg because there was no blood to feed the foot. His right leg was numb and lifeless for months, but he finally left the hospital, to find that the ranger force had been reduced and his company disbanded, the surviving members divided between the only two companies left in the service. He had not been included in the transfer, and was out of a job.

Through the efforts of Captain Hughes, Craighead was transferred to his command. And that is how he comes to be back in the ranger camp, limping, patched, full of hope that he may scout again some day.

The ranger brother of the dead Carnes, spare of speech, grim-set about the lips, rides up and down the long reaches of the red Rio Grande, his camp outfit behind his saddle, his rifle under the hollow of his knee.

Jacinto Trevino must pay.

So there is still a dash and a color of romance along the Rio Grande. But the day of the Texas ranger is drawing to a close. The sheriffs of the border counties believe that they can do the work done by the rangers—although the test of time shows that they can not—and people in the northern and eastern parts of the state object to paying the rangers forty dollars a month and their keep, protesting that it makes their taxes high.

The yearly appropriation for the ranger force at present is twenty-five thousand dollars. The value of stolen cattle recovered by the rangers and returned to their owners every year far exceeds the amount of the appropriation; and the fees of sheriffs doing the work, even if they could do it, would make a much greater bill.

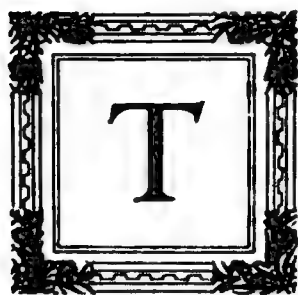
But it is getting too late in the day for romance and knights errant riding abroad righting the wrongs of the oppressed, fighting the fights of the weak. That doesn't fit, somehow, with modern sentiment and Joe Bailey. So they soon will muster out the gallant little band. That is inevitable. Stylish Texas, away from the border, with its Carnegie libraries and swallow-tailed coats, considers the rangers a reproach upon its refinement. It will not be long until the lonesome winds along the Rio Grande will stream sand of the waste places into the last brave rider's tracks, blotting out the Texas ranger's trail forever.

The KING of the ELBOW

BY · GEORGE · RANDOLPH · CHESTER

Author of "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD," "THE MAKING OF BOBBY BURNIT," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER



HE king awoke with a well-defined idea of resenting the interference of the doctor. The arm that he tried to lift, however, seemed strangely weak.

"What's the matter?"

he asked with a whine.

"Nothing much," said the young doctor. "Bull Bailey just knocked you cold; that's all."

"And that's another lie!" announced his ex-majesty, rising so strongly in his bed that the restraining hand was momentarily loosened.

With a touch that seemed gentle but that in reality tingled with muscular vitality, the doctor, a student of sociology as well as of medicine, pressed his charity patient back upon the pillow and considered him with a certain degree of admiration. With his blue eyes and his brown hair, Johnnie Dugan looked strangely innocent here against the spotless white of the linen, in spite of his square-cut features and his bulldog jaw; but the doctor knew him for what he was—a magnificent human animal, built entirely for battle, and an all-round "tough citizen."

"Look here, Johnnie," said the doctor; "you can't fight me just now, so I'm going to tell you the truth. You're no good. Do you want to know why Bull Bailey licked you? It's because your muscles are soft and flabby; because you've laid

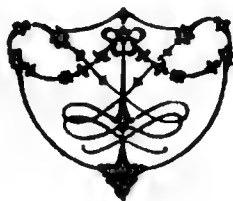
around for a year without exercise; because you're down and out, and the rest of your gang knows it. Anybody can lick you now!"

Johnnie Dugan lay and thought that over a long, long time. He knew that the doctor was right. He knew that it had been many, many moons since the strength of his mere physical self had earned for him supremacy in Elbow Alley. He knew, too, as he thought it over, that Bull Bailey and he had come to the supreme struggle for the possession of blonde Flo Dillon, and that Bull Bailey had won. He groaned and felt his muscles tenderly. They were flabby, as the doctor had said; flabby and soft and useless. His reign had been a "bluff" for the past year, and now it was over.

"Exercise; that's it," he repeated musingly. "Say, doc," he finally concluded, "what kind of exercise will I take to put it all over this big stiff?"

"Work," said the doctor, rising. "That's the only exercise which will properly knit any man's muscles. Go get you a job in an iron mill, work there six months, don't drink, don't go out nights, sleep eight hours a day, and when you get through I'll guarantee you can whip Bull Bailey, because he's run down, too."

Johnnie Dugan had two weeks to think that over; two weeks in which there twice came to him flowers, which showed him that he was not utterly forgotten of Flo. The girl herself, however, did not come near him, and it dawned gradually upon



Johnnie that the flowers were sent him in mere pity, spiced with derision. That, perhaps, was the very last straw, the one thing which helped him to decide. He had to lick Bull Bailey or die!

On the day of his discharge from the hospital, the doctor came around to see him. Johnnie was a little pale and still weak, but, for all that, he looked considerably better, as the doctor pointed out to him, than upon the day of his admission to Ward G.

"Well," said Johnnie, "I've been thinking it over, and I'm going to cut it all out. I'm going to duck clear away from where anybody knows me, drop out the booze thing, and go to work."

The doctor laughed. "I'm glad to hear it," he said. "If you try it out a while, I think you'll like it so well that you'll never come back."

"I'll be back in just six months," declared Johnnie. "I got to lick Bull Bailey—see?"

"I see," returned the doctor, smiling. "To tell you the truth, Johnnie, I think you'll do it."

II

It was no trouble for Johnnie Dugan to get a job at the Russtown Steel Works.

"You're built strong, but you look a little weak," objected the foreman.

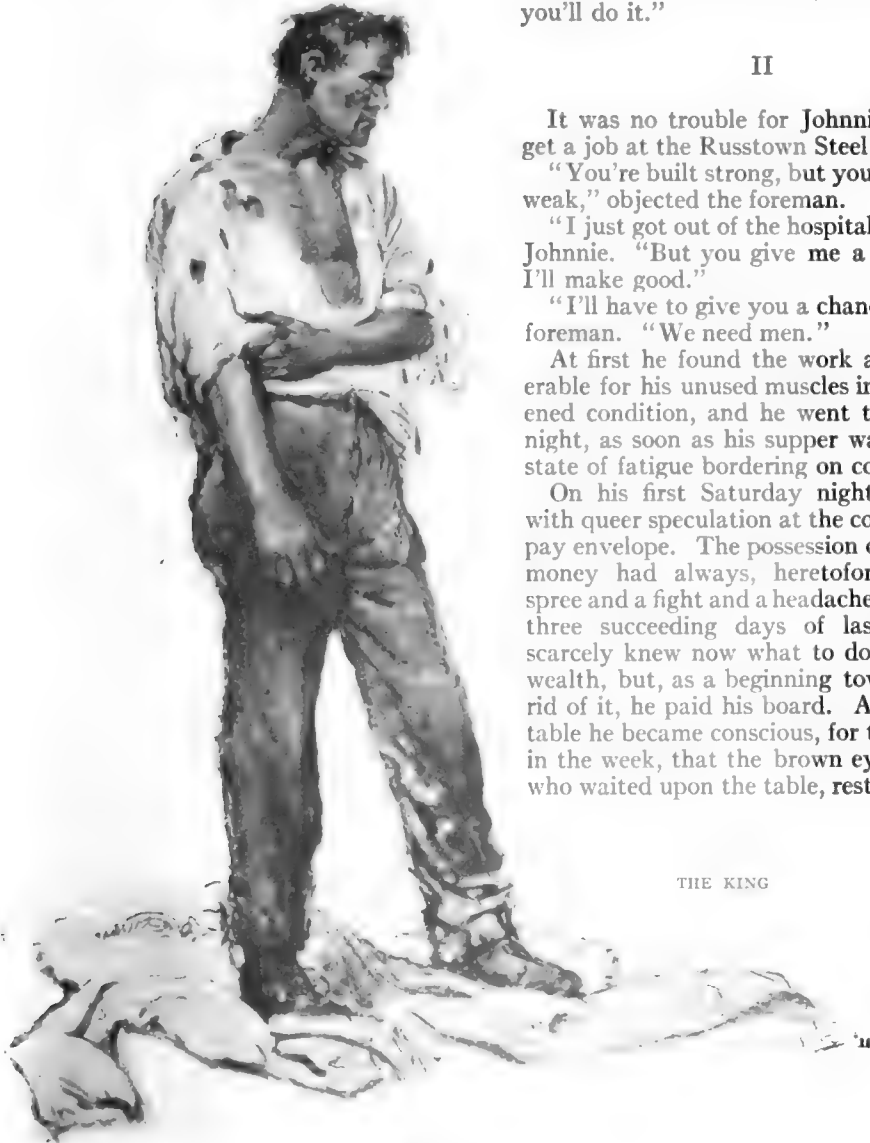
"I just got out of the hospital," explained Johnnie. "But you give me a chance and I'll make good."

"I'll have to give you a chance," said the foreman. "We need men."

At first he found the work almost intolerable for his unused muscles in their weakened condition, and he went to bed every night, as soon as his supper was over, in a state of fatigue bordering on coma.

On his first Saturday night, he looked with queer speculation at the contents of his pay envelope. The possession of that much money had always, heretofore, meant a spree and a fight and a headache, with two or three succeeding days of lassitude. He scarcely knew now what to do with all his wealth, but, as a beginning toward getting rid of it, he paid his board. At the supper table he became conscious, for the first time in the week, that the brown eyes of Tilda, who waited upon the table, rested upon him

THE KING



with a certain amount of interest, and at the same time he became curiously aware of the fact that his shoes were in a disgraceful condition. He went down-town and bought some shoes, also some new collars and a tie, and came home nearly penniless, but contented.

Before he bought the haberdashery, a strange incident occurred. Feeling the jingle of money in his pocket, he turned almost mechanically into a saloon and called for a glass of beer. Even as he gave the order, he realized that this was a dangerous thing to do. However, one would not hurt. The beer was there and he would drink it. He drew it toward him. A drunken man accidentally jostled him, and, in turning, Johnnie upset his glass. The bartender reached out for it quickly, and was about to fill it again, when Johnnie stopped him.

"Nix," said he. "Upsetting that was a hunch, pal. I'd forgot I was on the water-wagon. Make it seltzer."

After he returned to his boarding-house, he sat on the front stoop with a couple of the older boarders, and with Tilda. An intoxicated man went reeling past the house. Tilda expressed her opinion, with deep sorrow, of both drink and drinkers, and Johnnie thought uncomfortably of his own narrow escape. Of course, mild and gentle Tilda was not the vivacious Flo, by any manner of means, but she was a pretty girl, and healthy, and pleasant to have around. She was friendly to Johnnie, too, which helped him to get acquainted with his new environment. It helped enough that he ran into no more drinking temptations, but gradually accumulated new clothes and a feeling of righteous self-respect, which latter was so novel that it called for much self-analysis. Moreover, he acquired a physical condition which was a source of constant pride and delight. Every morning he felt his biceps with growing appreciation.

Working beside him in the mills was a man almost half a head taller and twenty pounds heavier, just about the size of Bull Bailey; and Johnnie figured, quite early in his employment, that when he could trounce this fellow, his training would be finished. He constantly tested himself by this man as by a pattern, trying to do as much work, trying to lift as much and carry as much, and, in the rough sports of the noon hour, trying to throw as far and to jump as far. Later on,

as he felt his growing strength, he tried wrestling matches with big Pete. At first, his chosen antagonist threw him with ease, then with increasing difficulty, until finally Johnnie considered himself a thorough match for the big fellow, and promptly picked a fight with him. Simple-hearted Pete never knew why Johnnie Dugan suddenly turned vicious toward him, but nevertheless he fought most valiantly. Johnnie's superior quickness, however, allied to his superior experience in such matters, won him an unexpectedly easy victory, and at the close of that week he bade good-by to Russtown.

Bidding good-by to Tilda was a harder proposition, he found. They had spent a great deal of time together, these two, and had found each other most companionable; and now that he came to leave her, there was a look in her eyes which he scarcely liked. It made him uncomfortable and a little conscience-smitten.

"I suppose you're coming back again?" she faltered.

"Well, I ain't just certain," Johnnie temporized; but he did not deceive her. She knew the dull truth as well as if he had told it to her, and the light died out of her eyes.

Coming back? Of course he wasn't coming back! He was going to lick Bull Bailey and any other rash contenders, and take his place as rightful king of the Elbow, remaining to sway and rule them as he had done in the old days. Why, he was good any day for over a hundred votes, and Boss Mulligan knew it!

III

Clad in a new suit of clothes and with more than fifty dollars in his pocket, Johnnie Dugan walked into Kelly's place at the Elbow and declared himself.

"The first thing I want to know," he announced, "is, where is Bull Bailey? I come a hundred miles to lick that big stiff, and I want to go right to it."

"Bull Bailey!" exclaimed Red Wells in amazement. "Say, fellows, what do you think?" he called to the others in the back room. "Here's Johnnie Dugan come back, all dolled up like Fi'th Avenue of a Sunday morning, and he's come back to lick Bull Bailey. Say, some o' youse go out and fetch Bull. I want to see it."

"Bull'll be around in a little bit," said

Patsy Brennan, with a strange choking sound. "I want to be in on that scrap myself. How are you, Johnnie? It's good to see you. Where you been?"

All at once Johnnie felt like an alien among these companions. Somehow they were not the same. Knowing every one of them, and their entire family and police histories, he still felt himself suddenly a stranger. There was, too, a suppressed air of hilarity about them that he neither understood nor liked. They crowded about him; they felt of his muscles; they urged him to buy them drinks. That last part was all right; he had expected to do that, and he "flashed his roll" with some pride in the size and amount of it. But he steadfastly refused to drink with them. If he intended to reassume leadership of these fellows, much depended upon his remaining in perfect condition; at least until after he had met his ancient enemy.

"Here's Bull Bailey!"

It was Red Wells who sang that out. Johnnie Dugan involuntarily stiffened himself as he quickly turned, looking past the cripple who was hobbling in at the door. No one else came in, however, and he wheeled angrily on Red and Patsy and the rest of them.

"Look here, youse," he said, "I'm sore on this kidding, and if there's much more of it I won't wait for Bull Bailey. I'll start in on some of you other fresh guys."

"Hello, Johnnie," wheezed a hollow voice at his ear, and, turning, he saw the worn, emaciated face of the cripple.

A shout apprised him of the tremendous joke that had been played upon him. This was the Bull Bailey whom he had come all this distance to thrash; poor down-and-out Bull Bailey, who had broken his leg while attempting a neat and fancy bit of second-story work! He had spent three months in the hospital and three in prison, and in addition to the roll-call of all his other woes he had contracted tuberculosis.

For a moment a mad, unreasoning rage possessed Johnnie Dugan as he saw his house of cards tumble down about his ears. He felt that in some way Bull Bailey had cheated him; that all his strenuous six months of training had gone for nothing. The passion that had sustained him was wasted. It had been heroic, this thing that he had done; he realized it now. But it was like swimming the Hellespont to get a handful of pebbles;

and the laughter of the other Elbow Alleyites was as gall and wormwood to him. They tossed their hats in the air; they danced and pranced and pushed each other; they pounded Johnnie upon the back as they howled and shrieked their extravagant appreciation of the joke; while Bull Bailey, when it was explained to him, grinned feebly and fell into a violent fit of coughing. Then he surveyed the swelling muscles beneath Johnnie's sleeves, the pink of his cheeks, the whiteness and the blueness of his clear eyes.

"Well, maybe you can do it," said he, adding the last straw; "but if you'll come out in the alley I'll try it with you."

"It's on me," admitted Johnnie, grinning sheepishly. "Gimme a scuttle o' suds, Kelly. What'll you have, boys?" and he drew toward him, with avid thirst, the first glass of beer in six months.

IV

In the morning Johnnie awoke to a new world of loathing and self-revilement. The ache in his head, it seemed, was only a part of the general bruised feeling that pervaded his entire body. He looked about him painfully, with slowly dawning remembrance of his surroundings. He was in the little store-room back of Kelly's saloon, a narrow, dingy, and dirty apartment, half filled with empty boxes, and he was lying upon a heap of excelsior, which was half covered with a moldy rug. With a groan he arose to a sitting posture, the splitting ache in his head so intensified by the movement that he closed his eyes and hastily pressed his fingers to his throbbing eyeballs. When he opened his eyes again, and had blinked with them into the light long enough to grow accustomed to it, he stopped, suddenly aghast at a new disaster. Upon his legs was a pair of the raggedest trousers he had ever worn, while shoes and coat and the balance of his costume were in disreputable keeping.

Unheeding now of the pain, he scrambled to his feet in dismay. If they, his friends, had made so complete a job of it as even to strip his new clothes from him, there was of course no need for him to look for any money in his pockets. He did look, nevertheless, and was rewarded for his careful search by finding just what he had expected—nothing! He sat upon one of the empty boxes and, putting his elbows upon his knees and his aching head between his palms, looked down

at his dilapidated shoes and thought it all over.

"Doped me!" he muttered. "I got too gay and they put the drops in my tea. They glommed me for my roll and shredded me, like I was any other Hick, and then they beat me up; they even threw the boots into me," and he felt tenderly of certain spots upon his thighs and ribs which could have been so bruised only by the impact of a heavy shoe.

Well, it served him right. He had come back with the announcement that he was the original wise boy, the big noise, and the whole works; so they had quite naturally thought it their duty to reduce the swelling in his head.

They should not get away with it! Sick as he was, he could whip any two men in the Elbow. His muscles were still there, and he felt for them as if to reassure himself. He paused, startled, in the very midst of that operation. Could it be possible that those iron sinews were less firm because of the one night's dissipation? Of course that was all nonsense, and he laughed at the idea; but nevertheless it made him thoughtful. He walked out into the saloon with sudden fierce determination. Kelly was behind the bar, and he looked at Johnnie with a trace of amusement upon his usually expressionless face.

"Good morning, Johnnie," he observed. "Sleep well?"

"Never knew a thing till I woke up," replied Johnnie, with a forced grin. He knew better than to voice any protest or ask any questions. It was not ethical to squeal at Kelly's. "I say, Kelly, you're going to stake me to a morning's morning, ain't you?"

Without a word Kelly set out the bottle of whisky, and Johnnie poured out a generous glass of the fiery liquor and swallowed it, while Kelly regarded him with interest from under bushy brows.

"Come back to stay, Johnnie?" asked Kelly, removing the bottle and glass and wiping up the bar perfunctorily, while he watched the stimulant restore Johnnie to himself.

"I have," announced Johnnie. "Is anybody putting up a holler about it?"

"You needn't get cocky with me," Kelly protested; "but if you've sure enough come back to stick, I can see where there's a bunch of lads laying up a little trouble for

themselves," and he smiled shrewdly to himself as he saw the grim line into which Johnnie's lips suddenly set themselves.

"Take it from me that I ain't saying what I'm goin' to do," protested Johnnie earnestly. "I blowed my bazzoo enough yesterday to last till next election. Have you seen Mulligan lately?"

Kelly gave a short little nod. "Not longer ago than last week Mulligan was asking about you, and wishing you was back. The precinct's all shot to pieces since you left."

Red Wells walked in at the door just then, and grinned as he saw Johnnie; but the grin did not last long, for Johnnie sauntered up to him, and, with a motion which seemed to be but a sudden twitch of his whole body, shot out his right arm to Red's jaw and dropped that surprised gentleman to the floor like a stricken beef.

"Tell Mulligan I'm back again, will you, Kelly?" observed Johnnie, as he went quietly out.

Down the alley Johnnie saw Patsy Brennan and "Crip the Dip." As a mere matter of business formality, he walked down there and "beat up" Patsy.

That was it, he reflected, as he went upon his satisfied way toward his old lodging-house, where he felt sure they would take him in and might even scrape up some better-looking clothes for him. He must pursue the old tactics—only with unusual vigor. He must cow this crowd and keep them cowed. He must thrash as many of them as possible, and as quickly, without explanation. He had come back to be the king of the Elbow, and this was the way to do it. He could, too! As he traced the devious alley turns which were to bring him back into Mother Hildred's obscure realm, he gloated over his new-born strength, rejoiced in the wonderful rejuvenation that had come to him at Russtown.

Russtown! He looked down at his shabby clothing with a sudden revulsion. He could not go back there now, if he wanted to—not in an outfit like this, at least. But those days had been good days, too. He remembered with a pang the pride that had made him dress neatly. Even saving his money to buy unnecessarily good clothes, and even—folly of follies!—unnecessarily good underlinen, came back to him now as a foolish joy that was dead, and he smiled over it indulgently, almost fondly. Those were good fellows at the mill, too—straight,



FOR A MOMENT A MAD, UNREASONING RAGE POSSESSED JOHNNIE DUGAN.

decent men, for the most part, who would be regarded as "easy marks" in the Elbow. A wave of resentment came over him at this way of thinking of those good, clean fellows.

Then there was Tilda! He cast her quickly out of his mind. Somehow or other he did not like to think of Tilda just now. No, he would not think of Tilda! Her eyes came before him, nevertheless; big, brown eyes, full of sympathy and wistfulness and tenderness—and deep mystery. Again he glanced down upon his disreputable clothing. Those eyes would look upon his tattered condition with wonder and sorrow, he knew, but never with scorn. Never that!

Swiftly, as if a thought entirely separate and aside, it came to him that, after all, it was an ambition of only trifling importance for him to become the king of the Elbow. He had seen other kings come and go, and they had all departed upon the same road. Only lusty youth had held that lordly post; and when youth and strength had passed, the kings went down and out and nobody remembered them. He himself had deposed a previous king—Tom Downy. And where was Tom Downy now? He was a "lifer." There comes to every conqueror that moment when he wonders if victory is worth while; but the blood answers that wonder with a leap at the merest hint of battle, and answers truly.

"Well, if it ain't Johnnie Dugan!"

That voice, even in a strange land, would have awakened him to the sudden thrill of life, even though now the voice sounded strangely harsh to him. He turned to find Flo Dillon sweeping toward him with outstretched hand.

"They told me you was in town," she chattered on; "but gee! they said you was all spruced up to the nines."

"I was, yesterday," confessed Johnnie, never taking his eyes from her face. "They got me, though, and rolled me like any other come-on."

She laughed in appreciation of the joke. "Who put it over you?" she asked.

"My friends, of course," he said, with a grim little laugh. "I've punched the block off of two of them this morning, but that don't get back the wad they swiped from me, nor the glad rags I wore."

"That's all right," she said comfortingly. "As long as you've got the punch left in both hands, I guess you can have anything you

want in this precinct," and she bent upon him a glance of such altogether obvious meaning that he was a trifle embarrassed.

And this was Flo, the girl behind the feud with Bull Bailey! But how strangely she had changed! About her eyes and nose and mouth there were slight but certain hard lines. There were traces of permanent rings under her eyes. Her nose was too thin, and there were little quivering dents of temper and of worse about the nostrils. There was rouge, too, upon her cheeks.

But it was not any of these things, nor all of them, which shocked him: it was Flo herself and that look in her eyes—a bold look, and one without depth or sincerity or sympathy or mystery. As she stood there, he knew her, looking into her eyes—knew every shred of her—and he wondered! It was a shock to him so great that he talked lightly and inconsequentially, as one does when under great stress, to gain time.

"The joke's on me," he said. "I came back to lick Bull Bailey."

"Bull Bailey!"—and she laughed heartily. Then her lip curled with contempt. "Did you ever see anybody go down and out so quick?"

There was the keynote of it all! He knew quite well that when he, Johnnie Dugan, had gone down and out, Flo had turned quite as a matter of course to Bull Bailey, and now that Bull was gone—no, she had not changed in the least. It was Johnnie himself who had changed in these past six months! It gave him a thrill of exultation to recognize that fact.

And what had changed him? In answer, there came up before him a pretty, gentle face with appealing brown eyes, eyes that were full of sympathy and tenderness and wistfulness and mystery.

"I suppose that you'll stick around, now that you're back?" suggested Flo, with the coquettish twist of her skirts that he remembered so well.

In that moment he decided the entire course of his lifetime. "No, I'm going back to work," he said quietly.

"Work!" she repeated incredulously. "On the level? You're not going away again?"

"Yes," he said quite soberly, and with a light in his eyes that she could never have understood. "I'm going to-night. To Russtown. To stay."

MAKING PLANTS and FRUITS to ORDER

BY · J · RUSSELL · SMITH

PROFESSOR OF INDUSTRY.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

JUST suppose you could make over young Isidore Gonorowski like this: Stick into his young scalp a hair from Roosevelt's head, so that Isidore would have Roosevelt's wonderful energy, and ability to please the common man. The teeth for young Isidore we should get by sprigging him with a hair from Booker Washington's head, but we would not even leave a kink in that hair, and we would leave no other African traits, except good nature and ability to endure the heat. We'd put in a hair of Peary to make him also stand the cold, and to be sure that he was a great marcher. For disposition we'd get a hair from the sunniest man we know. If George Washington were still with us, we should surely want a hair from his head so that we might never have to think of Ananias, but always of the cherry-tree. To get a voice for Isidore we should seek a hair of William Jennings Bryan, so that our young hero could be heard around the world. To get his politics we'd pluck one from Senator La Follette or possibly Senator Bristow.

A pipe dream, this? Well, yes—for folks. If it were true, we had all been gods long ago. But it is true for plants. The plant breeders have got to mixing qualities of late so that plants forget all the bad qualities of their grandfathers and keep all the good ones. If the wicked old uncle has one good quality, and if he happens to be a plum-tree uncle, we now have a way of saving the good quality in his children and letting the rest of him go to the wood-pile. Wouldn't we be gods if we could get all the good qualities from our grandfathers and send all their bad ones off to the cemetery?

That's the way they work it with wheat.

Out on the wide, rich wheat plains of

Washington state the wheat grower was always up against it; but he was never sure what he would be up against. He could, at planting time, choose between two fine wheats, each with one bad quality. There was possible trouble with each and fine profit if he happened by good chance to miss both troubles. Grow the shattering kind and take a certain small loss, or grow the winter-killing kind and risk complete loss or perfect harvest. He tried the winter-killing kind until he lost his nerve for that, and then he tried the shattering kind again. Then Spillman, the plant breeder, came along.

This creator of good things crossed these two good wheats until he finally got a new variety that inherited frost resistance from one parent and close-fistedness from the other; thus it could grow all winter despite the frost, and hold its grain till the harvester came for it. There was a problem solved. The state of Washington now has a new outlook, and the price of living should come down a bit presently.

That Washington wheat trick is one that Mr. Luther Burbank has worked with many a plant. He found some freak of a plant that had a quality he desired to add to another of the same family. Then he crossed the two, and kept on till some of the offspring had the desired mixture and became the parent of a strain, just as the first Baldwin apple-tree did. But Mr. Burbank was supposed to be a kind of high-class dealer in chances. They called him "wizard" in an age of science.

Fortunately, science has solved Mr. Burbank by solving and harnessing heredity. Europe and America joined in her capture. One of the discoverers was Dr. Spillman, of the United States Department of Agricul-

ture. The law that formulates the discovery bears the name of Mendel, an Austrian monk. These scientists are disobeying Scripture by hiding their light under a bushel of big words like homozygote, heterozygote, recessives, and so on, until the plain citizen wonders where he is "at" and where the plant breeder is "at". But the plant breeder really is somewhere: he has the great law of heredity, the greatest thing since steam, and he is teaching us how to use it. Here is the way to work it:

Take a thorny, tall, early-blooming tree that bears sour red plums and hairy leaves—six qualities. Also take a thornless short tree that blooms late, bears sweet yellow plums and smooth leaves—six opposite qualities. Now make a hybrid of the two. To do this, fertilize the bloom of one of these trees with pollen from a bloom upon the other. Now grow a tree from the seed of the plum produced by the mixed bloom. What kind of a tree will it be and what kind of fruit will it have? Well, it is likely to have almost any kind of plum under the sun. We have known that much for a long time, so we carefully raise our plum-trees from buds, not seeds, so that we may avoid the confusions of heredity.

Just here Spillman, Mendel and Company come to the rescue and tell us that while this new hybrid plum we are talking about *may* be anything, the continued crossing of these two trees will produce *every possible combination of the qualities of those two plum-trees*. Now that really gets us somewhere. We can go ahead. Business ideas can replace wizardry. Moreover, the astonishing discovery has been made that, while hybridizing produces every combination of qualities of the parent plants, it also produces *definite proportions of each mixture*.

Just as surely as all combinations come out on the dice, so, with certain limitations too long to explain here, will all combinations come out in plant breeding.

It may be rather shocking at first to find that Nature is such a plain honest gambler as to fling her pollen and seeds into the air and to depend on mere chance in all the great work of variation she has thus far done; but nevertheless it is a discovery with great results to follow. Among other things, it means that some of the offspring of that plum-tree cross will be just like each parent

tree, and some will differ from each parent in *one quality only*. This enables us, within certain limits, literally to destroy a bad quality and add a good one in its place. Wouldn't it be comforting to parents if they could just graft a good memory on to Johnny or replace the cuss bump with music?

By the chance method, the odds were badly against Nature if we waited for her to evolve an edible blight-proof pear when the edible pear grew in England and the blight-proof one grew in north China. Now that we know how the thing works, it is very simple, and indeed is already done. Yet it took Nature, by mere blind chance, a million years to give us one Baldwin apple-tree from out of tens of millions of sour crabs. Now that we can operate her wheel of fortune and load it for her, we can make geniuses to order.

There are tens of thousands of plants in the world, each of which has been adjusted to its locality by Nature's rigorous selection of the fittest to survive in that locality. Thus, the plant kingdom has a most astonishing collection of useless one-quality geniuses. They are often cousins to our garden plants, and the one quality may be wonderful; but most of these hundreds of thousands are as useless to us as are the protective thorns of the cactus. Then suddenly the power of hybridizing makes them useful. A far-fetched plant with one pronounced quality may enable us to add that quality to the crops on a million fields.

Here is a revolution of the twentieth century. It has already given us new walnuts for California, new lettuce for Florida, new watermelons for Georgia, new grapes for Texas, new peaches for all of us. Minnesota and the Dakotas are richer by four million dollars per year through the creations of one man in flax and spring wheat.

And we have just begun.

Thornlessness will replace thorns, sweetness will replace bitterness, fat kernels will replace slim kernels, heavy yields will replace light yields, crops will replace waste places, prosperity will replace the half-starved community. Not since steam has there been so promising an addition to man's sources of comfort. It merits as much government money as does the army. It now gets less than does a company of bluecoats. Let us hope for a truer appreciation of utilities.

The NE'ER-DO-WELL

by
REX · BEACH

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

CHAPTER XXVIII—*Continued.*

INTO the office behind them came Ramón Alfarez and two Panaman policemen, one evidently a sergeant.

"Eh, there you are!" Alfarez cried, as he caught sight of Kirk. Then he said something in Spanish to the sergeant, who advanced and laid hands upon the American. "You are arrest'."

"What for?"

"Gentlemen," interrupted Alfarez, "you will be so kind as to geeve the names, yes? The jodge will desire to make inquiries regarding those sopper to Señor Cortlan' las' night."

"What am I arrested for?" Kirk demanded.

"Come! You are arrest'. That is enough."

At that moment the building began to shake and reverberate as Number 5 rolled in from Colon, bearing John Weeks, American consul, and Mr. Williams, of St. Louis, in one of the forward coaches. As the two hurried out through the turnstiles, they found the street blocked by a considerable crowd, evidently interested in something quite apart from the arrival of the morning train. But before they could learn the cause, out from the near-by building came Ramón Alfarez, accompanied by several policemen and a group of railroad employees, among whom was Kirk Anthony.

"There he is!" wheezed the consul, clutching at his companion's arm. "Get

him now, right there before his friends."

But Williams had been even quicker of eye than his fat guide, and was plunging through the crowd toward his quarry. He thrust the policemen and the curious on-lookers aside and, laying hold of Anthony, cried in triumph: "Well, Mr. Jefferson Locke, I want you."

"Hello, Williams! You got around finally, didn't you?" Kirk smiled at him.

A little man in blue uniform was attempting to take the prisoner in charge, but the detective disregarded him.

"It won't do you any good to resist," he went on. "I've come to get you."

Runnels elbowed his way forward with a question.

"Oh, I've got a warrant for him," Williams declared. "What for? Well, for one thing, he embezzled eighty thousand dollars, and I'm going to take him back."

"Eh? W'at is this?" Alfarez bustled into the conversation. "Embezzle? He is then a t'ief?"

"Exactly. If you're the inspector, I'll ask you to make this arrest for me. I believe we're on foreign ground."

"That's right, Alfarez," came the voice of John Weeks, anxious to have a word in the affair. "I'll vouch for Mr. Williams. This chap is a smooth one, but his name isn't Anthony at all, nor Locke either; it's Wellar; and he's wanted for other things besides embezzlement." Turning his triumphant little red eyes upon the prisoner, he



WHERE'S THAT GIRL? HE PAUSED AND LET HIS HOSTILE EYES REST UPON GERTRUDIS.



puffed: "Got you, didn't we, at last?"

"I regret you 'ave arrive so late," smirked Alfarez. "The gentleman is already arrest' for the murder of Señor Cortlan'. He will first answer to that, I assure you."

Kirk nodded. "Too bad, Williams! I'm sorry you didn't come last night."

They went on down the street, leaving the detective staring and Weeks open-mouthed.

It was during the lunch hour that Ramón Alfarez called at the Garavel home, finding the banker and his daughter still loitering over their midday meal and discussing the topic that had electrified the whole city.

"Ah, Ramón!" the old gentleman began eagerly. "Be seated and tell us quickly the latest news. A terrible thing, was it not, this death of our good friend? I have been to see his unfortunate widow, but even yet I can not believe it to be true."

"Yes! A terrible thing. It was only last night that we saw him well and happy."

Although Alfarez was trembling with eagerness to tell his news, he also meant to extract the greatest possible satisfaction from it, and now bent an inquiring glance upon Gertrudis. His look turned to one of malicious triumph as he saw that he was indeed the first to bring the tidings of Anthony's arrest. The girl's acceptance of his suit had by no means wiped out the memory of her momentary preference for his rival, and he had hastened hither straight from the police barracks, delighting in the chance to make her suffer.

"So fine a man," the father was saying. "He was indeed my good friend. It is shocking!"

"Yes, and to think he should have been killed in this cowardly manner!"

"Killed! Is it believed that he was murdered? *Caramba!* I supposed he had shot himself. That was the gossip an hour ago."

Ramón nodded. "There are suspicious circumstances, it seems. Last night, after the ball, he had a serious quarrel—one of those American fights, almost. That much is known."

Gertrudis, who had remained silent until now, her dark eyes clouded with distress, said sympathetically:

"And the poor lady! She must suffer terribly."

"Ah, perhaps! One can not always tell!" Ramón shrugged and smiled.

"What do you mean?" cried Garavel. "This quarrel you speak of? Continue, Ramón; I am consumed with eagerness."

"Upon leaving the Tivoli last night, Señor Cortlan' dined with six of his friends at the Central. There was drinking. The waiters have been questioned; also, one of the men who was present has recounted to me what occurred. It seems that for a long time Señor Cortlan' has been jealous of his wife."

"Impossible! Jealous? My dear Ramón, an admirable lady."

"I—I shall leave you, perhaps?" questioned Gertrudis modestly as she rose; but Ramón exclaimed:

"No, no! By all means remain. I have remarkable things to disclose, amazing news that will interest you. There was a serious altercation, and Señor Cortlan' openly accused his enemy before all the others. It was most dramatic, it was terrible! There was a scene of violence."

Garavel breathed an incredulous exclamation.

"Ah, but wait!" went on Ramón. "It was Señor Cortlan's best friend, too, the man for whom he had accomplished many favors, whom he accused." He noted with mingled anger and satisfaction the pallor that was creeping into the girl's cheeks. "You would never guess. It was—I hesitate, and yet you are bound to learn—my dear friends, it was this Ant'ony."

His moment had indeed been worth waiting for. It even went far to atone for the sense of injury under which he smarted; for the banker was stricken speechless, and his daughter went deathly white. Her eyes began to fill with horror.

Garavel was the first to recover himself. "Infamous! It is unbelievable! The wretch, then, had betrayed his friend."

"He is, indeed, a villain. That much I have always known."

"It is a lie!" said the girl quietly. She had risen and was standing straight, a tragic little figure.

"Gertrudis!" her father admonished. "You hear what Ramón has said."

"It is a lie!" she repeated. "He loved no one but me."

"*Gertrudis!*" The banker was shocked beyond measure at what he considered his daughter's jealousy. "Those are not nice words. He told you so, yes; but if he would betray his best friend, he would deceive you

also. It was our great good fortune to be done with him in time. You will see now that I did well in sending him off, eh, Chiquita?"

"No! I do not believe you."

Ramón had not counted upon such a spirit, and, his anger getting the better of him, he sneered: "I should not have spoken. I did not know you still cared."

"She does not care," Garavel declared loudly.

"Ah, but I do. I love him very dearly."

The two men were upon their feet in an instant, staring at her, the elder in amazement, the younger with rage and resentment blazing from his countenance.

"Silence!" thundered the banker. "Yonder stands your affianced husband."

"It is a mistake," she persisted gently.

"No, no, no! There is no mistake," chattered Ramón. "Those other men have told all, and your Ant'ony is now in the Cuartel under guard. It was I who saw to his arrest."

The slender figure swayed, a tiny olive hand fluttered to her breast.

"Ramón, you must not heed her—she is upset. This is but a girl's foolish fancy, and it will pass."

"Nor is that all," Ramón ran on excitedly. "He is not at all the man he pretended to be. Even his name is false. This morning there arrived an American officer of police to arrest him on other charges. He is a thief, it seems, having stolen eighty thousand dollars 'gold' from his employers. Oh, there is no mistake. Within the hour, I have been talking with this detective, and he has the papers of proof. It will be in the newspapers; every one will know shortly: Last night, when Señor Cortlan' made his accusation, there was a frightful quarrel, and Ant'ony swore to kill him. At dawn the poor husband is found shot on the sea wall. Is not that enough?"

"It is, indeed!" gasped the father. "You see, then, my child, from what you were saved. This should be a day of thanksgiving to you, as it is to me. Come, now, it is Ramón who has unmasked this person. Have you no thanks to give him?"

"But it is not true," maintained the girl simply, and her eyes were as steady as altar flames.

"Eh? Well! He is in the barracks at this moment," snarled Ramón, "and there he shall remain, I promise you, until he goes to Chiriqui or——"

Gertrudis turned to her father. "Take me to him, please. I must go at once to the Cuartel."

But he answered her only with a stare of amazement. "Go!" he murmured after an instant. "Have I lost my senses?" He began to summon his indignation for a terrific outburst.

"Yes, I must go, for he is my husband. We were wed last night."

There was a moment of absolute silence, during which the clatter of a passing coach sounded loudly in the room. Then——

"Mother of God!" the banker ejaculated hoarsely, and sank into the seat from which he had arisen. Ramón was staring from one to the other, his head turning jerkily.

The girl raised her face proudly. "Yes! I am his wife, although I had not expected to tell you so soon; therefore, you see, I must go to him quickly, or he will think I believe these lies."

"You are mad! Do you know what you are saying?"

"Oh, yes. The judge from Colon married us during the dance. I would have liked a church wedding, but that will come later. The Señor Ronnels and his wife were there also, and they will tell you. It made me very happy. You see, I prayed the Virgin that I might be happy, and she heard. Oh, I offered so many prayers, and all last night I lay awake giving thanks for my great happiness, which even yet I can not believe." Her face was transfigured by a look that left the two men no possibility of doubt.

"A civil marriage!" stammered Ramón.

"A civil marriage, indeed!" said Garavel, in a choking voice. "So that is where you were when I believed you to be dancing?" He burst forth violently, pounding the table with his clenched fist until the dishes danced, his brilliant black eyes flashing beneath their thatch of white. "But I will not have it!—understand? You have given your word to Ramón."

"Ah, but I never loved him. You compelled me to consent because you said you could not be president unless I married him. And that was not so. Ramón deceived you. Now it is all right. You will be president, and I can be happy."

Ramón's suspicion kindled on the instant. He turned upon the banker. "So! I begin to see! That was a trick, then, to betray my father."

"But wait!" Gertrudis exclaimed sharply. "Did you not trick us also? Did you not use the general, your father, to make me give up the man I love? Which of us, then, is the better?"

"Enough!" Garavel broke in again, threateningly. "Our word was given, and you have broken it! You have brought disgrace to our name. Can a Garavel be president of the Republic with his daughter wed to a murderer?"

"He is not that."

"It was no marriage, and it will not stand. I will have it annulled. Such things are easily done, Ramón. She is no wife. The man was a criminal, a fugitive, even when he forced her to marry——"

"No, no! You can not do that. It was I who asked him to marry me." The girl lied tremulously, panic-stricken at the threat. "Before God, I am his wife!" she maintained. "And if this marriage has a flaw, then I will stand beside the prison gates and remarry him as he comes forth."

"He will not come forth," Ramón declared harshly.

"Oh, yes! And now will you take me to him?"

"No!" her father bellowed. "You are my daughter, you are under my roof, and here you shall stay until you give up this madness and this man."

"That I can never do," she retorted proudly. "You see, I am not all Spanish; I have in me also the blood of his people; and that makes me steadfast. I could not doubt him if I wished."

"I forbid you to go near him. Come! Do you promise?" She inclined her dark head.

"I must learn more of this affair at once. You will find your senses, miss; or, if you do not, you will spend your life in meditation and prayer—that much I promise you."

"I do not wish to enter a convent," she said, with white lips. "I wish to be happy. When Keerk is free, I shall go to him. Now, if you please, I—think I shall go away." She turned and went out of the room, and not until she had reached the hall did her feet waver or her head droop.

When the two men were alone, Garavel said brokenly: "She is the first to bring disgrace upon our name. Is there absolute proof that the man is guilty, Ramón?"

"Proof!" Alfarez turned dazed eyes from the door through which Gertrudis had gone. "Proof? I believe so. I have not thought

much of the matter as yet, but—I think there will be proof in plenty. Oh, yes!"

"Come, then. I must go to see him. Perhaps—eh, God! Perhaps what? My head is afire, my heart is broken for you, my poor boy."

CHAPTER XXIX

A LAST APPEAL

THAT was not a pleasant interview for Anthony. His surroundings were not such as to lend him assurance, and Garavel's grief at his daughter's disgrace was really distressing. Moreover, the unequivocal threat to annul the marriage filled him with alarm. His only consolation came from the fact that Gertrudis had made known the truth without the slightest hesitation. That showed she was loyal, at any rate. Kirk tried to assure his caller that he would have no trouble in proving his innocence, but Garavel seemed very little concerned with that phase of the affair, and continued to bewail the dishonor that had fallen upon his name.

Kirk's pride arose at this, and he exclaimed with some heat: "My dear Mr. Garavel, if you are so blamed sure that I did all these things, why did you come to see me?"

"It was to learn if she spoke the truth."

"Oh, we're married, right enough. And you'll have some difficulty in breaking it up before I get out."

"But—suppose you should not clear yourself of this—murder," he asked, "would you wish to drag down my daughter's name?"

"Of course not."

"I understand you have not spoken of this marriage. Perhaps you might consent to remain silent. If by any chance you should be convicted of guilt, what satisfaction could you derive from injuring me and mine?"

"None at all, sir."

"I am rich," Garavel went on meaningly. "If you are acquitted, I might perhaps arrange amply for your future—upon conditions."

"In other words, if I am to be hanged or shot, or whatever it is they do to people down here, you'll expect me to keep my mouth shut on general principles; and if I'm acquitted you'll pay me well to disappear. Is that it? Well, there is some family pride to that." He laughed lightly.

"My political future may depend upon it."

"If I can help you in that way, I'll gladly keep silent as long as you wish; but I don't think I care to make any further terms."

"Make sure of this," snapped the father. "Your marriage will be annulled, no matter what you prove or fail to prove. Already Chiquita is repentant, and I shall not rest until she is free. You have done me a great injury, and I shall not forget it."

On the following morning the leading American attorney of the city called at the jail, announcing that he had been retained as counsel, but refusing to tell who had employed him. Supposing, of course, that he had been sent by friends who wished no publicity in the matter, Kirk did not press him for information. Together they outlined their defense as best they could. With characteristic optimism, Kirk insisted upon treating the charge against him as of little consequence, and it was not until he had undergone his preliminary hearing that he fully realized the gravity of his situation.

To his unspeakable indignation, the officer who had discovered Cortlandt's body swore that he had seen the deceased pass him shortly before the time of his death, evidently taking a walk along the water's edge for relief from the heat, and that immediately afterward—perhaps a minute or so—the prisoner had also passed, going in the same direction.

A few moments later there had been a pistol shot, muffled but unmistakable, and the policeman had hastened in the direction from which it came. The prisoner had appeared suddenly out of the darkness and hurried past. In the politest manner possible, the witness declared, he had questioned him regarding the shot; but Mr. Anthony had neither stopped nor answered; on the contrary, he had broken into a run. The officer had considered this strange behavior, but, being at all times most respectful toward Americans, he had made no effort to detain him. Passing on, he had found the body of the dead man. A revolver was beside it. It was shocking! It had quite upset the witness. He had blown his whistle and, seeing a light in the governor's mansion close by, had called there for assistance. Soon afterward, another officer had arrived upon the scene.

When this amazing testimony was translated to Kirk, he was astounded; but his in-

dignation was as nothing to that which swept over him when a servant in the Alfarez household swore to having actually witnessed the murder.

This fellow declared that he had been troubled greatly with a toothache. Toward morning of the night in question, too restless for sleep, he had gone out upon the sea wall. Even now, his face was swollen, and he made a determined effort to show the court the particular tooth which had made him an unwilling beholder of the tragedy. Overcome by exhaustion, he had fallen asleep after a time, and he was awakened by the sounds of a quarrel. On opening his eyes, he saw two Americans, one of whom was Señor Cortlandt and the other Kirk Anthony. Being utterly ignorant of their language, he had no means of knowing what was said, nor did he consider the altercation serious until the large man shot the Señor Cortlandt. Then, being terror-stricken at what he had beheld, he had run away, entirely forgetting his toothache, which, by the grace of God, was quite gone. That was all he knew of the matter.

Wade was called next and told the story of that damning incident at the supper party, being corroborated by the others. Then there were several witnesses—such as waiters at the Hotel Central, and the doctor who had examined Cortlandt—who swore to inconsequential things.

For once in his careless life, the young man realized that he was face to face with something bigger and stronger than his own determination, and it daunted him. He began to see that he had underestimated these foreigners, for it seemed an easy matter to convict an innocent man in these Central American courts. He recalled certain ridiculous stories of Spanish justice which he had laughed at; he remembered Mrs. Cortlandt's vivid tale of an execution she had once beheld in the courtyard of Chiriqui prison; and suddenly he decided to cable for Darwin K. Anthony—the one man who was strong enough to save him.

When it came time for him to speak, Kirk told a straight story about his own actions on that night, and he was corroborated by Allan; but he knew their words had little weight against that other testimony. Of course he was remanded for trial.

Anson, the lawyer, gave him a ray of encouragement as he left.

"Don't go too much on this hearing," he

said. "I think we'll pull you out all right."

"You *think*! I dare say Ramón Alfarez can get a dozen men to perjure themselves as easily as he got these two."

"Exactly. But I have a little *coup* that I intend to spring at the right moment."

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what it is!"

"I'm sorry, but I can't just yet. One must handle these people exactly right or they explode."

"You may be a good lawyer," said Kirk ruefully, "but you're a blamed poor comforter. I—I wish my dad was here; he'd fix it. He wouldn't let 'em convict me. He's great, my dad is." His voice caught and his eyes were unusually bright as he turned away to hide his emotions. "I like him better than any man I've ever met, Anson. And you watch him come when he hears I'm in trouble!"

He wrote a lengthy cablegram, which the lawyer with a peculiar smile agreed to dispatch at once. Kirk spent a sleepless night. In the morning a message came signed by Copley—Kirk's heart leaped at the familiar name—saying that Darwin K. Anthony had left Albany for the West on Sunday night and could not be located for a few days.

Anson brought in the day's papers, which alluded, as usual, to Cortlandt's death as a murder, and printed their customary sensational stories, even to a rehash of all that had occurred at the stag supper. This, in particular, made Kirk writhe, knowing, as he did, that it would reach the eyes of his newly-made wife. He also wondered vaguely how Edith Cortlandt was bearing up under all this notoriety. The lawyer brought the further news that Allan was in captivity as an accessory to the crime.

During the days that followed, Kirk suffered more than he chose to confess even to his attorney. In the first place, it was hard to be denied all knowledge of what was going on—Anson would tell him little except that he was working every day—and then, too, the long hours of solitude gnawed at his self-control. Runnels managed to see him once or twice, reporting that, so far as he could learn, Chiquita had disappeared. He took a message from Kirk to her, but brought back word that he could not deliver it. Kirk wondered if she could really believe those frightful half-complete newspaper accounts, or if she had been unable to withstand the combined weight of her whole

family, and had given up. It was almost too much to hope that a girl reared as she had been could keep her mind unpoisoned, with all those lying tongues about her. And besides, she had the Spanish ideas of morality, which would make the actions of which he was accused seem doubly shocking.

The more he speculated upon the cause of her silence, the wilder grew his fancies, until it became a positive torture to think of her at all. Instead, his thoughts turned to Edith Cortlandt in a curiously uninterested way. Her attitude was a problem. Perhaps she would leave him to his fate. Reviewing the circumstances coldly, he could hardly blame her.

It was on Sunday, a week after his arrest, that she came to him. He was surprised to see the ravages that this short time had made in her; she was pale and drawn and weary-looking, as if from sleeplessness. Strange to say, these marks of suffering did not detract from her appearance, but rather enhanced her poise and distinction. She was not even veiled. On the contrary, she had driven openly to the police barracks, and ordered her coachman to wait in the street outside, then demanded to be shown to Anthony's cell.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Mrs. Cortlandt," he said, as she extended her hand. "But do you think it was wise for you to come?"

She shrugged. "People can say no more than they have already said. My name is on every tongue, and a little more gossip can make matters no worse. I had to come. I just couldn't stay away. I wonder if you can realize what I have been through?"

"It must have been terrible," he said gently.

"Yes, I have paid. It seems to me that I have paid for everything I ever did. Those newspaper stories nearly killed me; but it wasn't that so much as the thought that you were suffering for my acts."

"I'm very sorry. You never thought for a moment that I did what they claim?"

"No, no! It has all been a mistake from the first. I was sure of that."

"You heard what those two men testified?"

"Bah! That is Ramón Alfarez—but he can do nothing."

"Nothing! I don't call a week in the Bastille 'nothing!' Why, he has perjured two witnesses already, and I dare say he'll

have the whole native population swearing against me when the trial comes up."

"Never mind. I have had no time to do anything as yet. There were—so many things to be attended to." She shuddered and sank down upon the edge of his cot. "Stephen had a great many friends in various parts of the world; I have been swamped with cablegrams."

"If my dad were here, he'd have me free in a jiffy. He can do anything."

"I don't think we'll need him," she said, in a way that comforted him somehow, though the feeling shamed him. She laid a soft hand upon his arm, and, looking up eagerly into his face, exclaimed: "You will forgive me for what I said that night at the hotel, won't you? I didn't really mean to injure you, Kirk, but I was half hysterical. I had suffered so these last few months that I was ready to do anything. I was torn by two great desires: one to remain what I am and have always been, and the other—well, the other was the stronger, or would have been if you had allowed it. I never dreamed there was a way out of my misery, a way so close at hand; but somehow, even before General Alvarez's voice on the 'phone told me what had happened, I knew, and I—I felt——"

"I know you had a great deal to put up with," he said, "but for both our sakes I wish it had come in some other way."

"Oh, I don't care," she cried recklessly. "The one thing I can grasp in all this turmoil, the one thing that rings in my ears every moment, is that I am free, *free!* That is all that matters to me. You showed your loyalty to Stephen more than once, and, though your scruples angered me, I honor you for them now. I can see, too, that you had no choice but to put me off, even that night of the dance. But my chains are broken, and it is all different now."

"Your husband's death can make no difference with us, Mrs. Cortlandt," he said gravely.

"We have talked openly before, and there is no need to do otherwise now. You mean by that that you don't care for me; but I know better. I believe there is a love so strong that it must find an answer. Although you may not care for me now as you care for—some one else, I *know* that I can make you forget her and put me in her place. I know men, and I know you. I came here prepared to be honest—shameless, if you

like. I am young, I have money, I have power; I work for the love of doing things, and you are learning to do the same. I can help you, oh, so much! We can win happiness together just as easily as we can win material success, and that is ours now for the asking. It dazzles me to think of it, Kirk. It is like a glimpse of paradise, and I can show it all to you." She was bending forward, her lips parted, the color gleaming in her cheeks, her whole face transformed by a passionate eagerness.

"Wait!" he said harshly. "You force me to break my word. I don't want to tell you this, but—I am married."

She rose slowly, her eyes fixed in bewilderment upon his, her hand clutching at his sleeve.

"You—never told me that! It was some mad college prank, I suppose."

"No, no. I married Gertrudis Garavel that night at the Tivoli."

"Oh, that can't be! That was the night of the dance."

"It is quite true."

Mrs. Cortlandt stared about the squalid cell dully. "Miss Garavel! Why didn't you tell me? Why isn't she here? Why does she leave you alone? No, no! You hardly know each other. Why, she's not old enough to know her own mind——"

"But I know my mind, and I love her."

Her white hands strained at each other, as she steadied her shaking voice. "Love!" she cried. "You don't know what love means, nor does she. She *can't* know, or she'd be here; she'd have this prison torn block from block."

"I suppose her father would not let her come," said Kirk slowly; but Edith did not seem to hear him. The realization of her broken hopes was coming home to her poignantly.

"My happiness!" she cried. "I have been unhappy so long! And I seemed to see it just within my reach. Oh, Kirk, she thinks you are guilty; she hasn't faith!"

"You have no right to say that."

"See! I came to you when I was married and asked you to take me; I'll do the same with you now."

"You don't know what you're saying. You're hysterical, Mrs. Cortlandt. I love Gertrudis so deeply that there's no room in me for anything else, and—never will be. Heaven alone knows what they have made her believe about me, but I don't care; I'll

upset this little plot of Alfarez, and when she learns the truth she will come back again."

"This little plot!" Edith cried in distraction. "And I suppose you wish me to give you back to her?"

They confronted each other a moment in silence.

"But I won't help her," she went on. "I'm not that sort. I'm a selfish woman. I've always been selfish, because I've never had anybody to work for. But I have it in me to be generous."

"I'm sorry," he said. "You have suffered, I know. Don't trouble any more about me—please."

She stared at him defiantly, although her whole frame was shaking as if from an ague. "Oh, I'd rather face the gallows, as you do, than what is before me; and I'm not sure I could help you, after all. You are in Latin America now, remember, and your enemies are strong."

"I am Darwin K. Anthony's son," he protested. "He won't allow it."

"Bah! He is an American, and these are Spanish people. You have seen how they like us, and you have seen what Alfarez can do. He's rich, and he'll perjure more witnesses; he'll manipulate the court with his money. Yes, and I'd rather he succeeded than see you—No, no! What am I saying! Let me go; let me get away!" She broke down, and went sobbing out into the corridor. The iron door clanged to behind her.

On the same afternoon, Mr. Clifford, accompanied by Anson, the lawyer, took the 3:20 train for Colon. As soon as he arrived, he called up Colonel Jolson, to request that the Commissioner's motor-car should, without fail, await him at ten o'clock sharp on the next morning, with an open track ahead of it. Strangely enough, the Colonel agreed very readily.

CHAPTER XXX

DARWIN K. ANTHONY

ABOUT noon on Monday, Edith Cortlandt received a caller. The name she read on the card her maid handed her gave her a start of surprise, and set her wits whirling in speculation.

"Show him into the drawing-room," she said at length. "I'll be right down."

When she descended a few moments later, she was greeted by a gigantic old man with a rumbling voice, who, instead of seating himself in the drawing-room as he had been requested, had flung open the carefully closed shutters to admit more light, then kicked aside whatever articles of furniture happened to be in his way. He was now pacing back and forth with the restlessness of a polar bear.

"How do you do, Mrs. Cortlandt?" he began at sight of her, his big voice flooding the room. "I'm sorry to disturb you."

"You are Mr. Anthony?"

"Yes, madam. You'll pardon my intrusion? I knew your husband slightly, and I've heard about you. I extend my sympathy."

She bowed. "When did you arrive?"

"Just now; came across in one of those joy-wagons—fifty miles an hour. I know everything, madam. What I didn't know before I landed, I learned on the way across the Isthmus, so don't let's waste time. Nice position for you to be in!—I understand all that—and I'm sorry for you. Now let's get down to business, for I must get back to New York."

It was impossible not to feel Darwin K. Anthony's force; it spoke in his every tone and action; it looked out from his harsh-lined features and showed in his energetic movements. He was a great granite block of a man, powerful in physique, in mind, and in determination. He had Kirk's eyes, Mrs. Cortlandt noted, except that they were deeper set, more fierce and eager.

She was not used to being overriden, and his masterful air offended her. "In what way may I be of service to you?" she inquired coldly.

"I want my boy," he said simply, and she began to see that underneath his cold and domineering exterior his heart was torn by a great distress.

"You know all the circumstances, of course?" she asked, more gently.

"I do. That's why I came straight to you. I know you're the keystone of the whole affair, so I didn't waste time with those other people. Kirk's a blasted idiot and always has been; he isn't worth the powder to blow him to—excuse me—I mean he's just a ne'er-do-well; but I suppose I'll have to do my duty by him."

"I understand that has always been your attitude."

"Exactly! I got sick of his performances and cut him off; couldn't stand for him any longer. I tried my best to make a man out of him, but he wouldn't have it, so we severed our connections absolutely. Sorry I didn't do it sooner."

"If you have cut him off, why do you care what becomes of him?"

Darwin K. Anthony's eyes dimmed, but his voice rose fiercely: "He's my boy, and I've a right to treat him any damned way I please; but nobody else is going to abuse him. These Spaniards can't do it. I'll teach them to lay hands on my boy!" He tore a handkerchief from his pocket and blew a blast into it. "I'll tear their little republic to pieces," he shouted. "I'll buy the whole works and throw it away. I'll buy their president and their courts and their whole infernal population; and if they won't sell, I've got enough men to take them. Hell's bells! madam! do you think these little black people can shoot *my* son? I don't care what he's done—they've got to give him up. And he's going back with me. He's going home; I—I—want him."

"Why have you come to me?" she queried.

"Because you must know the truth, if anybody does, and I want your help." His voice softened suddenly, and he regarded her with a gentle kindness that was surprising.

"I've heard all about you and Kirk. In fact, I've known what was going on all the time, for I've had a man on his track night and day. You may know him—Clifford? Well, he followed Kirk that night after the supper to your husband, but Anson didn't dare call him to the stand at the hearing for fear this Alfarez would perjure more of his black-and-tans." He ground his teeth in rage. "By heaven, I'll get that Ramón if it costs me a million—they can't stand for such things even here! But I want *more* proof; I want to snow him under absolutely."

"So Clifford is your man?"

"Yes. I took him off my system and sent him down here as soon as I got Kirk's idiotic, impudent letter——" The old man began to sputter with indignation. "What d'you think he wrote me, Mrs. Cortlandt? He had the impudence to turn down a good job I offered him because 'his wife might not like our climate!' Imagine! And I had positively begged him to come back—on any terms. Of course it gave me an awful

scare, and I lost no time in learning if it was true. Thank God, he had sense enough not to do that!"

"Then you don't know?"

"Know what?"

"That he is married."

"*Damnation!*" roared Anthony furiously.

She nodded. "A Miss Garavel. They were married a—week ago." She hid her face in her hands.

He strode to her with a light of understanding in his eyes. Laying a great hand upon her drooping head, he exclaimed with wonderful softness:

"My dear Mrs. Cortlandt, I'm very sorry for you, indeed I am. How the boy ever let you go for any other woman, I don't see; but he's always been a fool—that's why he never cared for me. Now, now, try to face it squarely—all good women are brave, and you're a good woman. We both love him, and I know we can save him if we pull together."

"Yes, yes!" She raised her drawn, white face eagerly to his. "It will only take a word, but I have been like a mad woman. I couldn't bear to give him up; and when I learned the truth I thought I could let him—suffer. But I couldn't. Oh, I couldn't, and I knew it all the time. I was distracted, that is all. You see, I have no shame in telling you this, for he is the first and only man——"

"I know." He patted her in a way that said more than words.

"I couldn't have stood out much longer."

"Then you have proof?" His face was wild with eagerness.

"This. Take it quickly. I found it only last night. It had been mislaid in the confusion. I meant to give it up; I really did." With clumsy fingers she drew from the front of her dress an unsealed letter and handed it to him. "Stephen was not a bad man, you see, and he had no intention of wronging an innocent person."

Darwin K. Anthony's pallor matched hers as he read the sheet, then he exclaimed weakly: "Thank God! Something told me to come straight to you. Something always tells me where to find the heart of things."

"You must lose no time!" she exclaimed. "He is in prison, and the place is frightful. I will go with you to the mayor. Ah, I'm very glad he will get his freedom from your hands. I was so weak! When this is done I shall go back North and try to live it out.

But I love him very dearly, Mr. Anthony." Her lip trembled piteously. "And I could have done so much for him."

Kirk was considerably surprised that afternoon when a sergeant and two policemen came to his cell, signifying that he was to accompany them. He could not make out where they were taking him, and, despite their unusual politeness, they were dense to all inquiries. It was a bright, hot afternoon, and the city seemed very beautiful and desirable as he was driven through it; but the whole procedure filled him with uneasiness. He was sure that it had nothing to do with his trial, or Anson would have informed him; and he began to fear that it might concern his marriage. Perhaps Chiquita was ill, dying, or perhaps they were trying to annul the bond.

The coach drew up at last before a large, white building, and he was told to descend. Up a flight of stairs he was escorted, his pulses quickening with apprehension, down a long corridor, and into a large room, where he saw Runnels, Colonel Jolson, Anson, Clifford, a dozen or more Panaman officials, and—he stopped in his tracks as his eyes fell upon a huge, white-crowned figure that came to meet him. His heart leaped wildly, a great drumming set up in his ears, and something gripped his throat with agonizing pressure and robbed him of speech.

A certain harsh yet tender voice pronounced his name. He felt his hands crushed in his father's palms, found the old man's arm about his shoulders, and saw the deep-set, steel-blue eyes he loved so well, wet and shiny. Then for once and for all time he realized that in the whole wide world there was but one man who really mattered, one man for whom he honestly cared! A sudden sense of security swept over him, banishing all his fears. The room with its smiling faces became blurred and distant; a thousand words of endearment sprang to his lips. What he really said was:

"Hello!" And even that he pronounced as shyly as a girl.

"My kid!" the old man said shakily. "H-how have they treated you, Buster?" It was a nickname that he had given his son when he was a sturdy, round-faced urchin of eight, and had laid away regretfully in lavender, so to speak, when the boy grew to manhood.

"You came, didn't you?" Kirk said, in a

voice not at all like his own. "I knew you'd come!"

"Of course I came—the instant Clifford cabled me that these idiots had arrested you. They'll sweat for this! How are you, anyhow, Kirk? Dammit, you need a shave! Wouldn't they give you a razor? Hey! Clifford, Colonel Jolson, come here! Those scoundrels wouldn't give him a shave!" Darwin K. Anthony's eyes began to blaze at this indignity, and he rumbled on savagely: "Oh, I'll smash this dinky government! Try to convict my kid, eh? I suppose you're hungry, too. Well, so'm I. We'll be out of here in a minute, then you show me the best place in town and we'll have a decent meal, just we two, the way we used to. I'll pay the bill. Lord! I've missed you, Buster."

"Wait, dad." Kirk was smiling, but his heart ached at his father's emotion. "I'm a jailbird, you know. They think I—killed a fellow. But I don't care much what they think now."

"That's all over," Clifford broke in. "We've squared that, and you'll be discharged in ten minutes."

"Honest?"

"Certainly," said the old gentleman. "Cortlandt shot himself. Anybody but a blithering Spanish ass would have known it at the start. We have a letter he wrote to his wife an hour before he did it. She just found it and turned it over. She left here a moment ago, by the way, all broken up. She's a great woman, Kirk. That's not all, either. Clifford followed you that night, and knows you didn't go near Cortlandt. Oh, you should have seen 'em jump when we flashed it on 'em all at once and they learned who I was."

"But those men who swore they saw me?"

"Bah! We've got that little Dago with the mustache, and both his witnesses. If they don't send him up, I'll run in a shipload of my brakemen, and we'll push this Isthmus overboard and him with it."

"I knew you could fix things."

"Fix 'em! Fix 'em! That's *easy*! Say, how have you been getting along, anyhow?"

"Great!"

"And you married one of these Panamanicures, eh?" The father scowled. "Lord! I can trust you to make a fool of yourself!"

"Say, dad. She's only—so big." An-

thony Junior indicated his wife's stature, smiling rapturously.

"Dwarf, eh?"

"Oh, no!"

"Love her?"

"Do I? It's fierce!"

"Humph! You'll have to get over it. I'll pay your debts and take care of you, but I can't stand a mulatto around me."

"There aren't any debts, and she's not a mulatto. She's a—dream."

"They're waiting, Mr. Anthony," Clifford made bold to say. "I think we'd better get this over with."

Kirk paid little attention to the formalities of the next few minutes. He was too busy with thoughts of his amazing good fortune; his mind was too dazzled by the joy of freedom. Allan appeared from somewhere and clung to him in an ecstasy of delight. Colonel Jolson, Runnels, Anson—even the Panaman officials shook hands with him. He accepted their congratulations mechanically, meanwhile keeping very close to his father's side.

Some time later he found himself out in the open sunlight, a free man once more, with Darwin K. Anthony and Runnels on either side of him. But before he had gone a block, he halted suddenly, saying:

"Williams! I'd forgotten him and his warrant."

"He's fixed," Runnels explained. "While your father and Mrs. Cortlandt and Colonel Jolson were getting you out of jail, Clifford and I told him the truth. He's really rather a decent fellow. They have caught the real Jefferson Locke, or whatever his name is."

"No!"

"Yes; a week ago. He landed in Boston; couldn't stay away from his own country any longer. Williams hadn't heard of it."

"What has become of Higgins?" Kirk inquired of his father.

Anthony Senior exploded: "Oh, he's back scorching up the Tenderloin as usual; but you'll have to agree to cut him out, or I'll leave you here. That's final, understand?"

"I intend to stay here, anyhow."

"Hey?" The old man turned with a start. Then, savagely: "What do, you suppose I came down here for? I'm lonesome. I want you to come home."

Kirk smiled craftily and looked at Runnels. "Well, what can you offer? I'm do-

ing pretty well as it is, and I can't afford to lay off."

His father in turn appealed to the Acting Superintendent. "See! It's nothing less than blackmail. Is he any good, Mr. Runnels?"

"If there weren't so much politics in this job, he'd be Master of Transportation of the P. R. R. That's doing pretty well, isn't it? We're both going to quit and look for new work."

"Do you drink, Kirk?"

"I haven't even had an alcohol rub since I left New York. But, dad, if you place me, you'll have to take care of Runnels, too. He knows more about railroads than—you do."

Mr. Anthony grunted a trifle skeptically at this and murmured: "He must be a bright young man. I suppose what he doesn't know, you do. Well, how would you both like to come North and give me some lessons?"

"Do you mean it?" they cried in chorus.

"I do."

"Oh, there's Allan too; he'll have to go."

"Any cats and dogs you'd like to have drawing salary from me? Now let's go somewhere and eat. I haven't tasted anything to speak of since Clifford's message came."

"If you don't mind, I—I'd like to stop at the Garavels' for a minute," Kirk said longingly, and his father scowled.

"I'd forgotten this—wife of yours."

"She's not there," Runnels hastened to say. "I've tried to find her, but I was told she was out at the country place."

"Then I think I'd rather drive out there than eat. Won't you go with me, dad?"

"Well—yes! I want to see this banker fellow, and—I'm not so blamed hungry, after all. We'll settle this thing right now."

The afternoon sun was still an hour high when Kirk Anthony came down the hill from the Garavels' home and crossed the meadow toward the forest glade he knew so well. The grateful coolness of evening was stealing downward, and nature had roused from her midday lethargy. It was the vibrant, active hour when odors are freshest and spirits rise. The forest was noisy with the cry of birds, and flocks of shrill-voiced paroquets raised an uproar in the tallest trees. The dense canopy of green overhead was alive with fluttering wings; the groves

echoed to the cries of all the loud-voiced thicket denizens. The pastured cattle, which had sauntered forth from shaded nooks, ceased their grazing to stare with gentle curiosity at the hurrying figure.

He faltered a bit despite his haste, for this nook had grown sacred to him, and even yet he felt that it was haunted. The laughter of the waterfall helped to drown the sound of his approach, but he surprised no dancing wood-sprites. Instead, he saw what filled his heart with a greater gladness than he had ever known.

Chiquita was there, huddled upon the seat where they had rested together, one foot curled beneath her like a child, her head bowed down disconsolately. From one brown hand, now drooping listlessly, a few wild flowers had scattered, and her slim figure was clad once more in the stiff, coarse denim dress of blue. Her other hand was toying with her beads mechanically, as if the fingers had learned their task from long practise. Her dusky eyes were fast upon the lights that wavered in the pool.

As if to prove that the spot was really peopled by kind spirits, a gentle voice seemed to whisper the news to her, and she turned to find him smiling at her. She rose and met him with her hands outstretched, her face transfigured.

After a time she leaned backward in his arms, and said gravely: "You see! When one says many, many prayers, the good saints always answer. The *padre* told me that I should never cease until you came; but I grew very tired, señor."

"And you never doubted me?"

"Oh, no!"

"I'm free, you know."

"Of course! What else were my prayers for? Had my father allowed, I would have gone to your prison; but he forbade it, so I had no choice. But every hour I prayed that he might give me leave, and I think his heart was yielding."

"I'm sure of that," he told her, "for I have just come from him."

It was some time later, when the sun was dipping, that voices sounded outside the wall of verdure, and Kirk heard Andrés Garavel saying:

"Of a certainty I shall try that experiment, señor, for the ticks in this country are a pest to cattle. A little to the right and you will find the path—So!"

An instant later the two white-haired men appeared.

"Hello! There you are, eh?" Darwin K. Anthony exclaimed gruffly. "Where's that girl?" He paused and let his hostile eyes rest upon Gertrudis.

She saw a great, forbidding giant of a man scowling down at her with eyes like Kirk's, and she came forward timidly, holding out her hands and smiling up at him faintly.

"You are Keerk's father, yes? You are the Señor Antonio?"

Mr. Anthony uttered a curious, choked exclamation, and gathered her gently in his arms. When he looked up, his eyes were wet and his deep-lined face was working.

"I couldn't wait any longer," he apologized humbly to his son. "I had to come and see her."

"Ah, then I hope you will like me," she said in her grave, quaint way.

"Your father has told me everything"—Garavel laid a hand upon his new son's shoulder—"and we have become good friends already. I fear I owe you a great apology, my boy; but if I consent that you take my little girl away to your country, will that be reparation?"

"Then you *will* let her go with us?" Kirk cried happily.

"If she doesn't go, I'll stay," Anthony, Senior, rumbled. "I—I don't see how you ever did it, you're such a blamed fool. Now let's go back to the house—it's sundown."

"We'll be along directly," his son assented.

"There are chills in the evening air," Mr. Garavel protested.

"I'm sorry, but we were waiting for the fairies. They were almost in sight when you frightened them away."

Gertrudis nodded. "It is quite true, Señor Antonio. We heard them all about, everywhere." She placed her little hand in Kirk's, then checked her father's remonstrance, saying:

"Oh, it is quite proper for us to walk home together, even in the dark; we are married now, you know."

"Come on, Garavel," exclaimed Darwin K. Anthony. "You understand how it is?"

Together they went out through the fragrant path a little way; then old Anthony paused and called back to his son wistfully: "But I say, Kirk, don't stay too long; we're lonesome."

The Tragical Tale of a Boy Who Was

Drawings by Walter Jack Duncan



*Absalom Jones as he sat by a tree
Longed to travel the wide world to see.*



*He was a gay and a merry boy,
The village pride and his parents' joy.*



*His mother warned of the wicked world—
The haughty lip of the lad but curled.*



*He lightly bade his friends farewell—
While scalding tears from their eyelids fell.*



*As years elapsed he traveled wide;
And a prancing steed he did bestride.*



*He joined a band of mountebanks gay;
Their tricks and stunts he learned to play.*

Not Exactly Bad, But Just Wayward

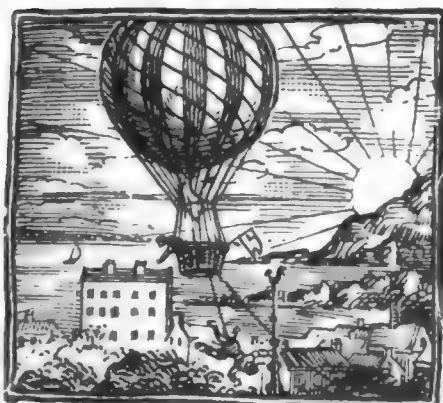
(An Echo of New England Primer Days)



For years he sailed the bounding sea,
So deep, so dread, so wild, so free.



He heard the call of war's alarms
To save his country did he bear arms.



Then next he sought to swim the air—
A great balloon did lift him there.



To train wild beasts became his pride;
In Bruin's jaws he almost died.



In broken health, with ~~but~~ one leg,
There was nothing left for him but to beg.



So back he came to his own roof-tree,
And his mother's joy was sweet to see.

PLAY · PRODUCING and · the FICKLE · PUBLIC

BY · GEORGE · C · TYLER



WHEN I determined to become a producing manager, the chief item in my financial statement was a hotel bill for \$371. I had heard that Charles Coghlan had a remarkable play, so I borrowed enough money to give him a dinner, including a bottle of champagne. Coghlan looked even poorer than I, but his manner was much more impressive. He was one of the best actors I ever saw.

Coghlan read his play, and I was convinced that it was a masterpiece. He could have made any play seem remarkable. Sure that "The Royal Box" would make a fortune, I sought Theodore A. Liebler, whom I had known as a lithographer during the years I had acted as advance and business agent for traveling theatrical companies. I told him about Coghlan and the play, and I think I promised him a profit of half a million, believing that he'd get it.

When I introduced Coghlan to Liebler, my future partner looked at me sorrowfully. The actor was unshaven and unspeakably shabby. But after he began reading his play we forgot all about his appearance. Liebler became as enthusiastic as I, and agreed to furnish the money to produce the play. And that is the way the firm of Liebler & Company came into existence.

Our future star demanded an advance of \$250, which Liebler gave him. The first thing Coghlan bought with the money was

a top hat, the second, a bottle of champagne. Then he was able to walk along Broadway happily.

We engaged a good company, bought some second-hand scenery from Nat Goodwin and second-hand furniture for properties. A. L. Erlanger promised me bookings if the play proved to be good. We opened in Washington—to a very poor house; and the audiences dwindled as the week went on. Instead of giving us bookings, Erlanger wired me an offer of seventy-five dollars a week to go ahead of one of his companies. Coghlan's hotel bill in Washington was almost as large as our total receipts for the week.

We went to Norfolk, and made expenses because the navy came to our support, attracted probably by the leading lady, Grace Filkins, whose husband was then Commander, and is now Rear-Admiral, Marix. Next we wandered up to Canada, hoping that Coghlan's name would draw audiences; but it didn't. Then, by one of those unexpected turns that are so large a factor in theatrical management, Liebler secured an opening in the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York. We had the scenery touched up, rented antique furniture, and opened to two hundred dollars in real money and the finest criticisms ever given any production in which I have been interested.

"The Royal Box" made one of the most remarkable successes in theatrical history. Coghlan was overwhelmed with adulation as the author and as the star, and the critics

were especially enthusiastic over the artistic mounting.

The total cost of the actual production was less than one thousand dollars. I think that Liebler's actual cash investment was about twenty-five hundred dollars. It took much more to get the company to New York than it did to produce the play.

That was fourteen years ago.

In October we shall present, in the Century (New) Theatre, "The Garden of Allah," and it will have cost between fifty and seventy-five thousand dollars before a single ticket is sold. To make the production as perfect scenically as is humanly possible, the stage manager, the scenic artist, and the producer have traveled ten thousand miles, each crossing the ocean twice. They have gone into the Desert of Sahara with Robert Hichens, the author of the novel from which the play is made, preparing sketches and photographs by the score. They have worked for two years on mechanical and lighting effects for the three acts and ten tableaux. They have engaged native musicians and magicians from the oases of Biskra—the real characters that appear in Mr. Hichens's story.

Now, the contrast between "The Royal Box," whose production cost a thousand dollars in 1897, and "The Garden of Allah," which will cost nearer seventy-five than fifty thousand dollars in 1911, doesn't illustrate the development of a firm of managers. It signifies the tremendous leap that has been made in a few years in the production of plays in America—the tremendously increased elaboration to meet a changed public taste.

Doubtless the circumstances surrounding "The Royal Box" were exceptional, but those of our next production were not.

I knew that Viola Allen wanted to star, and I believed that she would be successful. For a play I had in mind a dramatization of "The Christian." We found that Hall Caine had already made a stage version, but it was all gloom. So Miss Allen went to the Isle of Man, worked with the author, and brought back a new version. In this we made many changes, to Caine's utter disgust. He was somewhat consoled, however, by the amount of his royalties. The cost of producing "The Christian" was about five thousand dollars. We sold a third interest to Klaw & Erlanger for fifteen hundred dollars, and in three years we gave

them much more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars as their share of the profits. In that time "The Christian" made more than half a million dollars, and at the end of twelve years it is still making money.

Our original contract with Miss Allen called for the payment of two hundred and fifty dollars a week and a percentage. After the play was well started, it played to enormous business. Miss Allen wrote us that she was dissatisfied with her contract, that she felt she was receiving entirely too much money—more than she could in justice accept. That letter was about the biggest shock I ever received as a theatrical manager. When I recovered sufficiently, I wrote Miss Allen that if she would keep her contract we should be very glad to keep ours.

A star like Miss Allen or Miss Maude Adams, who has gained a large and loyal following, with a sense of personal affection as much for the woman as for the actress, is the most valuable asset a manager can have. For two years Miss Allen has been playing the late Marion Crawford's play, "The White Sister," which was practically a failure in New York; and she has made more money than any other attraction we have.

But there are very few stars like these—not more than three or four in a generation; certainly not enough to supply all the theatres with plays, not enough to justify the managers in slackening their pace. Even the fortunate manager who has one of these stars depends upon the sure profits he will make each season to take greater risks with other ventures. For the producer who is trying to lead in the race must go faster and faster, pouring out larger and larger sums of money on each production, and with less certainty than ever before in theatrical history as to what the result may be.

It cost five thousand dollars for what was considered an elaborate production of "The Christian." To-day it is impossible to present the most inconsequential play, with ten persons in the cast, and do it creditably, for a four weeks' trial, without losing from seven to ten thousand dollars if it proves a failure. Even four years ago this could have been done for three thousand dollars.

When one enters the musical field, the figures are even more startling than in the drama. F. C. Whitney paid sixty-two thou-

sand dollars in advance royalties alone for the "Rosenkavalier." The terms of his contract with the composer, Richard Strauss, compel him to have one hundred musicians in the orchestra for every performance, besides twenty-seven musicians on the stage. Furthermore, he must have between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and fifty persons on the stage aside from the musicians.

I lost one hundred thousand dollars on Mascagni's opera "Ysobel," without even having the satisfaction of seeing a first performance. It cost that much to make a worthy production, and at the last moment the composer refused to come to America with the final orchestra score. That story has no place here. I merely state the fact to show how a manager who has spent a fortune in making a production is completely at the mercy of chance or the whim of an individual.

A play that two years ago—no, I will make the time even shorter than that—a play that last year would have been a fair success would not succeed to-day. The manager who does not realize this is likely to be wiped out of existence before he is aware of his danger. There is no profit to-day for the producer of a *fair* success.

The reasons for this are manifold. In New York City alone, the number of first-class theatres has quadrupled in the past ten years. It has doubled and trebled all over the country, out of all ratio to the increase in population. Besides, the moving-picture shows have "killed" the galleries. For years all managers counted on the twenty-five and fifty cent seats for their big profits. Now these as well as the seventy-five-cent and the dollar seats are mostly empty. The theatre-going public—the public that goes to the high-class theatres—has become much smaller, and the receipts have decreased enormously during the same period in which the cost of production has increased.

Another reason why a fair success does not mean profit is the fundamental reason for the increased cost of production: The taste of the public has changed. It has steadily grown more exacting in its demands. The scenic effects must be the most gorgeous, the costumes the most expensive, the actors the highest priced. In grand opera, only a cast made up almost wholly of stars will satisfy the American public. In the theatre everything that is done must be

done in the most lavish fashion, or the public that pays will have none of it.

And not only is the taste of the public changed, but it is constantly changing. The theatrical manager is gambling and staking huge sums on the most fickle thing in the world. Let me cite some facts, haphazard, that prove this:

Sarah Bernhardt paid a dozen visits to the United States in the heyday of her magnificent power, and her managers, Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, did not make a dollar out of those visits. At the age of sixty-three, Madame Bernhardt returned to America, and because the steamship *Touraine* was one day late and the Lake Shore Limited broke a record in getting the actress to Chicago in time for the first performance, she started her season with a great popular appeal and completed her tour with more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' profit to her managers, Messrs. Shubert and W. F. Connor. Yet the public wouldn't pay to see her when she was at her best.

It seems to be all in getting a good start.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell came to America to appear in several old plays: "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and others. When she arrived at her hotel, a dozen newspaper reporters were awaiting her. She was asked for an interview. The actress held forth a little Pomeranian dog that she carried under her arm and said:

"This is Pinky Panky Poo; talk to him!"

That made for Mrs. Campbell, and incidentally for us—for we were her managers—one hundred thousand dollars in twenty weeks, in old, worn-out plays. We were enabled to ask and to get three dollars for orchestra seats—a price never paid before or since to hear an English player, with the exception of Henry Irving. And now, on the strength of Pinky Panky Poo, Mrs. Patrick Campbell can still go to Lima, Ohio, and play to sixteen hundred dollars a night, although Mounet-Sully, the leading actor of the Comédie Française, played in Lima—I think it was Lima—to fifty dollars a night, and Coquelin the elder to one hundred dollars a night—on their merits.

And Lima, Ohio, is not an exception. Madame Eleanora Duse played four weeks in New York, and the receipts averaged four thousand dollars a night. She played in Baltimore, and the receipts were three hundred dollars a night. How is the poor



Photograph by Boissonnas & Teponier.

**SIMONE LE BARGY, THE FAMOUS FRENCH
ACTRESS.**



Photograph by Decati, Genoa.

**ELEANORA DUSE, ONE OF THE GREATEST
ACTRESSES IN THE WORLD.**



LARBI, THE FLUTE PLAYER, A CHARACTER IN THE NOVEL, "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH," WHO WILL APPEAR IN THE PLAY.

manager to know what the public wants?

When we decided to produce Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto," I thought it one of the best plays ever written. We spent twenty-five thousand dollars in mounting it. We engaged a cast that included Blanche Bates, Wilton Lackaye, Robert Edeson, William Norris, Mabel Taliaferro, Richard Carle—all of whom are now successful stars—Grace Filkins, and the late Frank Worthington. We opened in Washington with great success, which was repeated in Baltimore and Philadelphia. We came to New York to be received by a brilliant audience that crowded the theatre. Then—the critics damned the play unmercifully. I don't know why. I never did know. I am still convinced that the play was one of the greatest written by a modern author.

We shipped the company and the production to London. The day we opened, the Boers had thrashed the English in one of the early victories, and the theatres were deserted.

"The Children of the Ghetto" cost us just fifty thousand dollars, of which half was lost in England.



MR. TYLER HAS BROUGHT NATIVES FROM THE DESERT—THE REAL CHARACTERS OF HICHENS'S NOVEL—"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH." THE PICTURE SHOWS THE SAND-DIVINER TELLING MR. TYLER'S FORTUNE.

On the other hand, we planned "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" for one-night stands only. We were careful, however, to give it a good cast, with Madge Carr Cook, William T. Hodge, and Mabel Taliaferro. It starved to death in one-night stands and made a tremendous success in the cities, including London.

Ten years ago I presented to the public of Columbus, Ohio, Robert Browning's "In a Balcony," with Otis Skinner, Miss Eleanor Robson, and Mrs. Sarah LeMoyne in the cast. There was but one performance, a matinée, and the receipts were eighteen hundred dollars. The next day the newspapers gave the performance columns of eulogy, and the critics were unanimous in according Mrs. LeMoyne the highest praise. Remembering this gratefully, the next year I presented Mrs. LeMoyne in Columbus in a play called "The Duchess of Marlborough." There was nothing against the drama; it never had been produced in New York; the title was dignified; and the star had the prestige of having made a great success when she had appeared in Columbus before. Yet the receipts were just two hundred dollars. I met a bright newspaper woman of Columbus, one of the critics who, the year before, had been lavish in her praise of Mrs. LeMoyne. I pointed to the empty theatre and asked: "Why?"

"You don't mean to say you don't know?" she demanded.

"I confess I do not," I replied sincerely.

"The public remembered 'In a Balcony,'" she explained. "It was afraid it would get another dose."

So that was it! The success of the Browning play, of Mr. Skinner, Miss Robson, and Mrs. LeMoyne had been due largely to the curiosity of the people of Columbus.

And I think my newspaper friend was right. Indeed, I am sure of it. The great American public wants, first of all, to have its curiosity satisfied. Artistic merit, excellence of production, worthy effort—all are secondary to curiosity. Gaby Deslys, because the newspapers connected her name with the dethroned young King of Portugal, can ask four thousand dollars a week from an American manager and get it. In France she would probably consider herself lucky if she got a hundred dollars a week.

Pavlowa and Mordkin, the Russian dancers, could and did go to Hamilton, Ohio, and draw eighteen hundred dollars for the



MR. TYLER AND ROBERT HICHENS IN THE GARDEN THAT FIGURES IN MR. HICHENS'S NOVEL AND PLAY.



STAGE MANAGER FORD BUYING A NEWLY EXCAVATED ROMAN LAMP FOR USE IN "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH."



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, AS *MAGDA* THROUGH PUBLIC CURIOSITY, HER FIRST AMERICAN TOUR BROUGHT IN A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

the government-subventioned theatre of Paris—one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to make a six weeks' tour in America, with all steamship and railroad expenses paid by us from the time the company left Paris until its return. If the reader will stop to consider that there are not more than half a dozen theatres in the country that could hold audiences large enough to pay in this amount of money in six weeks, he can estimate for himself how much we stood to lose and how little we could possibly gain. We might have lost a fortune. At best we could have made only a slender profit out of the venture.

one night they danced there. I don't believe any drama or any star ever played in Hamilton to more than six hundred dollars in one night. I have nothing against Russian dancers, and I mention Hamilton only because it is typical of other towns and cities—I am from Ohio myself; but when even the most artistic dancer can get three times as much money from the public as do actors of the greatest merit, the manager feels like asking himself and the public he serves:

"What are we coming to?"

But most of the managers, even among those who realize the public weakness of curiosity, are constantly striving to appeal to a taste for the highest artistic quality. Four years ago we offered the famous company that plays at the Théâtre Française—

Nevertheless, if the French government had given its consent—for the Théâtre Française company can not appear outside of France without official permission—we should have taken the risk in order to give the American public something we believed it might want. After weeks of negotiation, however, the government declined to allow its company to cross the Atlantic.

I have said that there is everything in getting a good start. Let me offer another instance:

When James A. Hearne, who was one of the greatest of American actors and playwrights, and who died when he was under my management, produced "*Shore Acres*," his masterpiece, in Chicago, it was called "*Shore Acres Subdivision*." The bill-boards contained a map like those advertising sub-

urban development of property, and the public, apparently thinking "Shore Acres Subdivision" was a new suburb of Chicago, rather than a play, refused to go. It seemed to be a flat failure. After a while the name was changed to "Uncle Nat," and that didn't make much of an appeal. Then "Shore Acres" was adopted, and after a long fight the play and the star won their way to an enormous success.

In this case there was a mistake in judgment that might have been avoided. On the other hand, the American tour of Madame Gabrielle Rejane, who is probably the greatest actress of modern

France, was an instance of a circumstance over which the managers had no control.

Much legitimate interest was aroused in the coming of Madame Rejane, and everything seemed extremely favorable for a highly profitable season. James Hazen Hyde, distinguished as a patron of the French drama, gave a dinner in honor of the actress at Sherry's. It was said to be a very elaborate and very remarkable dinner. The newspapers reported that Madame Rejane danced on the table. Whether she did or not, I don't know, for I was not present; but, upon the assurances that were made to me, I don't believe the story was true. All the same, the newspapers published columns about the incident, and that great publicity helped to disrupt a powerful insurance company, leading Mr. Hyde to surren-



Photograph by Miner, New York.

JAMES O'NEIL AS D'ARTAGNAN IN SYDNEY GRUNDY'S "THE MUSKETEERS."

der his control of it and take up his residence in Europe—which goes to show that the same laws that play the mischief with the theatrical manager affect other business as well. We lost thousands of dollars on the engagement.

Put the Rejane incident side by side with that of Mrs. Campbell—and try to draw conclusions. Mrs. Campbell wanted newspaper reporters to interview Pinky Panky Poo, and we made one hundred thousand dollars on her tour. Madame Rejane was said to have danced on a table at a private dinner-party, and we lost fifty thousand dollars.

Why? In trying to explain the public attitude toward Madame Rejane you may be led into moralizing—which will get you nowhere at all. In fact, you are likely to be



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

VIOLA ALLEN
"THE CHRISTIAN," IN WHICH MISS
ALLEN FIRST STARRED, MADE HALF A
MILLION DOLLARS IN THREE YEARS.

rudely shocked if you try to reconcile to any code of ethics other instances of a similar nature where profit and not loss resulted. No, I do not think you can explain public curiosity or the lack of it on the basis of morals. My own personal opinion—you may take it for what it is worth—is that Madame Rejane's tour would not have been a success even if Mr. Hyde had never given her that famous dinner, although that undoubtedly did her and us much harm. She was too great an artist. And I am not trying to be cynical, either.

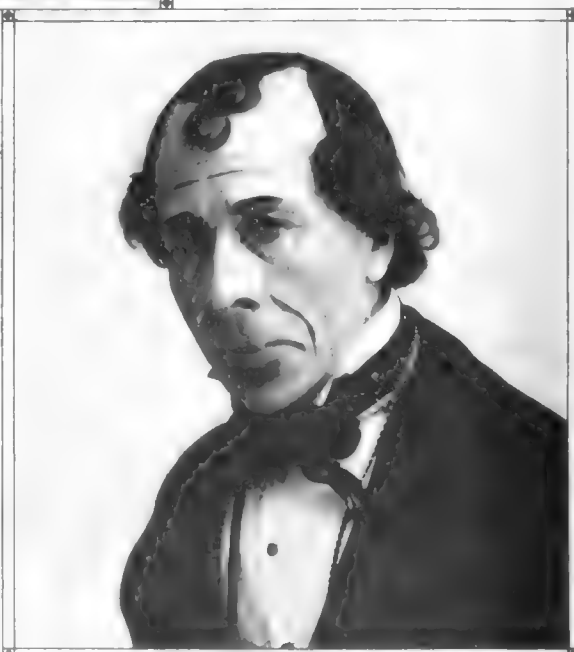
But the important question is the net result to the drama of the existing state of affairs in the theatrical world.

The theatres have multiplied three and four fold. The cost of scenic production has increased

five to ten fold. The salaries paid to actors of national or international prominence have at least doubled. These things have come about within the present generation. And yet the art of acting has not improved. In fact, it has deteriorated. And the reason is simple:

There are too many "stars."

The moment a player is successful in one part, he or she is made into a star by the waiting manager, who has seen the appreciation of the public and is bent upon satisfying it because he believes it will make money for himself. The actor or actress plays in the part in which the hit has been made, or in rôles made to order in which the same opportunities are offered. There is no chance for development, no possibility for the new star to show versatility. All hope of training is gone, and with it the hope that by hard work some day



Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago.

GEORGE ARLISS, AS *DISRAELI*, IN THE PLAY OF
THAT NAME.

the star may reach a higher plane of art. The first great hit has been made, and then come years of killing monotony. No art can stand against it.

Before he is out of his twenties, the actor who has been acclaimed by the public as a favorite has become a victim of dry rot, and his artistic doom is sealed. The price that he is paid precludes the possibility of surrounding him with actors of talent and experience from whom he might learn by the power of example. He is the best of the company, and he is likely to take advantage of his position to make sure that no one shall shine except in his reflected glory. With the feeling of security in his capacity to earn large sums of money so easily, there comes that satisfaction with himself which is fatal.

You can not blame the actor nor the manager. Neither one can



Photograph by Sarony, New York

MADAME REJANE, PROBABLY ONE OF THE GREATEST ACTRESSES OF MODERN FRANCE, WHOSE AMERICAN TOUR WAS A FAILURE.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe, San Francisco

MARGARET ANGLIN IN "ANTIGONE," PRESENTED IN THE GREEK THEATRE AT BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

be expected to try experiments that might mean ruin. A few weeks ago I made an offer to a well-known actor, who for three years has been appearing in the same play, with great profit, and whom I wanted for the principal part in a new drama—a drama that he agreed would exactly fit his capabilities:

"You can not play in the piece in which you are now appearing for more than two years more. I will guarantee you a salary that will amount to as much as you could possibly make in the next two years in the old play."

I believe the salary I offered him was the largest ever offered to an actor; but it didn't tempt him. His reply was typical.

"If I act in your new piece," he said, "it would mean at least six



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

ELEANOR ROBSON, IN ONE OF HER MOST SUCCESSFUL RÔLES—GLAD
IN "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW."

months' hard work. I am comfortable where I am. I have my family around me. I don't have to worry. I must refuse your offer."

No, you can not blame the actor, and you can not blame the manager. If there is any fault that is responsible for these conditions, it lies with the public; and I for one do not foresee a change. In France there are few stars, and all actors and actresses serve a long apprenticeship before they arrive at the top. That is why the companies one sees in the smaller theatres are well balanced and the acting is good. There is nothing in the theory of race. Americans are just as good actors racially as the French. It is a matter of training. Show me on our stage to-day an actress who has had the experience of Rejane or Bernhardt, who has played one-tenth the number of parts that either of these French actresses has played.

What is to be the future?

The public can answer that question better than I. What the public wants it will get. To the manager, the question assumes a more personal aspect. With me at this moment its form is brief, but it is none the less terrifying. I am engaged in putting on a play whose production will represent all that is known of stage art. It will represent all that money and thought can procure to satisfy the public. I think it will be the final word. But whether it is a success or a failure, I shall go on asking myself the question that has lived with me ever since I became a manager:

What next?

DRAMATIC EDITOR'S NOTE

The standing of Mr. Tyler among theatrical managers, the importance of the position he has won as a producer of plays, makes significant what he has to say about the present condition of the drama. One gets the view-point of a dominant factor in the theatric world, set forth with the positiveness of intense conviction. Mr. Tyler is one of the fairest, the most daring, and the least mercenary of those upon whom the people of this country depend for intelligent plays. He cares more for the game than for the gain; but of course he realizes perfectly that he must make money in order to continue the game.

In the broadest sense, his views represent those held by most of the successful managers, although of course many would dis-

agree with much of his dogmatism. They would declare that he is altogether wrong in his interpretation of details.

There isn't any question that, under existing conditions, play-producing is one of the most recklessly speculative games in the world, whether it be viewed from the standpoint of the playwright, the actor, the producing manager, the manager of the theatre, or the public. For, remember, the public gambles to the extent of paying for tickets to find out whether or not the play is worth seeing. And as for the manager, no intelligent professional gambler would dream of taking his chances.

But a large part of this gambling uncertainty is unnecessary. I am firmly convinced that the element of chance in play-producing could be so minimized that it would be less than it is in almost any other business or profession.

The gods of the producing theatrical manager are Precedent and Prejudice. He lives in a world of his own—a narrow, circumscribed world. He takes into account general business conditions, estimating the degree of prosperity that will warrant the public's indulging in the luxury of amusement. He measures "what the public wants" by certain current successes. There was never a schoolboy who played the game of "Follow the Leader" with such conscientious enthusiasm. But so far as I have been able to discover, it is the rarest thing for a manager to discern the particular quality in a current success that makes it popular.

Mr. Tyler's own illustration is illuminating. It is true that he has devoted two years to the preparation of "The Garden of Allah," and that he will have spent a small fortune on its production. But making long journeys to Africa for scenic effects and properties, engaging natives, preparing elaborate settings that may cost seventy-five thousand dollars—all these are mere details, however expensive. The important consideration is whether the dramatization of the novel is a good play. The fact that the production is "the last word" in stage presentation will have no especial significance unless the play itself is worthy of it. The amount of money thrown away on plays with no value beyond the opportunity for scenic exploitation is appalling.

It is in the selection of plays for presentation that Precedent and Prejudice rule to the exclusion of sober, cold judgment. The

managerial standards of judging what will and what will not appeal are purely superficial. It is the rarest thing to find a manager who can recognize a fundamental in which he believes thoroughly when it is not expressed in an obvious conventional form.

The chief weakness of producing managers is their profound lack of knowledge of the public—which simple assertion will make all of them snort with contempt. But it happens to be true. Mr. Tyler cites the Duse instance as an example of the difficulties confronting a manager. He does not consider that the numerical difference and the difference in degree of prosperity between the New York and the Baltimore Italian populations might easily explain the disparity in audiences and receipts.

He cites Bernhardt and the Russian dancers as illustrating the gambling uncertainty of the theatrical manager's work. And he brings in the point of the public curiosity. Now the question involved in these instances is not peculiar to the theatre or the theatrical business. It is the broad question of advertising, which applies to any business. And there isn't any advertising exploitation in which so little intelligent judgment is shown, in which there is so much waste, as in the theatrical game. What Mr. Tyler calls getting "the right start" is simply a generalization for advertising.

It is true that Pinky Panky Poo aroused a silly public curiosity about Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and that the public paid largely to satisfy that curiosity. Her first tour was a big financial success. Possibly she can still go to Lima, Ohio, and play to sixteen hundred dollars in one night—I don't know about that; but I do know that Mrs. Campbell has made several tours of this country since her first experience and that each one has resulted in heavy loss.

Undoubtedly, a great deal of money has been made in gratifying public curiosity; but it is always a gamble and usually not a very intelligent one, unless the attraction has something real and satisfying to offer. Public curiosity in Gaby Deslys was a result of advertising. It happened not to have been paid for, but it was advertising just the same. And if the French music-hall singer can fascinate the American public as she was said to have fascinated the young King of Portugal, she will make a great deal of money in America. Otherwise, she won't. The condition isn't peculiar to the

theatrical game. A commodity, whether it be a sewing-machine or histrionic ability, that doesn't live up to its advertisements, or that doesn't fill a natural demand or one created by the advertising, can not hope to endure. But the theatrical manager insists that his game is apart from everything else in the world.

Mr. Tyler emphasizes the fact that public taste has changed—which is, of course, obvious. He implies that we insist upon greater elaboration in productions, and costlier ones. So do we demand finer railway-coaches, finer street-cars, more comforts and greater luxuries in our homes. The advance in the nature of stage productions has been no greater than that in every other department of life.

The costliness of theatrical productions is chiefly an expression of the general social extravagance; but the managers themselves have fostered it. This over-elaboration was first manifested in musical productions when the quality of book and music was so low that the producing manager realized that he must depend upon scenery, costumes, and pretty girls in order to draw money to the box-office. Scores of dramatic productions were bolstered up by effects and scenes designed to overcome the inherent weakness of the play.

Mr. Tyler asks: "What next?"

The answer is simple. Not more elaborate productions, but a higher intelligence in judging plays and "what the public wants." Nobody will ever know with absolute definiteness what the public wants, because the public itself never knows. But it is possible to come much nearer to knowing than is the case now. It is possible, at least, to know what the public doesn't want; and the producing managers are lamentably ignorant on that score.

They are improving. The quality of plays that have real significance has improved enormously in the past five years, and the plays are growing better all the time. The public hasn't anything to worry about. But the manager who clings to his old gods of Precedent and Prejudice has a great deal to bother him. If he had the courage to employ a scientific man, a psychologist, who would make a careful study of public taste and thought, and if the manager could apply this knowledge, most of his difficulties would be solved.

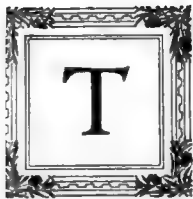
HARTLEY DAVIS.



The RIGHT TO LOVE

by Alfred Ollivant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARVEY EMRICH



HE wife of the chaplain of the prison sat in her drawing-room and knitted leisurely.

She was a young woman of about thirty, beautiful in a dark and somewhat foreign way;

and there was about her the mystery, the repose, the cold and dewy fragrance of the woman who is so nobly a lady that she is quite unconscious of it.

The window opened on to a veranda hung with roses. Through it she could see her strip of garden captured from the wilderness and hemmed in by a wall of rough gray boulders.

Beyond it the moor flowed up to the sky in a dark, majestic flood, reddening now in the dying year. The heather was almost over, the bracken bronzing fast; and on the skyline a group of stark firs added a touch of grimness to the scene.

Now and then a small bird piped, or a lamb bleated. And once out of the silence, the sunshine, and the peace there came the dream of a creature caught and squeezed to death in the grip of Him whose iron law rules in the wilderness. Then silence, sunshine, and peace once more.

The spaciousness of the great life out there

under the sky seemed to penetrate to the soul of the wind-stirred lady, who glanced up ever and anon as she worked, and dwelt on it with tranquil eyes.

From the window you could see the prison, which rose bleak and lonely from the moor some quarter of a mile away.

The chair of the chaplain's wife was so placed that she could look out of the window without seeing those cold and shuddering walls.

II

Now she yawned and glanced at the clock.

Her husband should have been in some time; and so should tea.

The door opened at length clumsily.

A burly woman in a print dress entered, bearing on a tray tea-things that rattled.

"You, cook!" chaffed the chaplain's wife. "Where's Mary?"

The big woman labored heavily toward the table, her eyes on the window. Her great bosom heaved; she was much the color of dough, and there was a fluttering terror about her. "Upstairs, 'm," she panted. "In her bedroom. Locked in."

The smile in her mistress's eyes deepened. "Locked in!" she said. "Why?"

The big woman breathed heavily as she ar-

ranged the things. She was tense with listening; and every now and then she snatched a startled glance at the window.

"There's a convict escaped, 'm. The gun went twenty minutes since; and the black pendant's up over the prison."

The chaplain's wife rose leisurely and, crossing to the window, knitting still, looked out.

A quarter of a mile away, gaunt against the sunset, she saw the great gray prison that stood up desolate and alone on the high moors amid granite and bracken and heather. She never saw it without a pang—that Golgotha-like mausoleum in which were entombed the souls of men. It made for her a leprous spot against the dark beauty of the moor. Along its high, bleak walls the winds roamed freely; over it the uncaged birds sang and swept; about it the spacious moors lived and moved and had their being in sunshine and frost and rain; and within—her husband gave short addresses on the Spiritual Life.

"So it is," she said, recrossing the room quietly. "I'm afraid he won't have much chance here on the moor, poor fellow. There's not so much as a wood—much less a house."

"Except only ours, 'm," panted the cook.

The chaplain's wife resumed her seat. "Why, you silly creature, he wouldn't hurt you!" she chaffed. "I expect all he wants is to be loved, poor fellow. You would, too, if you'd been boxed up in that place for months."

Her mistress's sentiment left the cook unmoved. "I've locked all the doors," said the practical woman. "There's only your window."

She lumbered across to it on flat feet. As she did so, hysterical shrieks came from the top floor. The cook halted and stood transfixed, pointing. Then screams came tearing out of her, and she floundered, fainting, toward the door. Bolting through it, she turned the key in the lock from the outside.

The chaplain's wife rose a little from her easy chair and then sank back into it.

A convict entered by the window.

He was tall, young, and, despite his shaven head and prison-garb, there was no mistaking the fact that he was a gentleman. His face was fine, his eyes were clear and deep, if full of suffering. There was no terror in his face, no desperation. He was not hot, he was not hustled. But he was clearly

searching something. Standing calmly in the window, with folded arms, he looked at her. And as he looked a wonderful peace and satisfaction stole into his face; and his eyes that had a keen and quësting look became soft and rapt.

"Ah, there you are!" he said, with a strange, caressing tenderness that soothed her tumultuous heart and gave it peace.

"D'you know me?" she asked, suddenly tender as himself.

To her amazement she found that she had never been less afraid of any man in her life than of this escaped convict. His spirit spoke to hers and gave it rest and confidence. Leaning back easily, her long white fingers busy, her eyes sought his with an encouraging smile.

He answered it. "Yes, I know you," he said, in the same caressing voice.

"Who am I?"

"You're a woman." He came toward her slowly, rapt and dreaming still. "I've been searching for you for four years. I ran the gauntlet in the quarries just now to catch a glimpse of you."

The chaplain's wife dropped her eyes. "It's very good of you," she said, flippant in self-defense. "Sit down."

He obeyed, hitching his knickerbockers at the knee, and bending his naked pate to her as he did so. Something about the smooth baldness of his shaven head emerging from the coarse brown of his uniform made her heart sob.

"What can I do for you?" she asked gently, dealing with him as she would have dealt with a wounded animal.

"Only one thing," he answered, his chin on his hand, and eyes on hers.

"What's that?"

"Stay where you are, and let me stay with you."

"I'll stay where I am—because I can't stay anywhere else," she said, with the tender gaiety of an April day. "I'm locked in. But I'm afraid I can't help you to escape. I'm an official's wife; and it wouldn't be quite the game, would it?"

"I'm not trying to escape," he answered gravely.

"What are you trying to do?"

"I'm seeking something I've lost."

She looked at him curiously.

"What's that?"

He paused. "Woman," he said, "and what she stands for."



H. THERE YOU ARE!" HE SAID, WITH A STRANGE, CARESSING TENDERNESS THAT SOOTHED
HER TUMULTUOUS HEART AND GAVE IT PEACE.

"And what does woman stand for?"

He answered quietly, "Love."

The chaplain's wife sat up briskly and said, "Or tea?"

He shut up instantly: a scud darkened his face. "Or tea," he said, jarred and jarring.

She poured from a silver teapot, brisk still. "Weak or strong?"

"Weak, please. One lump."

III

She had dissipated his dream-mood. He pottered about the tea-table in his branded uniform and handed her the bread-and-butter. She saw his broken fingernails and winced. As he bent toward her, his head, bald as an egg, once again touched in her heart the spring of tears.

Rising, she took a cloak that hung on a chair-back and threw it over his shoulders. She was breathing uncertainly as she did so; and there was an infinite delicacy about her gesture, as though she feared to wound him with a touch, however light.

He said gently, "Thank you," and added, "My name is John Hailsham."

She glanced up at him swiftly, her color heightening. "I know the name. You're the poet, aren't you?"

"I was once."

"I've got your book—'The Soul of Love.'" She was breathing deep.

"Have you?" he said, and added as an afterthought, "Thank you." Then he sat down. "You remember my case?"

The lovely color flickered in her cheek, opal and pink. "I remember something about it," she said with downward eyes.

"My stepfather used to be brutal to my mother, and one day—you know," he shrugged. "I got eight years—and I don't blame them. I did my duty; they did theirs." He paused. "I've done four years to-day. It's about half time."

The lady's color ebbed. "Four years!" she shuddered. "Is it—too terrible?"

"It is a bit trying," he said, and stirred his tea.

His gentle melancholy stole in upon her soul like music. "Is it the work—in the quarries?"

"No; that's rather jolly. They pay you well, too—a cent an hour; and a bit more if you're a good boy. No, it's not what they give you; it's what they take from you that matters."

Her eyes were keen and suffering as his own. "Ah," she said. "Liberty."

"No," he answered slowly. "Life." He raised his eyes to hers, and his voice began to gather. "You've read my book. You believe with me that life is love. Where I am they deliberately deprive you of life because they deliberately deprive you of Love." He trembled and thrilled. "They don't kill the body—they haven't the pluck: they kill the soul—by slow torture." He rose to his feet, swept along upon the billow of his passion. "And for a man like myself, who can love, who *is* Love, to be denied a thing to love or to be loved by—oh, it's—it's—it's——"

The waves of his emotion surged through him and broke in despair against the iron boundaries of his fate. He sobbed and stamped. "Oceans and oceans of Love, eternal and infinite, washing about within you, seeking outlet, and finding, whichever way it turns—a blank wall." He opened his arms to heaven and dropped them. "Every crevice, every cranny by which Love can come in to you or go out from you is stopped. That's why it's death. That's why it's hell—because they forbid you to be yourself. They rob you of the right to Love."

The storm passed suddenly as it had arisen. Calmly, he resumed his seat. "And that's why—I want a change."

She dried her eyes, and chuckled to his last stroke. It was like a gleam of sunshine penetrating the deeps of dungeon-waters.

"They'll give me two years more of death for my lark," he continued quietly. "But it will be worth it. I shall have had my sip of life." Suddenly, sweetly he smiled at her. "I shall have had my sip of life—D'you understand?"

She looked at him, kindling. "Do I understand?" she said. "Am I a woman?"

He dropped his eyes. "I see you are," he answered contritely. "I knew you were. But there are women who are just—men *manqués*." He drew his sleeve across his nose. With beautiful delicacy she offered him her handkerchief. He took it quietly and went on. "D'you remember a lyric in 'The Soul of Love' called 'Life and Death'?"

The lady's eyes lighted. A wistful gleam touched her beauty. "Do I not?" she said, and began to recite with quivering tenderness:

Love only is where is reply—
 I speak: you answer:
 There am I.
 And that is Revelation.

Love only lives to seek reply—
 I speak: no answer:
 And I die,
 To seek Reincarnation.

He listened with bowed head to her low voice, and listened still long after it had ceased, as though to catch the wash of its waves breaking on the shores of silence.

"That's it," he said at length. "That's what I was driving at. Where I am there's no reply." He paused, and continued in his gentle, undulating voice: "In the Belgian prisons they allow a fellow to keep a canary. You chirp—it sings. Something to reply—something alive—something to love and be loved by." He looked up with soft eyes that smiled. "Isn't it beautiful!"

She answered him, her eyes lovely as his own, "It's Christlike."

"They don't allow us so much as a spider," he went on, in his quiet way. "In the good old days, in the good old dungeons, a chap had a chance—a lizard, a rat, a snake; something to share your grub with, to talk nonsense to, to cuddle and kiss—if it was only a toad."

She shone on him through mists. He was so old and yet so young! She was his mother, and yet his child.

"I wouldn't care about a toad myself—not to cuddle and kiss," she said, sweetly grave.

He raised his eyes, a twinkle of the boy in them again. "Ah, well, you needn't be afraid. There's no danger of toads to-day. We keep the toads out—and the Love with 'em."

"I'm glad about the toads," she answered demurely.

Then they both smiled.

IV

They began to be comrades, to reach out hands and hearts each to the other in the darkness, these two souls who could love.

"And have you had no one to reply to you throughout these years?" she asked at length, low.

The old eyes staring out of his young head glowed. "There was one old warder," he said, "a Salvation Army man, who used to—do my head; and he used to whisper in

my ear, when he thought no one was looking, Salvation-Army sort of things. '*Jesus loves you, sir. He was never nearer to you than He is now.*' You know." The tender light stole about his face. "I loved 'em." The light faded. "Then I suppose they found he was bringing us the one thing we needed, the one thing that could reform those of us who needed reforming, and they removed him."

The bitterness tanged in his voice again; and his face darkened.

"And has there been no one else?"

He shrugged his shoulders with a grimace, folding his hands, shutting his eyes, and thrusting forth his under lip. "There's the chaplain," he said grimly, "who gives us brief addresses on the Spiritual Life."

She looked grave. "He's my husband."

The other dropped his eyes, and made no effort to recover himself.

"Harry's rather conventional and that at top," continued the chaplain's wife gently, "but he's very loving, really. He's often told me about you, and how grieved he was that—somehow—you didn't seem—quite to hit it off together."

The other was silent still, doggedly silent.

She regarded him with eyes gravely amused, but too tender far to smile. Beneath the poet, crucified, suddenly there had emerged the stubborn schoolboy; and she loved him all the better for it.

"And besides these two has there been no one?"

There was a lengthy pause. He looked at his feet. Suddenly he shot his arms toward her and cried, the passion choking him:

"For four years I haven't seen a woman; I haven't heard the voice of a child; I haven't stroked an animal; I haven't plucked a flower. I've been treated as a machine is treated by a man who doesn't love it because he doesn't understand it—just kept clean and in working order. That's why I'm here to-day. What's a woman? What's her job?"

She answered, trembling to his storm, "To reply."

"To reply. To keep a man alive—that's to say, loving. A touch, a smile, a tear—and it's done. A man easily forgets that he is Love—and the woman reminds him. I wanted reminding—I was forgetting what I am. Where I am they don't remind you. Now I remember."

The chaplain's wife rose and crossed to the window. She was weeping.

He followed her respectfully, and plucked a rose in the veranda over her head. "May I give you a flower?" he asked, tenderly.

"And may I give *you* the loveliest flower in all my garden?" she sobbed, and, gathering a rose, pinned it on his prison garb.

He bent above her, absorbing her beauty. "Have you a baby?" he asked softly.

She raised rejoicing eyes to his, all the sunshine in her leaping forth from behind banked clouds.

"Yes, the best in all the world—*so fat*." She showed him with her hands. "He's out just now. I *am* sorry. He's gone to tea with a little friend—the governor's child. This is his miniature."

He brooded over it. "How I should like to hug that child!" he said deeply. "You can't think what a longing I have for something fat and round and young that'll gurgle and chuckle when you prod and poke it."

She looked at him with beautiful tenderness. "Something to reply," she said.

"Something to reply," he answered: "something to kiss and cuddle and dandle." He rocked to and fro as one nursing a baby.

"One minute!" cried the other, and disappeared through the window.

In a moment she returned with a kitten in her arms. "Here you are!" she cried, joyous as a girl. "My kitty! It's the only young thing I've got in the house."

The convict darted forward with hungry arms. "Ah-h-h!" he gasped, as a man dying of thirst who suddenly sees water. He took the kitten in his arms and hugged and kissed her. He danced, laughed, sang, and chuckled. He was a man who is born again. "She's purring. She's licking my face. She knows me." The little creature crawled about his arms and shoulders. He pretended to toss her to the ceiling. "Kitty! My kitty! I love you. Love me, kitty, my kitty." Then he noticed the chaplain's wife standing by and watching him with tender eyes. "There! What a selfish beast I am! Why should I have all the loving to myself? You have a turn!"

"No," she protested, eager as a child and yet reluctant—"you!"

He pressed her, boy-like. "Yes, you. Come on. Oh, do!"

"No, I don't want to. I can any day. You!"

"Oh, do! You must!"

He forced the kitten on her. She took the little creature at last and loved it with laughter, swirling graciously about the room.

He watched her for a moment tenderly, then he turned to the tea-table.

"Let's give her some milk," he said, keen as a boy.

He put a saucer on the floor, took up a little silver jug, and poured.

She put a protesting hand upon his arm. "Hi, that's my cream, man!"

"Well, cream will do," he cried cheerily. "I dare say she won't know the difference."

"But my cook will!" retorted the lady. "Kitty must be content with milk. Here, stop, man!"

She slapped his pouring hand.

"Hi! Don't! You're spilling it!" he holloed. "Very well, then. Have it your own way. Where is the milk?"

V

As they played and wrangled thus together, boy- and girl-like, the key was turned suddenly in the lock with a rasping sound, and a clergyman entered.

He was about thirty-five, reddish-haired, clean-shaven, and gazing firmly through round spectacles. A pistol was in his hand, and he was stiff with resistance and authority.

"Hands up!" he ordered harshly. "It's no good. This is loaded. Vi-o-let, leave the room!"

He held the door open.

The convict ignored him and poured milk cautiously into the saucer. Then he put the kitten by it.

The little creature began to lap, her tail high and waving in the air. The convict watched her contentedly.

"There!" he purred.

The chaplain's wife laid one hand on her husband and one on the convict.

"Harry, this is Mr. John Hailsham. Mr. Hailsham, my husband," she said quietly.

The chaplain looked with blank dignity from one to the other. His wife held out her hand for the pistol. He put it stubbornly behind his back. She made impatient movements with her fingers and said at length, sharply, "Harry!"

He gave up the pistol surlily.

She looked at it and then handed it to the



"HARRY, THIS IS MR. JOHN HAILSHAM. MR. HAILSHAM, MY HUSBAND,"
SHE SAID QUIETLY.

convict. "D'you understand these things, Mr. Hailsham?" she asked. "Would you mind undoing it? I don't allow Harry to have firearms. He doesn't understand them."

The convict took the pistol and fiddled with it. The chaplain glared at his wife. She refused to meet his eye, watching the other serenely. Stealthily the chaplain approached the fireplace and seized the poker.

"Put it down!" said his wife quietly.

Sullenly he obeyed.

The convict handed back the pistol to the chaplain's wife. "It isn't loaded," he said. "He can't hurt himself."

The chaplain's wife looked at her husband archly and whistled.

The convict whistled, too.

The chaplain scowled at him, amazed and domineering. He felt astonishingly small.

Then he held the door. "Vi-o-let, leave us!" he ordered.

"No, dear boy!" she said serenely. "I don't leave my guests. *You* will leave us when you've said your important little say."

She crossed over to the window, leaving the two men together.

The chaplain shut the door and approached the convict stealthily, lowering his voice:

"Hailsham, I want to appeal to your common sense. Here we are in the midst of moors—miles and miles of them, without a human habitation of any sort. What chance have you? Even if you got to Georgetown in those clothes—I appeal to your common sense—I—I——"

"Cut it short, Harry," interposed his wife from the window. "Mr. Hailsham knows all that."

The convict nursed the kitten. "I'm not trying to escape," he said coldly. "There's only one thing I want."

"What's that?" asked the chaplain.

"I want you to telephone down to the prison that I'm here."

"Very well," said the chaplain, greatly encouraged. "Vi-o-let, go into my study and send a message to the governor."

The chaplain's wife turned. "No, Harry," she said. "You didn't attend to Mr. Hailsham's instructions. He said *you* were to send the message. I'll stay with my guest."

She went to the door and opened it for him. The chaplain crossed sullenly to the window and shut it deliberately. Then he

arranged some heavy chairs in front of it.

"Harry!" called his wife sharply, "don't be childish."

The chaplain sauntered sulkily toward the door. "You know, Hailsham, I want to say what I've said before, that there's not the least—remotest—possible—chance—whatever——"

"Harry!" interrupted his wife very sharply. "Go to your study and do what Mr. Hailsham has told you. Go at once!"

"I'm going," muttered the other, and sauntered doggedly out. "I may say the governor's already telephoned to Georgetown, so that there's not the least—remotest—possible—chance—whatever——"

His wife shoved him out and shut the door.

The key was turned in the lock from without.

"And to save disappointment," came the voice through the door, urbane yet bitter, "I should add that there is a ring of warders already round the house."

The chaplain's wife put her lips to the keyhole and cried, "Rubbish! There's nothing of the sort. I want you to get out of this horrid practise of fibbing, Harry. This is twice in two minutes. Both Mr. Hailsham and I are greatly distressed that a priest in Holy Orders should indulge in such a reprehensible practise. I like *Baby's* father to be *truthful*. And I don't see the least—remotest—possible—chance whatever of it at present."

VI

The chaplain's wife crossed, flashing still, to the window, and opened it.

Then she returned to the convict. "He means very well," she said briefly, and sat down in an easy chair. "We've got lots of time," she went on. "Come and sit by me."

He drew up an easy chair alongside hers, the kitten underneath his arm.

A noise was heard in the veranda, and the chaplain was seen outside.

His wife rose swiftly and marched to the window. "Harry!" she cried.

"All right, all right," he answered testily. "I'm only gardening."

The chaplain's wife stamped and pointed.

The other withdrew sullenly. She watched him away, and then drew down the Venetian blind.

"Now," she said, and returned to her seat.

In the dark they reclined in their long easy chairs, side by side, and facing each other.

"I want to make the most of these few minutes till they come," said the convict quietly. "I shall have to live for years on the amount of love you can give and I can take."

She took his hand in hers.

"Ah, how beautiful of you!" he said.

His tender melancholy had clouded him again.

Her voice came to him out of the twilight: "You'll be very good?"

"I will. It's no good being anything else."

The schoolboy touch smote once more the chuckling chord in her heart. "Promise me."

"I do."

There was a pause, and then she said again, "Promise me."

"Honest Injun!"

She patted his hand. "It won't be long."

"It will be half an hour," he answered.

"This half hour lived over and over again, and more beautiful each time."

She was crying now. "Perhaps Harry'll be able to get you up here to work in the garden—when this has blown over. He has done it before now."

"Ah!" said the convict.

"And I shall be there—Baby and I."

His eyes smiled in the dusk. "And—Harry!"

She hushed him with a finger. "There'll be lots to love."

He closed his eyes. "I sha'n't be short of that now—I shall have my memory."

She fondled his hand. "Dear boy!" she whispered, his mother now.

He leaned back in his chair. "Now I'm loving," he said, in sighing voice, sleepy with happiness. "Now I'm living. I'm drinking

in great drafts of the waters of eternal life. I shall hoard them within me like a camel and live on them in the tomb—until I rise again."

There was silence and dusk. Outside, a far sheep baaed desolately. The only other sound was the noise of her hand patting his, softly, evenly. The kitten crawled about the doomed man. He crooned to her, kissed her. He held her above his head, buried his lips in her, fondled her.

Upon the silence broke the tramp of feet in the hall without, and the ring of grounded rifles.

The chaplain's wife gripped the hand in hers covetously, as one from whom a treasure is about to be snatched.

The key was turned, and the door opened. A warder appeared, and beckoned to the convict from the door.

He rose slowly.

The chaplain's wife clutched his hand and cried across her shoulder beseechingly "One minute!"

The door was shut again.

Slowly the convict walked toward the window, the kitten beneath his arm.

The chaplain's wife trailed after him.

The convict turned up a batten of the Venetian blind.

A gleam of light entered. He peeped through the slit, and the light fell on his young face. Then he turned the batten down, and all again was dusk.

Slowly he turned, desolate and lamentable, holding out both his hands.

She took them and drew him to her, mutely lifting her forehead.

He kissed her.

Drawing his arm through hers, she led him slowly toward the door, patting his hand.

And he was smiling.



HABITS that HELP

BY · WALTER · D · SCOTT

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AFTER spending four years in an Eastern college, a young graduate was put in charge of a group of day laborers. He assumed toward them the attitude of the athletic director and the coach combined. He set out to develop a winning team, one that could handle more cubic yards of dirt in a day than any other group on the job.

He had no guide-book and no official records to direct him. He did not know what the best "form" was for shoveling dirt, and he did not know how much a good man could accomplish in an hour. With stopwatch and note-book in hand, he began to observe the movements of what seemed the best worker in the group. He counted the different movements made in handling a shovelful of dirt, and the exact time required for each of the movements. He then made similar observations upon other men. He found that the best man was making fewer movements and faster movements than his companions. But he also discovered that even this best workman was making movements which were not necessary, and that he was making some movements too slowly and thus losing the advantage of the momentum which a higher speed would have produced and which would have enabled him to accomplish the task with less effort.

The young collegian then set about to standardize the necessary movements and the most economical speed for each movement required in the work of his group. He instructed his best man in the improved method of working, and offered him a handsome bonus if he would follow the specifications and accomplish the task in the estimated time. The man, eager to earn the increase, followed the directions closely, and

in a few weeks was enabled to accomplish more than twice the work of the average workman. The improved habit of working was then taught the other workmen, and the result was a winning team.

The success of the young collegian did not get into the colored supplements of the daily press, but it was heralded by mechanical engineers as marking an epoch in the industrial advance of humanity. It made manifest the necessity of a study of habits, the elimination of the useless ones, and the acquisition of the most beneficial ones.

There is a disposition to deprecate habits on the assumption that the man who is in their grip is hopelessly in a rut, that he who has reduced his work to habit ceases to be original and is incapable of further advancement. On the contrary, advance in efficiency is dependent upon the presence of well-established habits ready for use. I can not improve my style of composing English prose till the use of my pen has been reduced to an automatic habit. I can not proceed far with introspection in a psychological experiment till I have reduced to habit all the manipulations of the apparatus employed.

Modern physiological psychology has dealt with the problem of explaining the possibility of the formation and maintenance of habits. The explanation is found in the mutual development of the mind and the nervous system, and in the dependence of thought and action upon the nervous system, and particularly upon the brain. To understand habit we must look beyond thought and action, and consider some of the fundamental characteristic features of the nervous system. One such characteristic is the plasticity of the nervous substance. If I bend a piece of paper and crease it, the

crease will remain even after the paper is straightened out again. The paper is plastic, and plasticity means simply that the substance offers some resistance to adopting a new form, but that when the new form is once impressed upon the substance it is retained.

Emphasis has been laid, in modern conceptions of psychology, upon the intimate relationship existing between our thoughts and our brains. Every time we think, a slight change takes place in the delicate nerve-cells in some part of the brain. Every action among these cells leaves its indelible mark, or crease. Just as it is easy for the paper to bend where it has been creased before, it is likewise easy for action to take place in the brain where it has taken place before.

The brain may also be likened to the cylinder or disk used in a dictating machine and in phonographs, and a thought likened to the needle making the original record. It takes some energy to force the needle through the substance of the cylinder, but thereafter it moves along the opened groove with a minimum of resistance. In a similar way it is easy to think the old thought or to perform the old act, but it is most difficult to be original in thinking and in acting. When an idea has been thought or an act performed many times, the crease or groove becomes so well established that thinking or acting along that crease or groove is easier than other thoughts or actions, and so this easier one may be said to have become habitual. In a very real sense the thoughts and actions form the brain by means of the delicate physical changes which they produce; and then, when the brain is formed, its plasticity is so great that it determines our future thinking and acting.

HABIT SAVES TIME

Human efficiency depends in part upon the rapidity with which we are able to accomplish our tasks. It is surprising to us all when we find how rapidly we can accomplish our habitual acts and how slowly we perform the tasks to which we are compelled to give specific attention. I find that I can repeat the twenty-six letters of the alphabet in two seconds. I do not give attention to the order of the letters, but all I seem to do is to start the process, and then it says itself. If, however, I attempt to pronounce the

alphabet backward, my first attempt takes a full minute. If I attempt to say the alphabet forward but to insert after each letter a single syllable, such as "two," it takes sixteen seconds. Thus, a 2, b 2, c 2, d 2, etc., requires eight times as many seconds as the simple alphabet, a, b, c, d, e, etc. The sequence which has become most perfectly habitual requires but two seconds; the process which in part employs the old habit requires sixteen seconds; but the act which has never been reduced to a habit at all (repeating the alphabet backward) requires at least sixty seconds.

Some time ago I could pick out the letters on a typewriter at the rate of about one per second. Writing is now becoming reduced to a habit, and I can write perhaps three letters a second. When the act has been reduced to the pure habit form, I shall be writing at the rate of not less than five letters per second.

I can send a telegraph message at a rate but little faster than one contact per second. Those who have reduced the transmission of messages to a habit are capable of making twelve contacts per second.

SPEED VS. HURRY

The speed of thought is slow unless it follows the old creases and the old grooves. No adequate speed is possible so long as attention must be given to the succeeding stages of the thought or act. This is true of all acts and of all thoughts, whether in the home or upon the street, in the shop or in the office.

Great speed of thought and action must not be confused with hurried thought and action. Speed which is habitual is never hurried. There are many acts of skill which can be done much more easily if performed rapidly than if performed slowly. When working hurriedly, there is a speeding up of all movements, whether necessary or unnecessary, but the speed secured from correct habits is primarily dependent upon the elimination of useless movements and the concentration of energy at the essential point.

In general, our work becomes accurate, as well as swift, in the degree to which we are able to mechanize it into habits. The beginner in piano-playing or typewriting pays attention to the striking of each key. When he is in this stage of development he is liable

at any time to strike the wrong key and certainly can not be depended upon for regularity of touch. As soon as he has reduced the striking of the keys to a habit, he ceases to strike the wrong keys and secures uniformity of touch.

The expert marksman has reduced the necessary steps of shooting to a habit and gives no special attention to the position of the fingers, the tension of the hands, the angle of the head, the closing of the eye, and the pulling of the trigger. He has reduced all these to habit before he is able to secure his expert skill.

The reliable bookkeeper has reduced to habit the combining of all the ordinary sums of the ledger. The man of accuracy of speech is the one whose thoughts clothe themselves in the correct verbal expressions by habit but with no conscious selection of words. The man of the most accurate judgment in any field is the man who has succeeded in reducing to habit most of the steps of the judgments in that field.

HABIT RELIEVES THE ATTENTION FROM DETAILS

Attention can not be directed to more than one thing at a time. It is doubtless true that the "one thing" may be very complex, *e. g.*, four letters or even four words. So long as the performance of an act demands attention, this one act is practically all that can be done at that time. As soon as this thing is reduced to habit, it may go on automatically, and the attention may be turned to other things.

When I begin to learn to play the piano, the finger movements require all my attention, so that I can not read the notes on the scale and make the proper execution at the same time. Gradually, the reading of notes and the execution are reduced to habit, and I can then turn my attention to the reading of the words of the air. As each essential detail is reduced to habit, I acquire the ability to read the score, to make the correct finger and foot movements, to read the words of the song, to sing it correctly, and at the same time to be thinking more or less of other things.

My use of the pen has become so reduced to habit that I need pay no attention to the writing, but am enabled to give my entire attention to the thought which I am attempting to formulate. So every useful

habit becomes a power or a tool which may be used for multiplying the efficiency of the individual. Habit formation is the greatest labor-saving device in the human economy.

RUNNING THE HUMAN MACHINE

No one has expressed this truth so forcefully as the late Professor William James:

"The great thing, then, in all education, is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy. It is to fund and capitalize our acquisitions, and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. For this we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision, and for whom the lighting of every cigar, the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed every day, and the beginning of every bit of work, are subjects of express volitional deliberation. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding, or regretting, of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all. If there be such daily duties not yet ingrained in any one of my readers, let him begin this very hour to set the matter right."

HABIT REDUCES EXHAUSTION

The various acts connected with my morning toilet have been reduced to sheerest habit. I do not think of the different acts as I perform them—they seem to perform themselves. The sequence of the various acts and the manner of performing them are not particularly good, but I do not seem inclined to change them. I put on my left shoe before my right, my right sleeve before my left. I have the absurd habit of washing my teeth after I have washed my face. That my habits may execute themselves automatically, all the articles of my toilet must be in their proper places. I am thwarted in carrying out my habits unless my laundry has been properly placed, unless towels, brushes, etc., are all where they

should be. If everything is in its place, I get down to breakfast refreshed and recuperated. If the toilet articles are so located that I am compelled to do consciously what I might have done subconsciously, I get down to breakfast irritated and nervously depleted. The peace and restfulness of an orderly and systematic household are in part dependent upon the fact that it is only in such a household that we are enabled to turn over to habit the accomplishment of untold recurrent acts.

The experienced accountant can add figures continuously for eight hours a day, and at the end of the day may feel no great exhaustion. The man who has not reduced to habit the necessary steps in addition can not add continuously for two hours without a degree of exhaustion so great that it paralyzes effort. The same is true with typewriting, telegraphing, and with all forms of manipulation which may be reduced to habit.

WORK THAT WON'T REDUCE TO HABIT

The habit of reading in a foreign language is rarely so well established as the habit of interpreting the printed symbols of the mother tongue. Even when I seem to be reading German as easily as English, a few hours spent in reading German are to me much more exhausting than the same amount of time spent with an English book. Attending lectures delivered in German is to me more exhausting than the same lectures would be if delivered in English.

Work that requires much constructive thinking can not be continued for many hours a day. This is due to the fact that such thinking does not admit of complete reduction to specific habits. The executive who accomplishes much is the man who has formed many useful habits and who is able to fall back on them for a large part of his work. His decisions are reached in a habitual manner. Investigations take a regular, automatic course. All the details of the office are reduced to mechanical system. No useless energy is spent in giving attention to details that can be better done by habit, and the mind is thus freed from exhaustion and left fresh for attacking the problems arising for solution.

Some of the most constructive thinkers of the world have been men who could work at their original work for but a few minutes at a time. One brilliant contemporary writer

accomplishes most when he works not more than fifteen minutes at a time. Charles Darwin is famous for the originality of his thinking, and hence we are not surprised when we find that he was able to work but three hours out of the twenty-four.

PERSONAL HABITS

Personal habits are the most apparent and those by which we most often judge an individual. Manner of dress becomes so much a matter of habit that the wearing apparel is sometimes spoken of as the habit, and, as Shakespeare says, it oft betrays the man. Cleanliness and neatness of appearance, the tone and accent of voice, the manner of walking and of carrying the head, and the use of language are personal habits which are acquired early in life, but which mean much in the chances of success. The manner of eating, of sleeping, and of caring for all the needs of body and mind are for most persons mainly a matter of habit, yet to a large extent, they determine the condition of health and the length of days.

We become fond of doing things in the manner to which we have become habituated. This tendency manifests itself to an abnormal degree in the drinking and the smoking habit. In a lesser degree we see the same thing in the attachment of the babe for his pacifier and the child for his chewing gum. Habit creates a craving for the good as well as for the bad. The ways to which we have become habituated seem pleasing to us whether they be good or bad. There is truth in the proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it." It might be added that the child will not *want* to depart from the way to which he has been trained, for the habits thus acquired beget a fondness for the acts themselves.

It is very unusual for any one to acquire a language after the age of twenty so as to speak it without a foreign accent. All other personal habits are like the use of language in that they are acquired during the early years and are not easily changed. So far as personal habits are concerned, but little change need be anticipated after the twentieth year.

Our treatment of others is largely a matter of habit. We are affable or gruff according to habit. Honesty and dishonesty in dealing with others is, in the main, a matter

of habit. The honest man is the one who takes honesty for granted and acts honestly from habit. So soon as he begins to observe that he is an honest man, to call attention to the fact, and to be much impressed by the honor of his choices—at that moment suspicion of him should be entertained, for honesty has with him ceased to be a habit.

We classify individuals largely by means of their personal and social habits. By these the gentleman is recognized as surely as the boor. By means of them we select our friends and engage new employees. Efficiency in every life-calling depends upon our success in dealing with people. Such success is largely dependent upon the social habits which we acquire.

OCCUPATION HABITS

Until the recent rise of interest in psychology, relatively little attention had been given to the study of those habits which are developed in business. When proper care is not given to the formation of these habits developed in connection with one's daily occupation, wrong habits are certain to appear. The mason makes two motions with his trowel where he should make but one. The accountant substitutes "short cuts" in adding where all the operations should be taken in regular order and made as automatic as the few short cuts previously developed. The executive has the habit of depending upon "desultory" memory where the logical should be developed. The salesman in speaking to a critical customer says "he don't," instead of saying "he doesn't," "gents' goods" instead of "men's goods." Every investigation into the human actions and the human methods of thinking involved in business reveals the presence of unfortunate habits such as the examples here cited.

Therefore, one of the most noteworthy events in the business and industrial world of the past twenty years is the study of the occupation habits of the workman, to which reference was made in the first paragraphs of this article. The research has been especially successful in dealing with the occupation habits of mechanics.

The fundamental discovery was made that the workman's occupation habits are not such as enable him to accomplish his task in an economical and efficient manner. To discover what occupation habits should

be developed, experts in each of several typical establishments were assigned the task of making a careful study of every movement of eye, hand, foot, and body, and the rate and sequence of all the movements necessary for performing single tasks most easily and efficiently. The experts were also to study the tools, the materials, and conditions best adapted for the work. In general, the experts found the greatest opportunity for improvement in the *movements* of the men. As a result of this research, numerous processes have been scientifically standardized. The workmen have been taught the new and better way and have been drilled till the processes have been, so far as possible, reduced to occupation habits. The workmen have been easily induced to acquire the new habits, as their earning capacity is thereby greatly increased. Ordinarily, a considerable bonus is awarded to all workmen who develop the desired habits and perform the task exactly as prescribed by the expert.

An investigation into the results secured from the adoption of this scientific attempt to study and to regulate the occupation habits of workmen reveals most gratifying success.

SAVING HOURS—AND MEN

Mr. H. R. Hathaway, an expert engineer, testifies that "under this system a workman can turn out from two to four times as much work" as he was able to accomplish when working with his old habits.

Mr. Lewis Sanders, of the General Engineering Company, New York, reports most satisfactory results from the introduction of this systematic attempt to regulate the occupation habits of employees. A typical example which he reports is the following: It regularly took a man one minute and forty seconds to set a piece in a jig. "After a study of the exact motions required to pick the piece up and set it accurately, we showed the same man how to do it in twenty seconds." This workman soon reduced the correct movement to habit, attained the specified speed, and, without in any way working harder than formerly, was assisted to increase his efficiency four hundred per cent.

A well-known engineering company required the reading of twelve thermometers, each every two minutes. The man assigned

to the task could rarely read so many as eight of them in the two minutes. An expert took up the problem and at first could do no better than the first man. The expert studied the most favorable position of the head and eyes for reading, eliminated all useless motions, and discovered that the twelve thermometers could then be read in one minute and fifty seconds. The workman who previously had with difficulty read eight thermometers in two minutes soon acquired the proper occupation habits and was enabled to read the twelve with perfect ease. His efficiency was increased forty per cent., and the task was rendered less exacting than before.

FROM BILLIARDS TO BRICKS

Typewriting is carried on by habits. The habit of writing most naturally formed is that known as the sight system. Recently, attempts have been successfully made to enable the operators to form the habit of writing by touch rather than by sight. The operator who acquires the habit of locating the keys by touch writes much faster and with less nervous strain than the operator who writes from sight.

No one has been more successful in studying occupation habits than Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth, an expert in the building trades. He discovered that in constructing a brick wall a good mason could lay one hundred and twenty bricks in an hour and that in laying each brick he makes eighteen distinct motions. The motions were not made in an economical sequence: some of them were useless, and merely exhausted the energy of the workman. Mr. Gilbreth attempted to apply the principles of playing billiards to the industry of bricklaying. Every motion of the mason should be a "play for position." He should make each motion so as to be ready for the next. For example, the motion of placing the mortar for the end joint should end with the trowel in position ready to cut off the hanging mortar. When the motions are made in the correct sequence, two or more of them can be combined and performed in but little more time

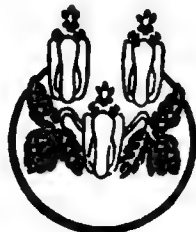
than would be required to make each of the separate motions. Thus, cutting off mortar, buttering the end of the laid brick, and reaching for more mortar can all be performed as a single movement. In this way the motions of the mason have been reduced from eighteen to five per brick. All this change has been brought about from a study of the occupation habits of masons. In discussing the results, Mr. Gilbreth says: "It has changed the entire method of laying bricks by reducing the kind, number, sequence, and length of motions. The economic value of motion study has been proved by the fact that we have more than tripled the workman's output in bricklaying and at the same time lowered cost and increased wages simultaneously, and the end is not yet."

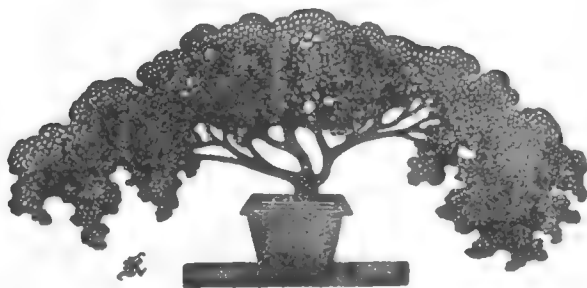
Attempts to develop beneficial occupation habits in executives have not yet been exhaustively and scientifically carried out. Such experiments are, however, sure to be successful, and it is quite probable that before another decade has passed the habits of executives will have been as successfully studied and controlled as have the occupation habits of mechanics cited above.

A PROPHECY

The introduction of physics and chemistry have led to marvelous results in methods of manufacture and transportation. Those who have given most attention to the advances of psychology during the past two decades are confident that by the proper application of psychology the efficiency of men is to be increased beyond the idle dream of the optimist of the past. If by a study of habits the efficiency of men in fundamental occupations has been increased from forty to four hundred per cent., it is hard to prophesy what results are to be secured from more extensive studies.

The prophecy has been made that as every manufacturing establishment employs its practical chemist, so in the future every establishment employing large numbers of men will find it profitable to employ a practical psychologist.





LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

HOPE FOSTER'S MOTHER

BY ANNE STORY ALLEN

HOPE FOSTER was the name of the girl who, day after day, went in and out of the stage entrance at Burnham's Stock Theatre. She also went in and out of a small apartment not very far from the theatre, and these entrances and exits represented, for the most part, her life as it had been for several long and weary years.

Miss Foster had a pretty figure, a well-shaped head covered with beautiful red hair, and real artistic ability. She was ambitious, hard-working, tender-hearted.

The flat where she and her mother lived was as neat as wax. The mother thought there was never a daughter like Hope, and Hope was sure that never had there existed, outside of heaven itself, a person so full—"chuck-full," Hope put it—of the very best kind of goodness, as her mother.

Hope dragged herself home one night, tired and listless. The little sitting-room looked bright and cozy. The canary chirped sleepily in his cage as he heard Hope's voice, and Mrs. Foster got up to welcome her daughter.

"It's a long pull up the stairs, dear," she said, taking Hope's little satchel. "Sit down in my big chair and put your feet on the footstool. There are your slippers."

Hope put her arms around her mother's neck. "You're my anchor, mother," she said.

"An anchor drags sometimes, dearie." The mother's voice was a little wistful.

"It holds, you mean—holds when a little badly trimmed craft like me might go plumb ashore. Oh, mother," she pressed her cheek tight to her mother's face, "*don't ever say you drag.*"

Mrs. Foster took Hope's hat and coat. Then she bustled out to the tiny kitchen and brought in a tray with some things Hope liked upon it.

"You're too tired to sit up to-night, mother," Hope said.

"Not tired a bit. Not a bit. I've only been working on those blouses of yours—the new machine runs so easily, it's just fun to sew now."

"Then, maybe I'll let you—"

"Of course you will."

"But only for half an hour."

Mrs. Foster laughed; then she opened Hope's hand-bag and took out some typed pages.

It was an old argument. Hope always contended that her mother should be in bed getting her "beauty sleep," while Mrs. Foster declared that Hope never had learned a part without her help and that she never could. And it always ended in the late hour's study.

"I wonder," sighed Hope, "if I'll ever be anything but an old woman or a servant."

"Which is it this time, dearie?"

"Old lady, and such a beast! If they'd make one like you, mother, I could play it with my eyes shut and make a hit. Only you're not an old lady and never will be."

My precious little wild-rose mother!"

For an hour they worked. Hope's tired brain caught the lines slowly.

"I must be dead tired to-night," she said finally. "Let's go to bed."

A French maid's part followed the old woman's; an Irish servant's followed that. Then one week there was great excitement in the little flat.

Hope had a new part, an entirely new kind of part, and must dress well for it.

The sewing-machine ran at lightning speed, scraps of rose-colored silk littered the sitting-room furniture, bits of cloth stuck to the carpet. At night a red-cheeked, nervous Hope went over her lines again and again, and the mother knew them too.

It seemed too good to be true. But the part was a "lead." It looked as though the servants and the old ladies she had stood for had each offered her mite of good-will, and in combining had served to convince a reluctant manager that Hope Foster had done good work. At any rate, the most important part in the most ambitious play that Burnham's Stock had ever attempted had been assigned to Hope. The price of seats had been raised, a new régime started.

The two who alternated as leading women, discovering that the raise in the price of seats did not mean a raise of salaries, had protested. A pyrotechnic interview with Burnham resulted in a final dramatic exit on the part of these artists.

And then Burnham had sent for Hope.

Rehearsals went on, improving steadily. Hope grew nervous and a bit fretful; and her mother, at home, got whiter. A dressmaker came for a few days, but there was a lot to do, and not very much money could be spared.

Mrs. Foster was lying down one day when Hope came in. She sat up quickly. "I was catching forty winks," she said, but she would not lie down again to "catch forty

more," as Hope begged her. And she said nothing of the pain that made breathing difficult.

The next day the same thing happened. Only this time she didn't sit up; she lay still. Hope was alarmed, and questioned her mother closely.

"Everything is finished, or nearly so, and I'm resting up a bit."

That was all she would say. Then she talked about the play, and Hope's mind turned to the work in hand, though in her heart was a vague foreboding. But the color came back to her mother's face, and Hope did not realize that it was not the faint tint of health, but the flush of fever.

The last few days went rapidly. The dress rehearsal was very bad, giving every one a sort of chill, but an inward confidence that the play would be a success.

Hope's nerves were at high tension.

"Oh, mother," she cried that night, "it will mean better things for us both—I feel it. Leisure and rest for you, and pretty things, and maybe a bit of travel. Oh, if I could get the very dearest and loveliest things for my darling, patient mother!"

Late that night Hope crept softly toward her room



"I WONDER," SIGHED HOPE, LEANING BACK, "IF I'LL EVER BE ANYTHING BUT AN OLD WOMAN OR A SERVANT."

"I'm not asleep, dear; come here a minute."

Hope knelt down by her mother.

"Can't you sleep? Did I make too much noise?"

"No, darling. Hope, you have been a good daughter to me. What should I have done without my baby girl?"

"We have a lot to be thankful for, haven't we, mommie?"

"Hope."

"Yes, mother."

"Darling, if anything should happen to me—you know we have these notions sometimes—there, don't look like that! I won't say any more."

"Mother, you frighten me!"

"There, there, dear! Go to bed, and God bless you."

"Isn't there something I can get? You are ill, mother."

"Kiss me, Hope. I want to sleep. Hope, your father comes to me often while I sleep; and I'm happy, dear, and young again."

Hope held her mother tight. "I'm going to stay with you, mother. You are ill."

"You're going to bed this minute, darling. We're both tired out, aren't we?"

"Mayn't I stay?"

"No, daughter; I'll be better alone."

Hope slept fitfully. It seemed to her once that she heard her mother moving, and she called, but there was no sound, and after listening a moment she fell asleep again. When she awakened, it was morning, the sun was shining in at her window, and the canary in his cage in the sitting-room was singing.

She got up quickly and ran to her mother's room. She had a swift, vague impression that she saw some one slip from it as she entered.

Mrs. Foster lay back on her pillows. Her brown hair was tumbled about her face, her cheeks were faintly pink, her eyes were shining.

"Are you better, mother?"—and then she flew to the bed. "*Mother!*"

"Yes, Hope, I am ill. But you must not worry."

"You didn't tell me. And I didn't see. I will send now—I'll telephone."

"No, dear; I sent yesterday. The doctor was here. And this morning, early, I telephoned him to send a nurse. She came just now."

"*Ill!* And I didn't know it. I haven't

thought, I haven't looked out for you. Sewing, slaving, pouring out your strength for me! Now I'll be quiet, mother dear—you must not be disturbed. I'm glad the nurse is here; she shall be with you at night, but I shall take care of you. It is my place."

"And the play?"

"What do I care for the play? What do I care for anything but you? Oh, mother, you must have known I would throw everything over. What is it all compared with you?"

Mrs. Foster sat up in bed. Her voice trembled, but it had the ring of authority. "Hope!" she said, and at her voice her daughter became once more the little child who minded.

"I am ill. It is serious. But more serious than any illness I could have, than anything that could come to either of us, is your duty. Burnham depends on you. Not only has a chance been given to you—the chance that I, your mother, have prayed might come—but it has brought with it responsibility. There is no understudy for your part; you have no right to desert your post. Daughter, promise me, *promise* me that whatever comes, *whatever* comes, you will keep to your contract."

Hope's face was white. Her hands clutched the quilt of her mother's bed, but her voice was quiet.

"Mother," she said, "I have never disobeyed you. My heart is here with you, but, whatever comes, I will do the work that I have to do, I promise you."

Her mother sank back against the pillow. Her breath came in hard gasps.

"I knew it," she said, and she smiled. "I knew you would."

Then the nurse came in, and as if a scene had been shifted, the room became a sick-room, her mother a patient, she herself a helpless, heartbroken somebody who had promised something and must do it.

Burnham, the manager, was startled that morning by the apparition of a white-cheeked, white-lipped girl who stood before him. She had Hope Foster's features, but her eyes looked as if they failed to see him.

"I'm here," said the apparition, "and I'm going to play to-night because I've said I would, and my mother won't let me go back on it. But she's dying, do you hear me? My mother's dying! I'll play

to-night, I promise you, but I'm doing it for her. I don't care about the play, nor you, nor my chance, nor *anything* but my mother. *My mother!*"

Two big tears rolled down her face and were dashed away.

"Sit down," urged Burnham nervously. "Sit down."

"Sit down! I'm going home. I won't be here to-day. No one can make me do that. But I'll be here to-night, no matter what happens—you understand? *No matter what happens!*"

She turned and left Burnham, brushing by the assistant manager as she went out.

"What's the matter with Miss Foster?" he questioned. "Hasn't chucked it, has she?"

Burnham drew his hand across his eyes. "Chucked nothing!" he answered.

"But what's the matter? Her face looked like death."

Burnham shuddered. "Matter is—" he said, fussing with some papers on his desk,—"oh, she's tired; she's very tired."

"Now, see here—"

"God, man, if you want to know—her mother's dying!"

The assistant manager fell back and stared. "And she's going to stick by us?" The two men looked at each other.

Then Burnham added: "Whatever happens," she said—"whatever happens."

"Isn't there *anybody*—?"

"Of course there isn't. Would I be sitting here like a stick if there was anybody to take it?"

"We've never treated her half right," commented the assistant.

"Shut up!" retorted the other. "Because we haven't is no sign we won't. Where are the books? Double her salary. Double it, I tell you, and don't sit there gaping at



"I'LL BE HERE TO-NIGHT, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS—YOU UNDERSTAND?
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS!"

me. You know how to add, don't you?"

The day wore on in the little flat, where Hope's mother lay. The doctor came and went, and the nurse moved methodically.

Hope bent now and again over her mother's pillow; she caught once or twice her father's name and a murmured prayer.

"I have prayed for this chance for you," her mother had said.

Toward night there was no sound except the labored breathing. It seemed to tear at Hope's heart with every panting gasp.

"She is unconscious," said the nurse.

"Then she won't know if I stay," cried Hope's heart. "I can't leave her—I ought not to."

With a spring she was at the telephone, but her hand stopped on its way to the receiver. "I can't break my word," she whispered. "Oh, mother, did you know how hard it would be?"

She went into her mother's room and knelt by the bed. She took the thin white

hand in hers and kissed it over and over; the needle-scarred forefinger she pressed to her lips in an agony.

"I can't even pray," she whispered. "Oh, mother, I can't even pray, but I *can* go, and I will."

She rose to her feet swiftly, looked down at the dear face, laid her hand softly on the brown hair.

"Mother, mother," she whispered, "I'm going. Honestly, I'm going," and she turned blindly from the room.

A cab rattled up to the apartment late that night. A wild-eyed girl threw open the door, and with an armful of flowers, rushed stumbling up the three flights of stairs. She smiled as she reached her door and tapped gently. It was opened almost immediately by the nurse. The flowers fell to the floor, and that sedate person was almost thrown from her balance by the frantic embrace of two strong young arms.

"I got your message. It came right after the second act. It seemed as if I couldn't go on again—and then you telephoned. Oh, it was a success! Can I tell her now? Oh, how happy I am! How happy she'll be! What makes—what makes you look so—queer? You didn't tell me that just to—she *is* better, she *is*?"

Hope turned swiftly toward her moth-

er's door. But the nurse stopped her.

"She told me to telephone you that she was better. And I thought she was. But when I got back to her, her heart——"

But Hope could not hear her.

Over on Broadway, at one of the theatres where electric lights spell out the name of a woman who can really act, you'll see night after night during the season a tall, slender figure with coppery hair and a white, sweet face, leave the stage door for her carriage.

They'll tell you this woman's name is Hope Foster. And they'll tell you what an enormous salary she gets and what beautiful gowns she wears.

But others would tell you—young girls, most of these would be—that there is a room in Hope Foster's house where many a young life has been set straight that threatened to end in disaster. It is a beautiful room, but there are homely things about—a sewing-machine, a little shabby footstool, a workbasket with a bit of rose-colored silk in it; and one girl saw once an old knitted shawl of lavender wool, but Miss Foster put that out of sight quickly.

Only those in trouble have seen this room. The gay friends, the happy ones, laugh and sing in the rest of the house. This is Sanctuary.

HALF A LOAF

BY WILLIAM HOLLOWAY

MEN do not "gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles," neither do they expect to meet Beau Brummels in the bread-line. Carter was, therefore, a good deal startled when the rough-looking man who had bumped into him began to apologize.

"Hope ye ain't hurt. I was running because I'm late."

Carter was standing on the corner, watching the line of hungry men and women shuffle furtively into the mist, their shoulders wearing the discouraged stoop that is the hall-mark of the conquered, their torn, battered shoes making soft, clucking noises on the muddied pavement.

"Oh, I'm all right," was his absent reply, his gaze still fastened on the bedraggled bread-line undulating into the foggy gloom

of the November night like some hideous crawling reptile that the slime of civilization had spawned. "I didn't get hurt."

It was worth while seeing, he told himself—this midnight march of the hungry upon the great bakery where the day's unsold bread was given away; and now that he had seen it he would go home to bed. So thinking, he turned up his coat collar—for the fog had brought with it a fine drizzle—and came face to face with the rough-looking man, still waiting on the pavement.

Hatless, collarless, gloveless, his appearance was the reverse of inviting, and Carter would promptly have evaded him but for two large red hands which barred his path as they motioned vigorously toward the retreating procession.

"Come along!" cried a hoarse voice. "You're next."

Carter shook his head. "No, I'm not; I'm not going to wait."

"Not going to wait!" The bread-liner cast a quick, unbelieving glance at Carter's face, as though the remark passed the limit of the credible, and followed up the look with a knowing but friendly grin.

"That bread's fresh—don't you worry. I've had a loaf fer three nights. There ain't no better in Noo Yawk."

Strangely enough, Carter felt no inclination to laugh. For an instant he eyed the drab array, half-hidden in the shadow. Then, spurred by a vagrant longing for adventure, he stepped forward, pushing his new acquaintance in front of him.

"All right—after ! you!"

They had barely taken their places when other belated stragglers surged in behind them, and the line lengthened anew. And as it lengthened, and the motley crew moved over the slippery pavement, Carter found himself exchanging odd bits of talk with one and another, as if he were indeed a denizen of this gray realm of privation, and had no connection with the sunny world he was accustomed to view from his club windows.

His clothing aided the illusion. He had strolled out, heedless of overcoat, a cloth cap pulled down over his forehead; and in the dim light he passed without comment. One of the policemen whose duty it was to keep the famished horde in order did, indeed, glance sharply at him; then, reassured by the artistic manner in which Carter drew his cap over his right eye, straightway forgot him.

The rear end of the procession now neared its goal—a gigantic bread-basket, at the side entrance to the bakery. Beside the basket stood two men handing out loaves of bread to the waiting liners. In the foggy drizzle an electric light shed a dim, blurred radiance on the scene; and the bread-liners, snatching their allotted loaves with wolfish eagerness and then vanishing in the darkness, seemed, with their torn, weather-worn clothes, their sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, like the lost spirits of some unsung inferno.

The whole affair struck Carter, on a near approach, as decidedly unpleasant. Like most of the world, he had kindled at the story of the charity—the story of the kindly old German baker who, at twelve each night, had been used to feed the hungry

with his unused stores, and who, in his will, had provided that the distribution should go on. But to see and feel the famished eagerness of the bread-liners was quite another matter.

Carter came to himself with a shock. His acquaintance had received his loaf, and was crossing the street, while before Carter himself stood one of the genii of the basket, holding out another loaf. He had barely presence of mind enough to stammer a refusal and cross the street in the wake of his companion.

That individual, who was hiding his share of the spoils beneath a shabby coat, looked around with a start.

"Say, didn't you get one?" There was an unexpected touch of disappointment in his voice. "Ain't they got any more?"

Carter's reply was non-committal. "I didn't get one."

The other finished buttoning his coat over the precious loaf, and swore softly into the night. Next he jerked his head toward the side street. "All right; come along."

Carter stood looking after him. "What do you want?"

"Ah, get a move on! Don't be starin' like a monkey!" was the sharp reply. "I'm hungry."

"I'm not." Carter's tone was impatient.

"Oh, you ain't, ain't you?" was the sarcastic rejoinder. "Then what was you doin' in th' bread-line?"

"Oh, I—I—" stammered Carter.

"Aw, cut it out, bo!" advised the other, kindly. "Me name's Carney, and I ain't down on a man because he's playin' in hard luck. Let's get on one of them park benches an' have a bite to eat."

Carter stared in surprise. "Going to give me some?"

"Aw, cut out that funny talk, bo," advised his companion. "Ain't I goin' ter give you half?"

Carter whistled; then he whistled again; after which, temporarily devoid of speech, he trudged silently beside his companion, until they came abreast of a flaring restaurant where veal pies cost a nickel each and one could revel in the real chicory at two cents a cup.

Carter recovered his self-possession as he gazed into the interior, where coffee cups that looked like relics of the Stone Age stood upon sloppy wooden tables that had strange secrets to tell. It was the four hundred

and eleventh "Original Beefsteak John's." Words can say no more.

"Suppose we go in," suggested Carter.

The other swept him with a doubting eye.

"Delmonico fer mine," was his sarcastic comment.

Carter jingled some loose change in his pocket. "Suppose we go in," he repeated.

"All right, bo," was the easy answer. But Carter, watching closely, saw that the effort to appear unconcerned was shaking him like a leaf, and that his weather-beaten face had grown pale. Then the door opened, and Beefsteak John drew the incongruous pair to his capacious bosom.

When the loaf had been properly wrapped in a stray newspaper, the Original Beef—etc., did his duty, while Carter looked on and the waiter grinned in sympathy. And in the intervals between a beefsteak pie and an Irish stew, Carney told his story.

What the story was, Carter never was able to recall. He was too occupied in wondering at the fearful gastronomic feats being performed on all sides of him to do more than nod at the proper times. Besides, hard-luck stories have a curious sameness about them; they all boil down to Carney's last sentence—which was the first that caught Carter's attention: "An' so I lost me job."

Carter had already risen to pay the bill when Carney proudly threw a tintype on the table. "That's the missus," he said, his weather-worn face softening. "I bet she felt good when she found that two dollars in the letter to-day."

"Two dollars?"

"Sure, I told ye that." Carney's tone was reproachful. "Didn't I earn it down in West Street?"

"Why didn't you get something to eat?" demanded Carter.

"Didn't I have a loaf every night?" was the accusing reply. "An' hadn't I to put up a bluff to th' old lady?"

Carter, cursed with the artistic temperament, cast a quick glance at the stout, wide-faced figure in the photograph, and drew back with a shudder.

"Where have you been sleeping?" he asked.

"Is it sleeping?" Carney was following the outlines of his wife's heavy features with a stubby forefinger, a satisfied smile upon his face. "In the park," he ended absently.

It was then that, urged by a little vagrant

quiver of emotion, Carter did a foolish thing—exactly how foolish he quite failed to realize until his invitation had been accepted and he found himself alone in his apartment with his new friend.

It was a small apartment of three rooms—so small that the presence of Carney, red-faced, broad-shouldered, massive, seemed instantly to pervade the place. As he sat in the living-room, his burly individuality appeared to overflow into Carter's bedroom, and thence into the small room reserved for his Japanese servant, with an intensity that made Carter for the first time note the man's bigness and roughness.

"A mighty nice place," was Carney's outspoken opinion, as he sat in a Morris chair and dominated the scene. "An' I'm glad t' know ye."

Carter mentally cursed his own impulsiveness. Of course he couldn't have let the man sleep in the park; but there was no need to play the fool and bring him home. There were plenty of lodging-houses—why had he not remembered? He came to himself with a start—

"It do beat all how they build in them bookcases," Carney was saying. And at the words Carter sharply realized the unpleasant seriousness of his position.

Late that afternoon he had received from his mother's jeweler a pearl necklace, which had been undergoing repairs, and which in the early morning he was to take down to her Long Island home. The package now lay in the very bookcase—a frail affair of glass and wood—that had caught Carney's attention. Worse than all, it was directly to the left of the couch which, he had already explained to Carney, was to serve him for the night.

Carter thought rapidly, while the unconscious cause of his perplexity slowly removed his shoes. Early in the evening his servant had asked permission to spend the night in Jersey, so that, by a rare mischance, Carter was absolutely alone. If only Yasuya had been with him! he reflected. The Jap and he could have handled the situation without any trouble.

"I'll be leavin' early," Carney was saying. "There's a chanct fer a job down on West Street, an' I'm goin' t' be Johnny-on-the-spot, *an'* don't ye ferget it."

He carefully folded his threadbare coat and stretched it across a chair, and in his bedraggled shirt-sleeves looked ten times more

formidable than before — so formidable that Carter was unpleasantly impressed.

He stepped to the bookcase and chose a book with some care, managing at the same time to get hold of the package containing the necklace. Then he turned to bid his guest good-night.

"I'll be awake when you go," he assured Carney. "I'm a very light sleeper."

"Yes," replied Carney, composing his heavy figure on the sofa. "But don't give yerself any trouble. An' I'm obliged fer the night's lodgin'."

Once in his room, Carter went over the situation. He was alone with a man whom he had virtually picked up on the street; he had some valuable jewels in his possession; and he was a very sound sleeper. He had not told Carney the truth. Once really asleep, nothing short of an earthquake would awaken him. And in the meanwhile the man in the next room——

He peered furtively through the open doorway. Carney lay sprawled upon the sofa, already asleep, one huge hand relaxed upon the floor. In the night-light filtering through the transom, he bulked larger than ever, while upon his face there seemed to be a scowl that Carter had not before noticed!

There was only one thing to do—he must keep awake! So, placing the packet of jewels under his pillow, he laid a revolver beside him and settled himself for a long vigil.

The night was very still. Far down, a dozen stories below, was the noise of motors, of street-cars, all the multitudinous sounds which blend to make the mighty voice of New York. But in the enshrouding fog these sounds came to Carter very faint and far away. And mastering and dominating all was the sound of the sleeper's breathing in the next room.

Presently this sound ceased; and, peering out, Carter saw that the man had changed his position on the couch. Was he asleep? Or had the sleeping been only a pretense? And was he even now preparing to abandon it?

Stealthily, as though he himself were a burglar, Carter crossed to his side, revolver in hand, satisfied himself that the man was still asleep, and returned to bed; after which his lonely vigil began anew.

Half an hour later Carter found himself

desperately sleepy. To arouse himself, he kept his gaze fastened on the formidable figure on the bed, noting the man's tremendous shoulders, his mighty hands, the grim set of his heavy jaws. He had been a fool, he told himself, to bring the man into his apartment; he would pay for it with a sleepless night. And, having so decided, he closed his eyes for an instant and fell into a heavy, dreamless slumber that lasted until morning.

He awoke to find Carney gone, and the superintendent of the building at the door.

"You're a lucky man, Mr. Carter," was that individual's greeting. "As it is, we got both of them; they're pretty well banged up, of course, but we've got them. It was the boldest thing I've heard of lately."

Carter swept one hand beneath his pillow, found the packet intact, and offered congratulations. "Who was the second man?"

"The elevator man."

"The elevator man!" Carter's face showed his surprise. "I don't understand."

"You see, it was this way," explained the superintendent. "The Jap tried it first, and the elevator man waited in the hall. Well, no sooner did the Jap get inside—he had his own key, you know—than the chap you brought in jumped for him. Then the elevator man took a hand and there was trouble. It——"

Carter interrupted. "Do you mean to tell me Yasuya tried to rob me?"

The superintendent nodded. "They tell me he was hanging around the engine-room all the evening. It seems he thought there was something in the bookcase. But that chap you brought in——"

"Yes?" cried Carter breathlessly.

"Well," declared the superintendent judiciously, "if those fellows can keep their features the queer way your friend Carney knocked them, they'll make a fortune on the vaudeville stage."

"And Carney" —Carter demanded in excitement—"where is Carney?"

"Carney went early; had a job down West Street. Left a package for you on the table."

With a bound Carter reached the table, picked up the package that lay there, and unrolled it.

"Now isn't that funny!" exclaimed the superintendent, as he saw the contents. "The beggar's gone and left you half a loaf."



STRAIGHT TALK

MORE ABOUT MORE BLADES OF GRASS

To attempt to investigate the cause of childlessness in any particular case is impertinent and offensive, always. But there are certain well-known facts which may serve to throw a flood of light upon that much-discussed, and little-understood, subject, "Race Suicide."

Without doubt, the universal ambition to improve one's financial condition is one of the causes, though by no means the only one. While in many cases this desire is so unnecessary and extreme as to become a fault, who can blame the very poor for endeavoring to break away from the degrading influences of the slum and establish for themselves decent homes where cleanliness, order, and beauty dwell? Yet this desire, laudable as it is, will almost certainly clash, sooner or later, with the desire for offspring, and one or the other must yield.

But there are other causes of "race suicide" which are even more serious, and fraught with far greater danger to the race.

It is a fact, abundantly proven by statistics, that the birth-rate is highest where conditions of life are apparently most unfavorable, and lowest where they are most favorable. It is highest among the poor and lowest among the rich, higher among the ignorant than among the educated, higher among the yellow race than among the white, higher still among the black race, and highest of all among the lower animals. Why?

There are many causes at work to produce these results. I suggest only one.

When conditions of life are very hard the weak and defective children are driven to the wall. In other words, they die. Ergo, those who do manage to survive to maturity must necessarily possess extraordinary vitality, and

these are just the ones who are most likely to have large families.

On the other hand, when conditions are very favorable, when life is made easy for all, and there is no necessity for struggle and competition, the weak and defective stand almost as good a chance of survival as those who are strong and normal, and these children, growing up and marrying, must inevitably lower the average of health in the class to which they belong; and even though they may not be actually sterile, in a few generations the birth-rate will begin to fall. Why?

At this moment I have no reliable figures at hand, but if C. L. R. and others interested will take the trouble to ascertain the statistics regarding insanity, epilepsy, cancer, blindness, deafness, and other serious and incurable diseases, they may begin to get an inkling of the reasons why some married women prefer to remain childless. Hereditary taints of blood, from whatever cause, might well be included in the above list, also the liquor and tobacco habits when carried to such an extreme as to make the husband personally repulsive to the wife. In fact, any disease or defect which is serious enough to destroy the joy of living, and make life a curse rather than a blessing, is sufficient to weaken or destroy the desire for offspring.

It is a great mistake, as well as a great injustice, to assume that all married women who are wilfully childless are actuated by motives of selfishness or cowardice.

The only satisfactory solution of the problem that I can see is for men of science to delve deeper until they find the causes of those diseases or defects that embitter life and make it not worth while. *And when they have found the causes, spread the knowledge broadcast among the people, instead of hiding it away in medical*

libraries. Until the natural laws governing heredity are clearly understood, man-made laws will be of little avail; when the former are universally known, man-made laws will be unnecessary.

A. F.

TO LISTEN WITH THE HEART

Will you permit an old rancher, out here among the big foot-hills of the mighty Cascades, to express his approbation of your work in making EVERYBODY'S what it is—"The Magazine of the People"?

There are so many good things that one scarcely knows which to commend most. But I skip the many big and important things to speak of the one that is especially on my mind: that beautifully human little story from real life, "Katie Connolly—Criminal." I would rather be the writer of that than be President. One reads so much between the lines.

"Dr. John Smith, Children's Specialist," is right. God bless his big, honest heart! That is what a free country ought to mean: the right to "listen with the heart," and to judge with common sense instead of with so much twisting of technicalities to defeat the right. When that time comes, we will see verdicts a hundred miles nearer justice than many are now.

Farris, Wash.

W. J. T.

WE THINK SO, TOO

Although we enjoy almost everything in "EVERYBODY'S," we think the magazine would be well worth the price for the book reviews alone. They are so pungent, and offer such original, fresh, stimulating reading. Our family enjoys them read aloud, as they provoke such pleasant discussions. We owe you a debt of many thanks for a rare delight.

Claymont.

E. Q.

[NOTHING BUT LIFE MATTERS

In his essay on "Death," in the July EVERYBODY'S, we find that Maeterlinck attributes all the alleged horrors of death to "the unacknowledged fears left in the heart by religions that have long died out in the minds of men."

Just what religions, or rather what religious cults, are here referred to is not quite clear. Surely the Christian religion in its modern liberal meaning cannot be said to have entirely died out in the minds of men; and certainly many thousands have faced death in its most awful forms, sustained and comforted by their faith in this same religion.

Religion in the abstract must here be very carefully distinguished from any particular

kind of religion or religious cult. Pure religion is a fundamental characteristic of the human mind and has little or nothing to do with theology. The very heart of pure religion is a realization of our personal responsibility for our actions; and just to the extent to which we feel this responsibility will our lives be moral. This feeling of personal responsibility necessitates the belief in the existence of a personal God, the possibility of free-will, and the continuity of individual existence after death. However incapable of proof these fundamental principles may be, they constitute the basis of all religion, and their acceptance by the individual, far from being the source of the "unacknowledged fear" of death and the hereafter, brings a sense of peace and safety which nothing else can.

Moreover, there never was a time in the history of the world when pure religion was more widely diffused in the minds of men, or the tendency of public and private conscience more definitely toward a realization of personal responsibility.

Philadelphia, Pa.

H. L. B., M. D.

MORMONS WHO ARE NOT POLYGAMISTS

I have no intention of antagonizing ex-Senator Cannon, or attempting any sort of answer or review of his article. I know him and think I understand him. But the present agitation against Utah Mormonism has no just reason for reflex action against us who have not been polygamists nor recreant citizens of the state. Hence my anxiety for a right to describe our organization—The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—and to make certain in the minds of your readers its differentiation from the Utah body.

The common idea is that "Mormonism" is polygamy. Polygamists may be Mormons, but all believers in "Mormonism" are not polygamists. The term "Mormonism" had no such meaning during the lifetime of the Prophet Joseph Smith. At his death, in 1844, which caused serious division and scattering of the believers, the church organized by him in 1830 had increased in membership to over one hundred thousand.

Upon the accession of Brigham Young, a large number of the scattered members throughout the world refused to accept the leadership of President Young, and awaited the developments of time. Nearly all the congregational branches became broken in their organization upon the exodus of President Young and his followers to the mountains. There remained intact, as they were left at the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith, only three: two of these were in northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, and one in central Illinois. By ecclesiastical law, as old as the Mosaic code, these had the right of church extension. Exercising this right,

the members of the first two branches, in 1851, instituted a movement to gather together the scattered believers. This movement was successful, and on June 12, 1852, a conference was held at Zarahemla, Wisconsin, at which resolutions renouncing allegiance to various claimants to leadership who had risen subsequent to the death of the prophet were passed, as well as others reaffirming faith and adherence to the principles taught by the original church as left upon record at the prophet's death.

These men were zealous and began an earnest propaganda throughout the United States, rousing the latent faith of the scattered believers, until, at a conference held at Amboy, Illinois, April 6, 1860, a band of some three hundred delegates met with the wife and eldest son of the prophet, who united with the movement upon their original baptisms. This band of believers cleaved to the administration of the church as it had existed from 1830 to 1844, under the leadership of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. Joseph Smith, the son of the prophet, who had been baptized by his father, was chosen presiding officer of the movement which became known as the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—in contradistinction to the body in Utah under President Young.

Not one of the immediate family of the Prophet Joseph Smith accepted the administration of Brigham Young or the dogma of plural marriage. The members of his family, including his mother, his brother, William B., and his sisters, Sophronia McClary, Catherine Salisbury, and Lucy Millikin, refused to migrate to Utah.

THE FIGHT AGAINST POLYGAMY

The activity of the propaganda immediately increased, and a more perfect church organization was effected. Since then, everywhere throughout the United States, England, Wales, Scotland, Australia, and the South Sea Islands, wherever the eldership of the original church had gone, these believers in the primitive faith have gone, spreading the news of the Reorganization, and opposing the dogma and practise of polygamy everywhere. The declaration of this body of believers in primitive "Mormonism" against polygamy was made June 12, 1852, two and one-half months before the promulgation of the dogma in Salt Lake City, Utah, August 29th of the same year. It had become known to them that polygamy was practised in secret among those who went West under Brigham Young. At the same conference they reaffirmed their belief in the Bible, the Book of Mormon, and in the revelations given to the Church, as the same were left on record by the prophet at his death. This was the faith into which they

had been baptized, and this was to be the faith unto which they would adhere.

Among the provisions of the law to govern the Church contained in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, acknowledged by the Church as revelations given of God, occur the following commandments, establishing monogamy as the rule of domestic relation: "*Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shalt cleave unto her and none else.*" "*Whosoever forbiddeth to marry is not ordained of God, for marriage is ordained of God unto man; wherefore it is lawful that he should have one wife, and they twain shall be one flesh.*" "*Thou shalt take the things which thou hast received, which have been given unto thee in my scriptures, for my law, to be my law, to govern my church.*" This permitted the introduction from the Bible and the Book of Mormon of the following commandment, in substance: "*For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh.*" (Matt. 19:5; Mark 10:5-9; Gen. 2:24.)

WHEN POLYGAMY STARTED

Not until August 29, 1852, over eight years after the death of Joseph Smith, under the régime of Brigham Young, the first president of a polygamous church, was the doctrine of plural marriage introduced into the Utah church. The force of this statement is seen when it is known that, upon the arrival of a pioneer company under Brigham Young, in Salt Lake Valley, 1847, he baptized the members of the Twelve who were with him, and was himself baptized by Heber C. Kimball, after which all who entered the valley were required to be re-baptized, thus baptizing them into the polygamic faith.

Twice in the United States district courts has the Reorganized Church been declared the legal successor of the church organized by Joseph Smith, April 6, 1830; once in Ohio, under Judge Burrows, and once in Missouri, under Judge John F. Phillips.

It is because of these things that the Reorganized Church, over which Joseph Smith, the son of the prophet, has presided for fifty-one years,—that this body, now some sixty-five thousand strong, protests against being classified as "Mormons," or being confounded in any way with the supporters of polygamy. The Reorganized Church is monogamous in its belief and practise, under the laws and institutions of the United States of America, and its members, as citizens, ask proper recognition at the hand of their fellow-men.

JOSEPH SMITH.

President of Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.
Independence, Mo.



UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Before a house where a colored man had died, a small darkey was standing erect at one side of the door. It was about time for the services to begin, and the parson appeared from within and said to the darkey: "De services am about to begin. Ain't you a-gwine in?"

"Ise would if Ise could, parson," answered the little negro, "but y'u see I's de crape."

Two girls who had been chums since childhood both fell in love with men who happened to be members of the local band. They married within the same year; each left home for a long honeymoon; each young couple, when they returned, were met at the station and escorted home.

The most important news that reached the ears of the second on her return was that her dearest friend had become the mother of twin daughters. And quite naturally, when the girls got together for their first "heart to heart" session, the conversation centered about the babies.

"It's funny, I guess," said the happy mother, "but since the little ones came I can't help thinking of the piece the band played when we returned from our honeymoon. It was 'Two Little Girls in Blue.' I can't help feeling that it had some kind of an influence."

The younger girl started, then turned deathly pale. A terrified expression came into her eyes. She reached over and clutched her friend's arm.

"Betsy," she exclaimed, "you don't really think that had any influence, do you?"

"Why, yes, I do," replied the mother of the

twins. "But what's the matter, my dear?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied the bride, as she sank back in her chair; "only when the boys met us at the train yesterday they played the 'Floradora Sextette.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Smith, "when I was in Paris I had an opportunity to buy either a Murillo or a Rembrandt. I finally took the Rembrandt, and I hope I did not make a mistake."

"Vell, as far as that goes," said Cohn, "any of them French machines is pretty good hill climbers."

In the midst of an election in Denver, a little girl sat in church with her suffragette mother, listening to a minister who was preaching with much earnestness and emphatic gestures. When he had finished, the little girl turned to her mother and asked:

"Mother, was he for or against God?"

A company of colored actors was playing "Othello" in Alabama. Everything had gone along nicely until they came to the scene where Desdemona's fidelity is to be tested. Iago has secured her handkerchief by cajolery, with the connivance of Othello himself, that her incontinence may be established.

Othello—"Desdemona, where am dat hankecherf?" (Desdemona remains silent.)

Othello—"Desdemona, once more I ask yo': where am dat hankerchief?"

At this juncture an old negro woman in the front of the house rose furiously from her seat: "Go way, yo' fool niggah!" she exclaimed loudly.

"Wipe youah nose on youah sleeve and let dis play go on."



Pat was invited to a wedding. He arrived at the house faultlessly attired in full evening dress, a huge white chrysanthemum adorning his buttonhole. He was shown upstairs to the gentlemen's dressing-room.

Suddenly, the assembled guests below were startled by a great commotion above. They rushed into the hall just in time to see Pat come tumbling head first down the stairs, completely disheveled.

"Why, Pat, what is the matter?" exclaimed the amazed host.

"Shure and I wint upstairs," answered Pat, "and whin I wint inter the room I seed a swell young dandy wid a white carnationarymum in his buttonhole an' kid gloves on his hands, an' I sez to him, 'Who're you?'"

"'Shure,' he sez, 'an' I'm the best man!'—and begorry, he *is*!"



The supervisor of a school was trying to prove that children are lacking in observation.

To the children he said, "Now, children, tell me a number to put on the board."

Some child said, "Thirty-six." The supervisor wrote sixty-three.

He asked for another number, and seventy-six was given. He wrote sixty-seven.

When a third number was asked, a child who apparently had paid no attention called out:

"Theventy-theven. Change *that*, you darned thucker!"



The African M. E. Congregation was jubilating over the success of an outdoor festival. Gradually the jubilee toned down to a solemn debate as to the use to be made of the profits. When the general opinion seemed to be settling in favor of the purchase of a chandelier for the meeting-house, "Marse" Ringer, the town roustabout, who had been greatly exalted by the jubilation, for the first time in his life spoke in meeting.

"See heah, Mistah Pahson," said he, "Ise agreeable, sah. Ise entihly agreeable wid de rest of de membahs, sah; but Ah would jes like to ax one question, sah, jes *one*. Ef we *does* git

dis chandeliah, sah, if we *does* git it, who am agwine to *play* on it? Dat's what Ah'd like to know."



He was quite evidently from the country and he was also quite evidently a Yankee, and from behind his bowed spectacles he peered inquisitively at the little oily Jew who occupied the other half of the car seat with him.

The little Jew looked at him deprecatingly. "Nice day," he began politely.

"You're a Jew, ain't you?" queried the Yankee.

"Yes, sir, I'm a clothing salesman—" handing him a card.

"But you're a Jew?"

"Yes, yes, I'm a Jew," came the answer.

"Well," continued the Yankee, "I'm a Yankee, and in the little village in Maine where I come from I'm proud to say there ain't a Jew."

"Dot's why it's a village," replied the little Jew quietly.



A little newsboy with a cigarette in his mouth entered a notion store and asked for a match.

"We only *sell* matches," said the storekeeper.

"How much are they?" asked the future citizen.

"Penny a box," was the answer.

"Gimme a box," said the boy.

He took one match, lit the cigarette, and handed the box back over the counter, saying, "Here, take it and put it on de shelf, and when an odder sport comes and asks for a match, give him one on me."



"Noah's wife," wrote one boy in a recent school examination in England, "was called Joan of Arc."

"Water," wrote another, "is composed of two gases, oxygen and cambridgen."

"Lava," contributed a third youth, "is what the barber puts on your face."

"A blizzard," insisted a fourth, "is the inside of a fowl."



Pat was hard at work digging a post-hole when the boss strolled by. "Well, Pat," said he, noting the progress of the work, "do you think you will be able to get all that dirt back into the hole again?"

Pat looked doubtfully at the pile of dirt, and then at the hole, scratched the back of his head, and after some thought said: "No, sor, sure I don't think I've dug th' hole deep enough."

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Everybody's Magazine

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With
EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

MANY of you doubtless remember the yarn of the sea-captain who, finding his wardrobe running low, got his wife to make him a pair of trousers, and who, when that good lady had artlessly perpetrated a pair precisely alike before and behind, excused himself from appearing on deck in them on the ground that they confused his mind. He said he couldn't tell whether he was going for'ard or coming aft.

Our recent mail, anent the new binding of EVERYBODY'S, has had a tendency to instil in us a very kindly vein of sympathy for the old sea-captain. Eight or ten letters, in sequence, will tell in the kindest and most friendly manner of the pleasure our readers are taking in the new binding. Then will come one so pungently critical as to destroy almost utterly that pleasant "isn't it nice to be patted on the back?" feeling. The number of letters is proof conclusive that you are as much interested as we; so here are a few letters to show some of you what others of you are thinking.

I have just read "Pan of Stony Brook," and it's a good story, but that's not why I am writing to you. I began with "Pan" because the magazine opened there, and in our family, you have to read what you can, quick, before the others grab it. So, as I said, I read "Pan," and I kept wondering why I was enjoying it so much, and feeling so uncommonly happy and comfortable. So when I got to the end—couldn't stop before—I turned the magazine around, and examined the type, to see if it was larger, and the outside, to see if the cover was on, for once. . . . It was bound! And I dropped it on the terrace, and ran to thank you. You have made the greatest advance in magazine building in my memory, and I am forty-four to-day. You deserve the

thanks of a million subscribers, and I'm sure you will get them, whether they bore you by writing, or not. But I love a book, and I want my reading to be reading, and not a two-handed jiu-jitsu struggle to keep the pages apart. I shall carry "EVERYBODY'S" around with me from now on. This appears to be all the room I have. Thanks for listening to me, and many thanks for the binding.

Pasadena, Cal.

H. H. H.

I am thoroughly disgusted with your new style of binding. My last copy was barely touched with glue and, of course, came all to pieces almost as soon as it landed. I don't think that this kind of binding will ever be a success with *Anybody's* Magazine that is handled and READ by as many as half a dozen members of a family.

Rockwall, Texas.

Respectfully,

R. E. L. P.

I will write just a line to you in order to congratulate you on the fact that you are producing such a high-class magazine as EVERYBODY'S is at present and has been for a number of years. But my principal object in writing is to thank you for the improvement in the binding of your magazine, so that it opens flat. I feel as if you had done me a personal favor in this matter, because it so facilitates the reading and handling of the magazine. EVERYBODY'S easily heads the list of present-day magazines.

Very respectfully yours,

Guatemala, C. A.

F. S. J.

I presume that if we were to commence by saying that we had read your magazine for many years, etc., and then handed you a few compliments, you would immediately try to get us on the long distance and tell us to tie the little heifer outside. But we do want to say one thing, and that is this: That the pleasure of reading your magazine has been almost doubled

owing to your new binding, which allows the book to lie flat while one reads it. The result is that a tired and weary hunter for the almighty dollar can, after a day's hard labor, go home, catch him a Morris chair, and, with EVERYBODY'S laid on his knees, read with his hands behind him.

It is to compliment the man who conceived the idea; and the above note is an attempt at conveying our appreciation of the good results received when reading EVERYBODY'S.

St. Louis, Mo.

C. E. S.

I merely wish to thank you and express my appreciation for the new style of binding.

Atlanta, Ga.

G. H.

I am a busy woman and seldom write letters unless paid to do so, but when I opened my June copy of EVERYBODY'S I felt that I must express myself to you in some way. For years I have deplored the use of staples in putting a magazine together, making it necessary for a person to secure a strangle-hold with both hands, opening the magazine out flat, or turning one side back, having a cumbersome roll of paper in one hand. I do not believe I have read a single magazine story in years without losing my place from one to a dozen times because the magazine never would stay where I wanted it to.

When, therefore, I looked over the June number and found it bound firmly but loosely, with the strip of cloth on the back in place of the staples, so that when I placed the magazine on my knees it remained open where I had wanted it, I felt that I must write and congratulate you upon having overcome the difficulty which made magazines "hard to read." May all good luck attend you during the coming year, as is deserved by your progressive spirit and your readiness to grasp whatever may be best for your readers.

Boston, Mass.

G. S. C.

THE PERIODICAL CLEARING-HOUSE

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is one of several magazines that support a subscription organization known as The Periodical Clearing-House.

The Department of Justice says that the operations of the Clearing-House are illegal.

So the Department of Justice has asked the courts to restrain the Clearing-House from further operations.

And the newspapers have been having some fun with the muck-raking magazines as "malefactors of great wealth."

We want the readers of EVERYBODY'S to know the facts:

In recent years, the number of families subscribing to more than one magazine has increased.

Some send their subscriptions separately to each publisher; but most prefer to send them in one list under one stamp to one place.

In this way the office of one magazine becomes the clearing-house for subscriptions to many other magazines.

Similarly, the subscription agents of the publishers act as clearing-houses.

Wherever subscription agents issue catalogues or circular matter offering subscriptions to several magazines, it is customary to obtain from those magazines a rebate beyond the usual commission, to help pay the cost of printing and mailing.

This is a legitimate business transaction between a publisher and his agent.

However, abuses crept into the business. Some agents would obtain a generous rebate arrangement to help them with their catalogue work, and would then collect subscriptions that did not belong to them and send them to the publishers as their own production on which rebates should be paid.

This was an obviously unbusinesslike condition.

Out of these conditions The Periodical Clearing-House came into existence.

One of its objects was to act as a general clearing-house for subscriptions obtained for one publisher by another. Hence its name.

Another was to see that no subscription agent was paid for work which he did not do.

The Clearing-House has had nothing to do with the making of prices to the public. The subscription price of EVERYBODY'S is just what it was before The Clearing-House was started.

The Clearing-House has had nothing to do with making the wholesale prices of the magazines. As a matter of fact, the wholesale price of EVERYBODY'S is ten cents lower now than it was before the Clearing-House was started.

The Clearing-House affects less than a tenth of EVERYBODY'S circulation at all, and that fraction only in a routine way.

So much for the Clearing-House and EVERYBODY'S relations to it.